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
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# *The* Carolina Magazine



PRESIDENT H. W. CHASE

October, 1922

*Price 25 Cents*



# *Carolina Men!!*

We have opened a store that Carolina has long felt a serious need for—an up-to-date *Clothier and Haberdashery*, catering to an exclusive college trade, and we can now show you the finest and most complete line of *Men's Furnishings* that has ever been displayed in Chapel Hill.



*Pritchard-Patterson, Inc.*

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# Your Responsibility, Young Man

By ARTUS M. MOSER

TO THE new men who come to us this year we would say that as students here you have a tremendous responsibility as well as a golden opportunity. You are not only responsible to your parents and home, but you are responsible to the town, county, or section from which you have come. The people back there are expecting great things of you. But most of all you are indebted to yourself. You must make the most of your time and opportunity while here.

AS SOON as you have registered you will be known as a "Carolina Man," an appellation in which we take no little pride. Our ideal here is that every man shall be equal and democracy shall reign supreme. It is a heritage that has been handed down to us and which we are trying to preserve. As a student here you at once partake of that spirit and fellowship which characterizes this student body and which has animated all those who have gone out from this University to become great.

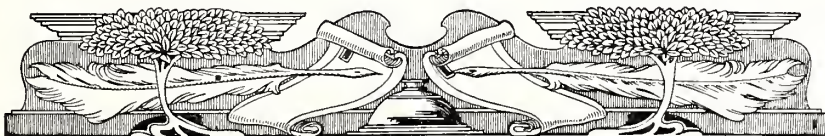
WHEN YOU walk across the old campus you are treading upon hallowed ground. It is rich in noble traditions and inspiring history. Many great men have walked and studied, dreamed and aspired beneath these ancient oaks and in these ivy-clad walls, then went out into the state and nation to make a name for themselves and become a blessing to mankind. They had the spirit of service and honor, and this heritage is now in your possession and keeping.

YOU WILL be put to the test here and tried as gold is tried. There is no place here for weaklings. You must have ambition and courage which nothing can daunt or turn aside, else you will lose out and fall by the wayside. About half of each new class meets that fate every year. You must not be among the number this year. You came here to study, not to loaf.

YOU SHOULD remember that here a man is judged by what he is, and not by what he seems to be, or what some one says he is. You will find that luxury, laziness, fine clothes and idleness, do not go very far here. We measure men by something else. Last year eighty-five out of every hundred of us earned part or all of our expenses in college. After all, manhood and personal worth are the things that count.

YOU WILL find that the men who win honors and distinction on this campus are those who work and show they merit those things. During your four years here there will be many places of honor and responsibility to be filled—Golden Fleece, editorships, captaincies of teams, managerships, places on the Varsity, on the publication boards, on the debates, in the oratorical contests, and many other places of leadership. You should resolve to make some of these and do it because you deserve to. You must find yourself this year; you must not become lost in the crowd. Pick out some main college activity, something you like and can do, and make your mark in that. Just keep going steadily forward and three or four years from now will see your ambitions realized. Providence so distributes her favors that a man usually gets what he deserves.

LINCOLN ONCE said he was preparing himself so that he would be ready when the opportunity came. The responsibilities of four golden years at the University are before you, "Go thou and do likewise."



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## TO OUR PATRONS

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## *James J. Britt: Mountain Scholar, Lawyer and Statesman*

By M. REED KITCHIN

From time to time the Magazine will present sketches of men who are doing great things for North Carolina and America. Only those men who are helping build a greater to-morrow will be considered. The Magazine feels honored in being able to present in the first of these sketches a man who by his work has shown that he stands in the front rank of North Carolina's immortals.

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—Mr. Britt was recently appointed Counsel for the Prohibition Unit, Washington, D. C. This position involves heavy responsibilities, and his appointment is a distinct tribute to his legal abilities. As Counsel he has charge of investigations and prosecutions of violations of the prohibition laws.)

**N**O SECTION of our country is so stinted and illiberal in its production of great men to carry on the affairs of a nation, that it does not at one time or other give forth to congressional hall or senatorial chamber, a worthy and illustrious occupant. But a continuous chain of great men from any section is a rare occurrence. Yet the mountain country of Western North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee safely claims this achievement.

In the 60's Zebulon Baird Vance was the accepted leader of the mountain men. The mantle of Governor Vance fell to the late Jeter C. Pritchard, Judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, on whose death the mantle fell to James Jefferson Britt, the subject of this sketch.

In the mountainous section of Eastern Tennessee, near Johnson City, very near the North Carolina border, was born James J. Britt, on March 4, 1861. The year of his birth ushered in that national upheaval, the American Civil War, and Mr. Britt's father, a farmer of few acres, joined the Union ranks, as did most East Tennesseans. During the course of the war the Britt homestead and farm suffered severely from the ravages of both armies. And due to the conditions thus created by the war, it was with much difficulty and hardship that young Britt secured the foundations for the masterful education he now possesses. He is essentially of that type of self educated man, which the period immediately following the Civil War produced. It was a question of digging out an education for one's self or doing without. Only ten month's schooling did Mr. Britt get during his boyhood; the instruction he managed to get was self mastered.

At an early age he began making his own way. At eleven years of age he was learning the cobbler's trade, which he continued in until he had accumulated enough money to enable him to add to his scant education.

At the age of sixteen Britt entered the teaching profession, which he continued to follow in Tennessee for ten years, when, having married, he came to North

Carolina in 1880, and began teaching in the mountain schools of his adopted state. He was principal of the Burnsville Academy for nine years, of the Bakersville Academy for three years, and superintendent of Mitchell County public schools for four years. During all this time with concentrated ambition, which brought him his later success, Mr. Britt carried on his studies, burned the midnight oil, and mastered many books and subjects. He was offered the chair of Mathematics at the State Agricultural and Engineering College at Raleigh, but declined because of ill health. This period was strictly the academic period of Mr. Britt's eventful life.

It was during the above period that he began to prepare himself for the Bar, his chosen profession, by studying in private offices. In 1903 he entered the University of North Carolina, for the regular law course of the year 1903-4. Leaving in 1905, James J. Britt secured his license, and began actively the practice of law in Asheville, N. C., and very soon, through his mastery of legal lore, became well known in both state and national legal circles. Between the years 1906-9, he was cashier of the Internal Revenue office at Asheville, while at the same time he acted as special attorney for the United States Department of Justice. In 1910 Mr. Britt served as Assistant Attorney General for the United States for the prosecution of civil cases in the Post Office Department. During this time he rendered invaluable service to the Government; eight appealed cases were fought to reversal, saving the Department many million dollars. From December, 1910, until March, 1913, James J. Britt acted as third assistant Postmaster General, by appointment of President Taft.

However, the professional side of Mr. Britt's career, brilliant as it is, does not throw his political career into the background. For in this field, too, is he widely known, both state and nationally. In 1904 he was Roosevelt delegate to the Republican National Convention. In 1906 he was defeated as Republican nominee for congress. In 1908 Mr. Britt declined nomination for governor, but accepted nomination and was elected to the State Senate, and became the active minority leader of his party while there. In 1914 he carried the tenth or mountain district for Congress, and as a member of the 64th Congress proved a constructive force on the Republican side of the House

Mr. Britt, however, was defeated after a bitter campaign for election to the 65th Congress, and retired from political life, refusing for a second time, Republican nomination for governor.

As a scholar, teacher and public speaker, he stands preëminent. Learned in many subjects, he has not confined his extensive learning to the law. Of the fifty-two candidates he prepared for the Bar in the "catch intervals" of a lucrative practice, not one failed. Mr. Britt has delivered many lectures on both legal and banking subjects.

James J. Britt was one of the pioneers of woman suffrage in North Carolina, and was active in furthering the cause of prohibition in its early years.

From a social standpoint, Mr. Britt's interests are varied. He has a deep interest in church work, and is well known as a Bible teacher in the First Baptist Church of Asheville, N. C. He is affiliated with the Masonic order, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the Pythians, and the Junior Order, also a member of the Kiwanis International Club, and the Pen and Plate Literary Club of Asheville.

The cause of education receives a steady backing from James J. Britt. From 1909-11 he served as trustee to his Alma Mater, and has also served as trustee for the State Agricultural and Engineering College. His oratory has many times been used in behalf of better and higher education, as he has delivered eighty-four formal addresses before college audiences.

Mr. Britt presents a very neat, immaculate appearance. His speech and manner is accurate and precise. Each word uttered is deliberate and final. Preciseness is his greatest characteristic. All his habits are methodical. He creates the impression of a vigor that can more nearly be described as rugged.

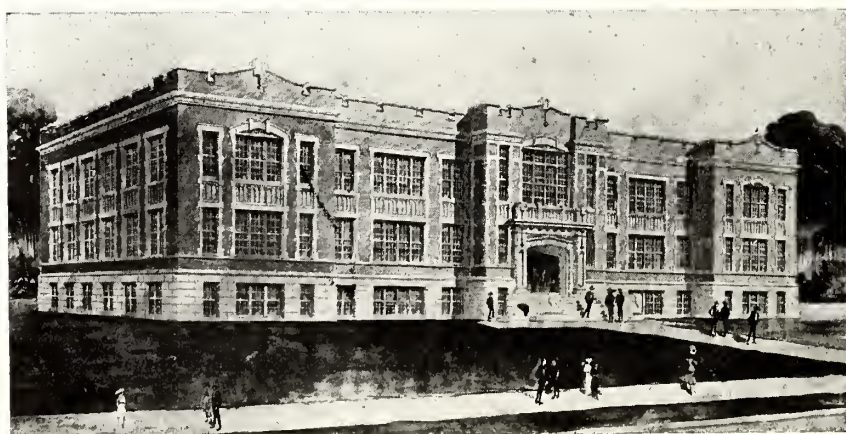
On all public questions, James J. Britt always takes a stand and fearlessly advocates his position and views. And because of his liberalism and fair-mindedness on all subjects, he holds the respect and admiration, not only of those who hold his

own views, but of those holding the contrary views.

Always looking for the good of his fellow citizens and placing it before them has characterized the forward steps of James J. Britt.



JAMES J. BRITT



PHILLIPS HALL



Mr. Colton, himself from Boston, gives in "Tommy Doten's Son" a vivid portrayal of the pride of the old time Yankee, with an atmosphere of the Cape Cod region that nearly makes one smell salt water, feel the bracing breezes, and hear the surge of the surf as it breaks over the rocks on the rugged coasts of Massachusetts. Written in a skillful style the author proves his ability as a short story writer.

## Tommy Doten's Son

By C. B. COLTON

"HEY, kid, can you tell me where Tommy Doten lives?"

"Sure. See that cliff 'bout two miles up the beach. Well, Tommy lives up there in a little hut."

"Anybody living with him?"

"No. He's all by hisself. Since he's been blind, he stays around the hut all the time. Nobody never sees him but me. I bring groceries to him every two weeks." The ragged youngster eyed the tall figure before him with growing interest. "Ain't you a soldier?"

"Yes, I'm a soldier," the man admitted, and, picking up a battered suit-case, trudged up the beach. The boy gazed at the retreating form with mingled curiosity and admiration until it was lost to view behind the swelling sand dunes.

The blue sparkling waters of Cape Cod Bay and the long, white stretch of sand presented a restful picture to the soldier who paused a few minutes to breathe deeply of the fresh salt air. He watched with visible enjoyment the soaring sea-gulls and the scattered fishing boats rising and falling gracefully on the smooth swells. Far across the bay, the hazy blue outline of Provincetown could be dimly observed and to the North, the rocky cliffs of Scituate rose aggressively from the shore. The soldier, evidently lost in thought, reluctantly arose and plodded onward.

Tommy Doten, a stooped, wrinkled old man sat motionless on the doorstep of his forlorn hut. His face, tanned a tobacco-brown from long exposure to the elements, contrasted sharply with his white hair and unkempt beard. His tattered blue shirt was opened at the front laying bare his bony chest. His gnarled, horny hands were clasped tightly. An ugly red scar marked the place where his left eye should have been, which had almost been torn out when an awkward youth, in flinging out a fishing line, had imbedded the hook in Tommy's eye. He had recently lost the sight of his other eye, a fact which rendered him helpless.

For years he had managed to eke out a bare existence by fishing and clam digging, but when his one good eye gradually weakened, he rarely stirred from the vicinity of the cliff. A few gracious neighbors had

offered to care for him, but Tommy, a direct descendant of Governor Bradford, curtly refused, and they, knowing the pride of the Bradford line, did not press the matter.

Tommy well realized that his dwindling resources could not hold out much longer. Although he had been cutting down his ridiculously small expenses for upkeep and had even denied himself tobacco, the black tin box containing a few bills would soon be empty, and then—the end.

He bitterly reflected how different it would have been had his only son Sam stayed by him to provide for him in his waning years. Five years had passed since Sam, ever susceptible to the wanderlust, had answered a call too urgent for him to resist, the call of the big city. During that time Tommy had received only one letter from him, written in an English hospital, which briefly stated that he had been wounded, but not severely enough to prevent him from puncturing a score or more of German helmets. Tommy wrote back immediately describing with all the feeling of his lonely heart his failing blindness, his poverty, and his anxiety and yearning for his son. He had anticipated an early reply to his appeal, but as the months dragged by with no word from Sam, his flame of hope sputtered out. Tommy's meditations were interrupted by a heavy step ascending the cliff.

The soldier paused on the summit and gazed searchingly at the pathetic figure on the doorstep. A wave of pity surged across the bronzed face that bore the traces of intense suffering.

"Pa, I've come back again," he gasped rushing forward. Tommy rose unsteadily and staggered into Sam's outstretched arms, "Sam, my boy Sam, I'd given you up."

For an interminable space of time Tommy held his son in a firm embrace as though he feared Sam might slip away again.

"God, if I could only see you."

"I'm not a pretty sight to look at, Pa. A piece of shrapnel tore part of my cheek away; a surgeon

### HAS THE SOUTH LITERARY INDIGESTION?

What do you think about this? There will be published an interpretation of present day tendencies in southern literature in the southern literature number of the Magazine. Watch for it in an early issue.



patched it up, but it was a rough job. I've lost weight, too."

"Your voice sounds kind o' husky, Sam. You ain't got a bad throat, have you?"

Sam glanced down quickly. "I was gassed. I'm lucky to be able to talk at all. You're not looking very good yourself. It must have been awful hard on you all alone here. When I got your letter I felt like deserting. I intended to write, but I was laid up in the hospital before I could get around to it."

The five years of continuous misery which Tommy had endeavored to conceal from others by a brave front could not be now suppressed. "Yes, I've had a hard time of it, since you left. At first I was boilin' mad at you for leavin' me, and I kep' tellin' myself that I could get along without you, but when my eyes gave out, I couldn't fish no more, I began to miss you. When I didn't hear from you, and didn't know where you was, I got desprate and most crazy. I never went away from the hut, but kept sittin' around listenin' to the surf roarin' among the rocks. The louder it roared, the better I liked it, 'cause it took my mind away from you."

"Sometimes it seemed to be callin' me to jump in, and forget everything, and as days went by, it called louder 'till it seemed as though I'd have to answer. Durin' the long winter nights when the breakers almost dashed over the cliff, and the spray beat against the winders, and the rain, and wind, and ocean seemed to be urg'in' me to jump off, I had all I could do to stay in the hut. But just when I would get ready to run out, I'd think that a Doten don't commit suicide, and I'd go back to bed and fight it off."

"Then George Simpson came over with your letter and read it to me, and things looked a lot better, but after I wrote you and never heard from you agin, I about gave up. I had a little money saved, but that was goin' fast; so I knew that if you didn't come soon, I'd have to answer that roarin' some night. George and Thack offered to take care of me, but I ain't the kind to take help. So you see you didn't come any too soon; another night and I might 'a—." Tommy's voice trailed off into an inaudible squeak.

Sam's sympathetic heart was stirred to its bottom by his outpouring of pent-up emotion. He placed a protecting arm around the old man's thin shoulders. "I went through Hell over there, but I guess you fought more battles than I did."

Tommy, now that he had spoken forth his past troubles, was eager to hear of his son's experiences. "Tell me all about what you've been doin' these five years, Sam."

"I'd rather not speak of it, Pa," replied Sam, turning to gaze out of the window at the in-coming tide. "The war broke me all up, and changed me from a big, lively boy into a moping wreck. I'm all nerves. I need rest and quiet to build me up again. This place seems like Heaven to me, for it's so peaceful like and soothing. The very smell of that ocean out there makes me glad I'm living. I never want to leave here again. I'll be getting enough money from the government for us both to live on, and we'll take things easy and gain back our health."

The following week produced a remarkable improvement in Sam's shattered condition. His cavernous cheeks began to acquire flesh and color, his eyes became noticeably brighter, and his listless carriage assumed a more buoyant character. He cast aside his

khaki uniform and donned a light attire consisting of white duck pants, a gray flannel shirt, and a comfortable pair of moccasins. He gloried in long exhilarating walks far up the curving beach or across the marsh that lay between the shore and the hills of Marshfield. The memories of the barren wastes of French battlefields and the frightful din of shot and shell took the form of a vague disturbing dream under the soothing influence of the serene Cape Cod landscape.

Tommy, whose bearing also manifested renewed vitality sometimes accompanied Sam, although his aged limbs could not carry him far from the cliff. They rarely encountered any one on their occasional jaunts, for Sam avoided all routes that led into or near the village.

One afternoon as they were strolling up the beach, a life saver making his afternoon patrol overtook them. He touched Tommy pleasantly on the shoulder. "Tommy, it's good to see you takin' a little exercise. I hated to see you pinin' away on the cliff all the time."

"Hello, Clem," greeted Tommy turning around in surprise. "Yes, since Sam's been home, I've been getting out now and then."

The life saver regarded Sam boringly, then extended a friendly hand. "Why, Sammy Doten, I wouldn't 'a known you. You sure have changed. I can remember when you were the meanest little shaver on the beach."

Sam awkwardly grasped the outstretched hand, "You've changed some yourself, Clem. I've been away so long, I've almost forgotten my old friends."

Clem had a thousand questions on the tip of his tongue, but Sam, pointing to the darkening sky, cut off any further conversation, "Pa, we'd better be moving along home. There's a storm coming up, and we'll have to hurry or it will hit us before we get there."

The two turned abruptly and hastened away leaving Clem gazing thoughtfully after them. The strong Northeast wind had lashed the choppy sea into a furious writhing mass by the time Tommy and Sam reached the cliff. Sporadic flashes of lightning followed by deafening peals of thunder lit up the murky sky, and soon the rain beat against the hut with increasing violence.

Tommy was awakened from a troubled sleep by a weird, complaining cry that scarcely could be heard above the terrific clatter of the storm which was now at the height of its fury. The surf was dashing wildly against the rocks at the base of the cliff, sending showers of spray over the roof of the hut. At every fresh onslaught of the wind, that threatened to sweep the frail cabin from the cliff, the voice rose in terror, babbling incoherent words. Tommy left his bed, and feeling his way to Sam's room, paused on the threshold. He remained there for over fifteen minutes, and then crawled back into bed to toss about restlessly until dawn. The next morning the sun appeared, the wind died down, and but for the long rolling swells, all traces of the storm had vanished. Sam appeared at a late hour, his eyes bleary from the effects of a fitful night's sleep, ate his breakfast in silence, and departed for his morning walk. Soon after he had gone, Tommy left the hut, and shambled off in the direction of Clem's cottage, avoiding obstacles in his path with remarkable skill. Clem was patching a frayed pair of trousers when Tommy burst in the door.

"Sit down, Tommy," invited Clem, guiding him to

a chair. "I had a feeling you'd come over this morning."

"Clem," Tommy blurted out nervously, "You saw Sam yesterday. What does he look like?"

"Why do you ask me that?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Sam has changed so much since he's been away that he don't hardly seem like my son. The first few days I noticed a difference in his actions, but I didn't think much about it, being as he suffered a lot in the war. However, yesterday when he didn't seem to know you, and you didn't seem to know him, I began to wonder. Last night durin' the storm, I heard him moanin' in his sleep, so I listened at his door. I guess with all the bangin' goin' on, he was dreamin' he was back in France. I couldn't make him out very good, but he kept callin' out 'Sam, where are you?' It's funny he should call out his own name like that. So I thought I'd come and find out what you make of it."

Clem rammed a charge of tobacco into his evil-smelling pipe. "That is funny. When I saw him last night I was surprised. He's about Sam's size, only a little thinner, and his face is all scarred up. He ain't got Sam's old smile, but the war can certainly change a feller. Five years is a long time; so I ain't sure. He might be Sam and he might not. He didn't seem to want to talk to me much, though," added Clem.

"Well, if he ain't Sam, who is he?"

"Damned if I know," affirmed Clem emphatically. "Why don't you ask him?"

Tommy shook his head doubtfully, "I wouldn't do that, 'cause if he is Sam he'd feel hurt to have his own father not know him. I think I got a sure way of findin' out that he won't suspect."

"What's that, Tom?" queried Clem.

"I'll tell you later, I'll have to be leavin' now."

When Tommy returned, Sam was hammering in front of the hut whistling a rollicking tune.

"What are you doin', Sam?"

"I'm trying to build a porch. We need one bad. I intend to make a lot of improvements around here, so that we'll have a snug little home soon."

Tommy's lips parted in a genial smile, "I wish I could help you, but a feller sure needs his eyes for carpentry. When you get through with that, let's go fishin'. I ain't been for a long time. It's a poor time to be goin' right after a storm, but we ought to catch a few cod."

"Sure, Pa, I'll be glad to go," was the eager response.

"All right, I'll go fetch some bait."

An hour later, Sam, clad in fisherman attire, shoved a bulky, strongly made rowboat into the foaming surf, and jumping in lightly placed the oars in the locks. Tommy sat in the bow straining forward tensely. Sam pulled hard at the oars with little success. The force of the waves plunged the craft to the shore, and Sam was forced to leap out and push the boat from the shallow water again. After an exhaustive effort he managed to row the unwieldy boat beyond the breakers. Frequently the oars slipped out of the locks, each time causing the craft to rock dangerously.

Tommy, clutching the sides firmly, maintained a long silence. Sam, fatigued from his strenuous effort, leaned on his oars and glanced at Tommy. "What are you so quiet about, Pa?"

Tommy raised himself slightly from his seat, and

uttered with half suppressed emotion, "I'm just wond'rin' who you are."

"Why, Pa, what do you mean?" exclaimed Sam, his face flushed betraying his confusion.

"I mean this; I know that you ain't my son. I've been kind o' suspicious all along, and now I'm sure. You've been awful good to me, and I like you. I won't hold nothin' again you if you'll tell me about my son. What's become o' Sam? Is he—dead?"

The soldier placed the oars in the boat, and sank back dejectedly. "Yes, he's dead."

A low moan escaped Tom's lips. "How did he—"

The soldier, touched by the old man's grief, interrupted him, "I'll clear things up for you, if you'll believe in me. You ought to be mighty proud of Sam, for he died a hero. My name is Henry Sprague, and my home used to be in Maine until my father died. I enlisted in the army as soon as we entered the war. I met Sam in France; we were in the same company and were thrown together a lot. We became buddies from the start. He was always so cheerful and good natured that he kept all the boys in good spirits.

"One night after we had been fighting steadily for a week, we received orders to clean out a machine gun nest. I'll never forget how carefree Sam was just before we crawled across 'No Man's Land.' I guess the Germans must have known about it for they opened up on us before we got half way across. Our first sergeant was the first to fall. Sam ran over to pick him up when he got it, right above the heart. It was so dark I couldn't find him, but when I yelled out to him he answered faintly. I dragged him into a shell hole and tried to ease his pain, but he was done for, and had only a few minutes to live."

Sprague blew his nose violently and continued, "Then he told me all about you, and gave me the letter you wrote him. He told me how he'd run away leaving you all alone and that you was blind and helpless. 'You've been a good pal to me, Henry, and I want to ask a great favor of you,' he said. 'If Pa learns that I'm dead it will kill him. I want you to go back in my place. You're about my size and your voice sounds enough like mine. He's blind now and hasn't seen for years, so he ought not to find you out. You can fool him for a while, and then break it gently to him. He ought to have somebody to look after him, and you're the one I can trust best. Will you do it?' he asked. I said I would. He died soon after with a smile on his face.

"I don't know how I managed to get back alive. There isn't much more to tell, excepting that I did my best to carry out my part."

Tommy sat as immovable as a carved figure while Sprague told the story of Sam's death. Presently he smiled with a show of pride, "You say he was shot when tryin' to help the sergeant? If he had to go, I'm glad he died that way. You better row back now, I guess we don't want to fish."

Late that afternoon when Sprague was silently watching the breakers swirl among the rocks below the cliff, Tommy approached him gently and asked, "Sprague, you like this place a little bit, don't you?"

"I've never seen a place I liked better. It's wonderful—"

"Well I wonder if you'd care to go on livin' here the way we have been, you callin' me Pa and I callin'



you Sam?" Sprague encircled the old man with his arm, "I was hoping you'd ask me that, but tell me how you found out that I wasn't your son."

Tommy suppressed a smile. "I wasn't really suspicious 'till the night of the storm when I heard you callin' Sam's name out in your sleep, but then I wasn't

sure, so I asked you to go fishin'. As soon as you tried to row, and floundered about like a cod that's just been hooked and thrown in the bottom of the boat, I knew you wasn't my Sam." Tommy straightened up and held his gray head erect, "'Cause a Doten pulls a strong oar."

## [ EDITORIAL ]

### A CAROLINA IDEAL

Ideals are a great blessing to a man and to an institution. We are glad that we have an ideal for Carolina and the Magazine. The ideal is one and the same in spirit. It is interwoven and inseparably connected.

For many years now we have heard the phrase "Carolina Spirit." That phrase has lost its power. We prefer a new one—The Carolina Ideal. What then is our ideal for Carolina? It is one of service to your University, to your State, to your fellowmen, and to yourself. If you serve yourself in the manner that you should you will serve your fellowman, your State and your University, with an ardor, a vigor and a glorious ideal that will bring to you honor, and to your State glory, and to your Alma Mater pride.

Last year Carolina lowered her ideal. The call now is for Carolina to resurrect and begin the climb anew to that peak reached years ago when the campus was reaching toward the perfect in college life. The call is insistent, it is necessary if the University is to go forward. The challenge is to each of us. Every man must do his part. Our ideal is one that will make Carolina a place with the idealism of the small college with the proportions of a great institution. The idealism must be broad and inclusive, not exclusive, for the University is going beyond the state of a cloistered existence and is reaching out to every corner of North Carolina and the South and is touching the very life blood of the tomorrow.

When the academic year closes next June we hope to see this campus again in the grip of that idealism with which Edward Kidder Graham was imbued, a vital idealism, without which there is no real progress. We hope to see Carolina again reaching toward the perfect, the harmonious, and the beautiful things of life. The material side of life need not be neglected. It is a part of the life necessary to reach the ideal stage.

A golden mean in all things is the mark of a real man. It was the mark of the Greek in legend and story. May it be the distinguishing mark of every man that leaves these ivy covered walls. It is up to you! It is up to us all collectively and individually. Every man counts either in a vital, positive manner, or in a static, negative way.

If you are faithful to the motives that prompted you to come to this institution you will act the part of a man. You will help this institution to grow by growing yourself into a man, a real man, who believes in the destiny of his State, his University, and himself, and who is willing to aid in achieving the great ideal of service that leads to the only kind of progress there is; that is, vital, real, positive steps in the attainment of those things that your better self prompts you to strive for.



# *The Mission of the University*

By PRESIDENT H. W. CHASE

**"The University of North Carolina for North Carolina, and through North Carolina for the South and for the Nation."**

**I**NSTITUTIONS grow into greatness, not by accident, but because they are dedicated to causes which are themselves great and worthy. The cause to which the University of North Carolina is dedicated is simple to phrase, but eternal in its value. I may venture to state it thus: "The University of North Carolina for North Carolina, and through North Carolina for the South and for the Nation." The University for the State, and for the Nation of which the State is a part! That is the cause for which Carolina has always stood, and, to the last day of its usefulness, always will stand. Not any part, or group, or section, but the commonwealth itself, in all its growing, changing, complex life, must be ever before its eyes.

A cause as big and broad and permanent as ours must necessarily be stated in general terms. And from this very fact it follows that it must be redefined constantly in terms of accumulated experience. Historically, the first thing—and still and always the great fundamental thing—that the University did was to teach. Later, it added to the conception of service through teaching that of service through research. Third, it added to these two the conception of immediate public service to the citizens of the State through its division of extension. Thus the present University, the University of 1922, gives this definition of its cause: service through teaching, through research, and through the immediate extension of its resources to the borders of the State. Its present problem is to grow in a harmonious and sound fashion along all three of these lines; to do teaching that is more and more effective; research that is more and more vital; immediate public service that is more and more valuable and far-reaching.

I wish we might always remember that everything the University does is of value in proportion as it contributes to one or another of these three ends. With a rapidly growing University, for example, one's attention focuses easily on the fact of the increasing number of students, and the problems that such a growth means. But numbers are not an end in themselves, not to be valued because they make a "big" University, nor to be shrunk from because they create problems that must be solved.

The reason I rejoice in the growth of the University in numbers is because I have seen what the University means to the men throughout the State who have come under her influence. Wherever you find her alumni, you find men who stand for something to their communities and the State. And because I believe in the University, I do most firmly believe that there is no finer omen for the future of North Carolina than the growing number of young men who are going out into the communities all over this State imbued with her ideals and her teaching. The State cannot have too many fine citizens such as these. The growth of the University is worth while because it means more lives enriched, more service to the State. Let us then not faint-heartedly shrink from growth. Let us rather welcome its challenge to the strength and wisdom that is in us, and set ourselves resolutely to working out the problems of the larger life that growth brings. If we believe that the mission of the University is to educate, and that the education it gives is a good thing—and surely there is no man who does not believe this with all his heart—is it conceivable that we should want for a moment to follow the easy path of denying the training which the University gives to all save a few fortunate men?

I say the easy path, for the path of growth is a difficult path. It has meant more buildings, more money, a larger faculty, with larger numbers of teachers to be selected carefully each year; it has meant the remaking of the whole University organization, the growth of new schools, the adjustment of the minds of all of us to thinking and planning for a University that has almost doubled within a college generation. But if we keep steadily in view the goal toward which all this is directed, if we see it all as means to the end of greater service, we get a perspective that lets us see things in the right proportion.

Consider again the physical remaking of the University which is so rapidly proceeding. What is its place in the University scheme of things? Is it to be viewed as an end in itself, as a shift of interest to things physical and material? It has loomed so large before our eyes, it is so new a fact in University history, that it might be easy so to regard it. But let us ask ourselves what

## PROFESSOR VERSUS STUDENT

It is the sacred prerogative of professors of English to sneer at such writers as Zane Gray, Harold Bell Wright and others. Yet the writings of such men interest students in colleges and universities throughout the United States.

A dozen men from the faculty—English and other departments—will give a statement in an early issue showing why these men offer such poor work. There will also be presented a series of statements from students as to why such work interests them.

Your opinion counts. Turn it in to the editor.

is the real purpose of all this physical reconstruction. It is not an end, it is a means to an end, and that end is education; education under conditions that do not make it necessary to herd men into restricted and uncomfortable quarters, and to teach them in crowded and unsuitable classrooms. It is no more materialism than is the ambition of a man to build a comfortable and livable house for his family, so that their lives may be happier and less cramped. The real question, once more, is the end toward which building contributes. The possession of an adequate physical basis for its life no more makes an institution materialistic than the possession of a healthy body does a man.

I have spoken of numbers and buildings because it is so easy at this moment to think of the University merely in terms of these obvious facts. But so to think of it is to lose sight absolutely of the real University, of the University that a man in another State, high in the educational councils of the nation, known all over the country for this wisdom of his judgments, recently characterized as "the only real state university

in the South"; of the University concerning which Mr. Sherwood Eddy, internationally known for his work with young men everywhere, said last Spring: "with one exception, from among the colleges and universities I have visited on four continents, I consider the student body of the University of North Carolina the most seriously thoughtful group of students that I have yet lived with."

To men who live in the midst of change and growth correct perspective is often difficult to maintain. The little things that fill up the foreground we often magnify, the real significance of events is often overlooked. You are living your University lives in such a period. I urge you not to be blinded by it; I urge you to relate yourselves to the real University, which, in all three phases of its life, is growing yearly into greater usefulness to the State it serves. Make yourselves a part of its real, its expanding life; avail yourselves of its increasing opportunities; work for its welfare as you love the State it serves.

## Brief Confession of a College Journalist

By E. H. HARTSELL

WE college news-gatherers are most ardent and determined journalists. We speak the language of our calling with a pride and impressive cock-sureness, even though in reality we may not know a linotype from a column rule.

But of one thing we are certain, and that is that we are a caste set apart, a group bearing the mark of the literati—shameless, sardonic, eccentric, incontestably superior. We seek painstakingly to embody all that we have ever read and heard about the waywardness of our tribe.

We are seasoned realists and with cynical grins we laugh romance to scorn. This, outwardly. In our own souls we treasure up dreams more romantic than any of the thousand and one nights in Arabia. The words we speak with our lips must be intemperately picturesque. We are scorers of all that is self-satisfied and smug and conventional. Our delight is in shocking the innocent and guileless minds of the proletariat. Nobody must know, if we can help it, what simple hearts we really have.

When we make our weekly rounds for the college newspaper we are careful that there shall be no technical slips in the methods we employ. We are careful to practice upon the uninitiated victim of our cross-questioning all the stock phrases of our profession, and thus impress him with the wide gulf that is fixed between him and us.

"That's a good story" we exclaim as we jot down the required facts on a loose-leaf note-book in the most leisurely fashion imaginable, and if the subject of our experiment shows resentment because he thinks we mean to insinuate that he is untruthful, our self-satisfaction is all the more complete.

We are careful always to let the man we are interviewing see that he is not putting anything over on us. If he chance to slip some bit of news about his personal affairs and then ask us "please not to say any-

thing about that," we scratch our noses in a thoughtful manner, look at the poor victim whom we imagine squirming and writhing before us and say in a non-committal way:

"Well, I can't promise you anything like that, but I'll do the best I can to soften it down as much as possible. News is news with a reporter, you know."

Sometimes we perpetrate escapades which in themselves are quite innocent but which in our eyes assume the proportion of fascinating devilishness. We are proud of these ventures and frequently allude to them in worldly-wise fashion, in conversations with more timid friends or with feminine admirers.

We are always hoping that the rest of the world won't see through us, but are alarmed lest our precautions fail.

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John Ruskin once said: "There is no wealth but life, life including all powers of love, joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest that nourishes the greater number of noble and lofty beings; that man, or woman is richest, who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possession over the lives of others."

"Tarheelia is in quest of worthy youth." Are you one of those sought?

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A Carolina Professor in Paris. No, this is not Collier Cobb. It is another member of the faculty who will give an account of what he is doing at the French Capitol, together with impressions of France after the war, with comparisons of present French opinion and attitude with what he observed during the war when he was over there, and other things of interest. This account will appear soon.



# Citizens in the Kingdom of Truth

By H. H. WILLIAMS

A molder of thought. A maker of men. An interpreter of Carolina. These are the attributes of Horace H. Williams, Professor of Philosophy. No man has done more for the spirit of the University than he. No man who leaves Carolina can get the full breadth and spirit of what this institution means if he fails to hear Professor Williams interpret the meaning of the University and its relation to the individual. The Magazine is fortunate in being able to present the following remarks made by Professor Williams to the Class of 1922, at their last Chapel service in June.

IS it a formality that we gather here this morning? It is an ancient custom we celebrate. Is its power simply its age, or does it stand for something fundamental? You have given four years time to being busy apart from the main currents of social life. It has been a discipline, a preparation. For what? Friendships beyond price have been formed by you. You have been face to face with human life. There are fewer masks in college life. We come near to seeing each other face to face. What do you think of it?

Methods of work, methods of dealing with men, methods of this and that have passed into your possession. But at best these are details. You have been in college. The center of college life is knowledge. Knowledge is a form of truth. The passion for truth, this master passion of intelligence is the secret. And our service here is the recognition of the ultimate unity of truth and religion. It is an acceptance of the ultimate and final and complete nature of truth. Let us in the spirit of reverence, in the spirit of truth, consider ourselves. The University says you are citizens of the kingdom of truth. And this service means that we accept the citizenship in the spirit of devotion.

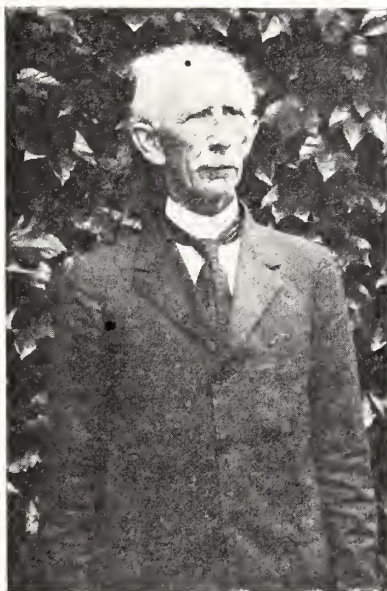
What is the truth? Truth has no dates. It is not a matter of time or place. The citizen of the kingdom of truth will not be a time-server. He will stand for the truth in business, in the dark, in the light, in the trenches. I am sure the men of "22" will qualify. Always, everywhere the citizen of the kingdom of truth is loyal and true.

The truth is not a form. Form in its nature is a finished thing; the truth is living. Forms are visible, tangible, always conservative, always opposed to change. If the ocean did not change, it would not be the ocean. It would be the ice age restored. So if the truth were form, if the truth did not change, we should not have life. It would be a dead world. The men of "22" will not go out and as educated men identify themselves with the formal. It is a greater

sin in an educated man to block the paths of life. "If the light in you be darkness, how great is that darkness?"

You are citizens in the kingdom of truth. Truth is unity, vital unity, that is, unity in structure difference. Truth is thus the only genuine empire. There is nothing beyond vital unity. There are no algebraic, arithmetical or geometrical processes beyond mathematics. So there are no organisms beyond the types. There are no types beyond nature. There is no nature beyond law. All law is an expression of truth. There is thus no fact, no organism, no type, no interest outside and beyond the kingdom of truth. As citizens of this kingdom your life must be imperial. No little thing, no mean thing, no foolish thing can have any place in your life. Have you found your imperial self? Have you vested rights here? Is there any truth that has become your truth? Are you a master at any point in the line? God forbid that the entire world of truth should to-day stand over against you. If so, you are not a son. You are a slave. You have no knowledge. You are a mirror and reflect the knowledge of others. There is no greatness outside the sphere of knowledge. The life upon the level of information is an empty life. It can have no value. There is nothing there to live.

I have a large ambition for the class of "22." Sobriety of judgment is your characteristic. The Faculty respects your convictions. This is why the Faculty could reverse its announced position and conform to your judgment. The capacity not to be stampeded is grounded in substance of value. Therefore I pictured the class Saturday as I stood on Wrightsville beach. Up to the right stood a light house; far to the left stood another light house. Between them were dangers. But the ships sailed safely, guided by these lights. So, members of the class of "22", you, grounded in the citizenship of the empire of truth will give a steady light. Men will avoid the dangers; but better than this: men will catch a vision of the true life. Seeing



H. H. WILLIAMS



its power and beauty in you, they will spring to the challenge of all that is true and good and beautiful. And thus we shall go forward in the inspiration of the leadership of the life of Honor, of Courage, of Truth.

There is a tradition that the idea of the Messiah was the product of the intense, combined and continuous

prayer of the Jewish people for a supreme leader, the Light of the World. That prayer was answered. So I would have the class of "22" unite in one supreme, intense, continued prayer that "22" may furnish a man to our time. There is a shortage. Who knows but that the Lord hath called you unto this high purpose.

## *Who's Who at Carolina Among the Students*

By HENRY D. DULS

Mr. Duls has written in a somewhat light vein some sketches of campus personalities primarily for the benefit of the new men. More than likely some of the "great and near great" ones have not been included, and perhaps some have gone in that should not be there, but be that as it may the sketches of the men depicted by Mr. Duls are not altogether devoid of that element that the Fourth Estate calls "human interest stuff."

**I**NDEED it seems a bit queer to present you first to that body with whom we hope you have the least contact, namely the Student Council. It would rather seem best to present you to the football team first. But since this is your initial contact with absolute student self government in which you are no longer considered as a helpless child, but rather as a man who is able to think and act for himself, we feel it not only our just pride, but our bounden duty to present you first to the individuals who compose that body which represents the most complete system of student self government in America, which, we presume was explained to you before registration. Get somebody to point these men out to you on the campus, or better still, meet them personally. They are all interested in you, and want to meet you.

First, then, meet John Obie Harmon, of Pittsboro, president of the student body. He was one of that valiant band of Tar heels in the immortal Thirtieth Division, who, in 1917, "wrote North Carolina's name in mud and blood upon the Hindenburg line," to borrow a phrase of a prominent member of the faculty, with whom you must soon become acquainted. At Carolina he is one of those many self-help men who come to the University without a penny and leave with a college degree. As manager of Swain Hall, he is well-known by the students. His pleasant disposition, and yet efficient and honorable manner have won for him the respect, favor and admiration of his fellow students. His hard-fought but clean political campaign in the spring elections, in which he won the high office which he now holds, will be remembered

and admired by the upper classmen. Harmon is a member of the varsity football squad, of the Phi Society, Amphoterotheren, A. E. F. Club, and other organizations, and is president, ex-officio, of the Student Council.

We could write a young theme on each man, but we must hurry on, and make it short and snappy.

Next, we present Ernest Raeford Shirley of Snow Hill, president of the Senior Class, president of the Athletic Association, and first sacker of the varsity baseball team last spring. They call him "Mule," and no wonder. You should see how he kicks that old first sack, as the umpire checks the runner out.

C. Y. Coley of Rockingham, president of the Junior Class, and O. G. Thomas, of New Bern, president of the Sophomore Class, complete the academic classes. Coley is a member of the staff of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE and of the *Tar Heel*, a member of the Delta Tau Delta and Sigma Delta Chi fraternities, and of the Di Society. He is one of the live wires on the Hill, always doing something or other. "Squatty" Thomas not only made a name for himself on the First Year Reserve football team last fall, but gained distinction

in leading the Freshmen Class to victory over the Sophomores in that bloody snow battle last winter. He was elected assistant cheerleader last spring.

To complete the Council we have Jim Battle of Tarboro, representative of the law school; C. E. Howard of Pink Hill, representative of the medical school; W. W. Parker of Henderson, president of the pharmacy school, and John V. Ambler of Asheville, member elected by the Council, who was president of the Sophomore Class last year.

*What is the College Woman's idea of the ideal College Man? What is the College Man's idea of the ideal College Woman?*

In an early issue the Magazine will present the composite opinion of the male members of the senior class. There will also be the results of a questionnaire submitted to the co-eds on the campus.

Such questions as the following will be asked: How many will marry for love, money, or social position; whether a college education makes a better husband; the main faults in men and women students; and whether college morals have been affected by modern dress, dancing and manners.

Now we come to football, and then back to other campus organizations, such as the Campus Cabinet, Y. M. C. A., the publications, societies, and Playmakers. We are going to let you introduce yourself to basketball, track, baseball and other seasonal activities as they come along.

We said that we were going to stick to students, didn't we? Well, we are, but we just have to give you two good reasons for Carolina's wonderful success in athletics. One of them is coach Bill Fetzter, and the other one is his brother, coach Bob Fetzter, the two best athletic coaches in the South, nay, we believe in the country, as far as their coöperation, and mutual understanding is concerned. They are one and inseparable with the students anyway, so we are not far off. Coach Bill is general director of all athletics at the University, and Coach Bob is his worthy assistant, who has complete charge of track.

We ought to give an individual write-up to every man on the football team, but we haven't space for that, so we are just going to present some of the stars of last year's team, who are back this year.

Captain Grady Pritchard of Chapel Hill, star guard of the 1921 conquerors of Virginia, comes first. You will see him out there on Emerson Field every afternoon, fighting for Carolina, and playing football as only a veteran can play. Next, Red Johnston of Charlotte, half back, the terror of Virginia, about whom you have already heard so much, and to whose glory we can add nothing. He gained more ground last fall for Carolina than any one man has ever gained. To him the victory, to him the crown.

Then in rapid succession, Allan McGee of Goldsboro, and C. C. Poindexter of Franklin, about both of whom we will speak later; little "Monk" McDonald of Charlotte, who is the only man on the Hill to make his letter in the three major sports of football, baseball and basketball; Fred and "Casey" Morris of Gastonia, who are mainstays on the baseball team as well as the football team. "Casey" is captain of the 1923 baseball team. Just watch these men and you will see some football.

In connection with football, you must meet P. C. Frondeberger, of Bessemer City, Carolina's chief cheer leader. He has been one of the outstanding campus personalities ever since he was elected president of the Boo-loo Club in his freshman year. When the team gets in a tight place, just let "Frondy" be your commander-in-chief, and he'll bring you through. Just do exactly as he tells you. If he says "Split Carolina," you split it, and if he motions for quiet, don't you move.

You should also know something about the Campus Cabinet and some of its members. It is an organization to promote campus activities and to discuss campus problems. It is composed of the presidents and a representative of each class, plus the editor of each publication and the leaders of various campus organizations. The representative from the Senior Class is president of the Council. This man is Allan McGee of Goldsboro, whom we have already mentioned as one of the chief factors in winning the Virginia game last fall. McGee has the distinction of being the youngest captain in France during the war. He is vice-president of the Y. M. C. A. and is active in all branches of campus life possible. We believe he is more of the "all around" man than any other on the Hill.

You have already made acquaintance with the Y. M. C. A. Its representatives met you as soon as you stepped off the train, and if you haven't already met C. C. Poindexter, president of the "Y," go right over there now and introduce yourself. "Poindy" is on the varsity football team for the third time this fall, and he is not only an athlete but a student and campus worker as well. He divides his work in the "Y" with Allan McGee, the vice-president. In this connection, we must present another man, who is not a student exactly, but you must know him if you know the "Y." It is Secretary Comer, who together with C. J. Williams, president of the "Y" last year, dragged the Association out of the rut into which it had fallen during the war, and put it on a firm foundation. Go over and meet these men and get interested in the work of the "Y."

Publications. That's a deep subject, but we won't detain you long with it, for you know better what you think about them than we. Just a word of advice: Don't miss reading a single issue of the *Tar Heel* or *MAGAZINE*, because in so doing you lose connection with campus life, and if every student doesn't keep up with campus life, how do you expect the campus to live?

As editor of the *Tar Heel*, then, meet Jake Wade of Dunn. If you don't like his editorials, write a "Student Forum" to the *Tar Heel* and tell him so. Jake is correspondent for so many state papers that we believe they would have to close down if Jake would leave the Hill. He was tapped for the Golden Fleece from the publications last spring. You might run across Earl Hartsell of Stanfield, managing editor of the paper, or Bob Pickens of Morganton, while you are over at the *Tar Heel* office. If so, tell them exactly what you think is wrong with the paper and how they can correct it.

The CAROLINA MAGAZINE is not so difficult, because you don't see it so often, but there is more of it when you do see it. So tell Editor George W. McCoy of Asheville, that you are glad to meet him, whether you are or not, and see if you can follow his fatherly advice in the editorials. You might read some of the stuff of Wright Lankford of Harmony, and Artus Moser of Swannanoa, while you are about it, and try to swallow it, but don't get choked on it.

Now for the societies. Join one of them. You will miss half the pleasure of college life if you can't enjoy the weekly "bull slinging" of Di or the radical outbursts of Phi. If you are from the West, join the Di; if from the East, Phi is your society.

Behold, E. Clyde Hunt, president of the Di Society. He is a man thoroughly imbued with Demosthenian ambitions, but of a somewhat rotund figure and nature.

Now we present Orator Victor V. Young of Durham, speaker of the Philanthropic Assembly. "Vic" won more medals in speaking last year than he can carry with him.

Last and least we come to the Carolina Playmakers, Inc., who write and produce their own plays of North Carolina folk life. By saying "least," we do not mean least in numbers nor yet least in prices, but least in competitors, for there is not another such organization in the country. We do not know exactly when they



will produce their first plays, but it will be sometime soon. So watch for advertisements and don't fail to attend the first plays. Or if you think you have any talent for acting, go out for them. Freshmen are eligible.

As manager of the Playmakers, you will find George V. Denny of Chapel Hill, a "good fellow" who is always glad to talk to anybody interested in the Playmakers. Professor F. H. Koch, of the English department, has charge of both writing and producing

the plays, and it was through his influence that the Playmakers were established. If you want to know any of the co-eds, who are Playmakers, (nearly all of them are) you must go around to the "Hen-house" in person. It is impossible to introduce co-eds to you on paper.

Well, that's all. Ring down the curtain. If we have left anybody out, don't get sore. Just remember that if we didn't leave you out on purpose, it was an oversight.

## [ EDITORIAL ]

### ACTIVITIES

Activities in college are important in developing the well rounded man. Most every man desires to excel in some major field of endeavor. Here at Carolina there are fine opportunities for young men to show of what they are made in the struggle and competition of fellow students in the race for the honors and positions that the student body has to bestow.

Some men do not desire to go out for activities. It is not of these that we speak. To those interested in activities such as debating, athletics, publications, and other things we urge to take advantage of their opportunities here and develop their latent talents. Find your place, find what you can do best. Stick to it. Fight and you will get great fun, the best there is in college life and experience that will help you throughout all your later years.

However, don't let the side-shows swallow up the main show, to use the figure of a distinguished educator and statesman. Go to the big show and when it is over see the side shows. They are both here. Use them.

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### MORE MONEY

Some months ago friends of the University waged a great and partly successful campaign to get the Legislature to appropriate money for the building of the Greater University. From all over the State came the rallying cry of the friends of education and enlightenment. Speeches were made, pamphlets were printed, and all possible legitimate means were brought to bear upon the legislators in an effort to get them to see a vision of a greater State industrially, commercially, agriculturally, intellectually, artistically and otherwise, brought about by the great leavening means of education.

Through education many things are possible. Through education North Carolina will grow. Through education North Carolina will come into her birthright. Without education North Carolina will go backward. So we cannot remain stationary. The cry then is forward in all the matters of life.

It has been said that North Carolina is in a material era. Be that as it may North Carolina cannot get the finer values out of her abundant life without having her finer sensibilities trained in art, sculpture and the other fine arts. To grow great North Carolina should combine the material and the spiritual, that is, the finer values of life. How? There is only one way. It is through education. Education is the open Sesame to the North Carolina Utopia.

When the legislators meet again in the near future they must be made to see this. On this depends the future of the State and in a large measure the South for North Carolina is the pivotal state in the galaxy of Southern states. North Carolina must not go backward. It is up to each of us. Every man must help.



# Folk Stuff

Not so long ago came the voice of one crying in the wilderness; and in our midst appeared the prophet of folk drama in the dreary and desolate South, preparing the way for the immortalization of the common "folks." And it came to pass that many and great wonders were seen, the like of which the "masses" had not known in all the years of their time. Mighty tragedies were enacted upon lengthy rolls of parchment; great, gripping melodramas dripped like drops of cold, red blood from pens of fire; strange comedies cavorted upon the stage of man's imagination. And great was the noise about the land; wonderment filled the turbid air—what might not be the portent of these strange unearthly signs? Yea, great was the wonderment of all the people.

And lo, whilst all the land is wondering, there comes to us a man, a disciple of the Chosen Prophet, who publishes abroad the doctrines of his master. Yea, even so, for in our hands we hold a lengthy scroll, and "characters" upon it, standing forth with clearness such as never before was known in our Native State. It is a record true and faithful, full representative of the marvelous works of the Anointed few, the Playmakers of Chapel Hill.

## Bouillabaisse

By DAVID DEERE

### *Author's Foreword*

This is a play of the people, taken from (imaginary) real life—a drama of pure realism depicted in all its unheard of reality. The characters are drawn from intimate experience and acquaintance with the exponents of the Little Theatre movement in the field of Folk Literature.

### *The Kochomaniacs—*

HELLDAM FOLK, a real, live devil.  
 "WEENIE," his wife, a true mate.  
 GRAN'PAW, past describing.  
 FULLBULL, the son.  
 VI'LET, the fair, frail daughter.  
 THE "SHURIFF," a human being.

*Time*—Supper time.

*Place*—The Folks' one-room shack, in the remote wilds of Orange County, two miles from Paterson's,—Chapel Hill.

*Scene*—The sitting, dining, bed-room, parlor, kitchen of the Folk mansion. There is a tumbled-down bed, with straw "tick" and ragged cotton quilts, in one corner; a battered cook-stove, resting on three legs and a worn-out tomato can, in the other corner, rear, and a large fireplace in the center, at back. It is piled high with soggy cord-wood, bravely trying to burn. In the center of the room is a large packing-case which serves as a cooking,—eating,—reading,—sewing table, hat-rack, bureau, and general depository. There are old shoes on the floor and under the bed, together with worn-out trouser-legs and bottles of various sizes and colors. At the left near the front is a pile of old cotton and straw, and upon it some rags and old petticoats, etc. It is manifestly used for sleeping purposes. The mantel is covered with patent medicine bottles of many varieties, including sundry pain-killers, liniments, and roach ex-

terminators. On one end of the mantel is a small brown jug with corn-cob stopper, on the other end a cracked tea-cup holding a small bunch of dog-fennel blossoms. The walls are papered with newspapers of assorted sizes and colors, and are profusely decorated with alluring magazine advertisements and commercial calendars. Over the mantel there is a unique group, artistically arranged, consisting of Royster's Fertilizer and Swift's Premium Ham calendars, and the 1910 edition of "A Skin You Love to Touch." Crayon portraits of Gran'paw and his dead wife hang over the bed. There is a door at the right.

*As the curtain rises on this familiar domestic scene, Weenie is seen lying in bed, her head wrapped up in a ragged gray shawl. She has a misery in her years.*

*Weenie is about fifty or an hundred years old, with the face of an Egyptian mummy, a voice, when she is mad, that resembles that of a screech owl; otherwise it is like that of an elderly Berkshire sow. She has two teeth left—neither of them are right; they are as yellow as the snuff which she carries in a tin box in her hand. In the other hand she holds a long, gnarled stick, used as a propellor when she walks and a prop when she stops to talk. Weenie is absolutely the last rose of summer.*

*After allowing time for a series of groans ranging from "G" to "A," remarkable in their variety and ton-coloring, Gran'paw hobbles into the room, a puff of cold wind assisting him to enter. Gran'paw is a master-piece in make-up. His age is not to be reckoned in years; he is unquestionably the last relic from Noah's Ark, and has everything that can hang upon him.*

*He has one wooden leg, and carries a rough crutch, unmistakably of home manufacture. There is a great, black hole where his left eye should be; his nose is*

long and hooked like a pelican's, and his mouth sags open in semblance of a wornout mule. His face is as rocky and muddy as Chatham County in the winter time. His hair hangs in great tangles over his ears like sooty snow over the eaves of a log shanty; his beard is two feet long, gray and tobacco-stained like a forkful of dirty hay. He shimnies when he walks, or makes a peculiar sort of side motion which doesn't seem to get him anywhere. His voice is superlatively dry, cracked and split in many directions, and is way up on the keyboard.

Gran'paw is altogether a creation to make glad the heart of the "character" artist. The only "weakness" in his character, and the only consideration that prevents him from "standing out" to full advantage is the fact that he is unable to stand alone.

GRAN'PAW—H'yar, Weenie, how ye now? Yow-ee! me rheumatiz! Aint ye goin' t' git up none? Buddy'll be h'yar 'n a minit. Better git up an' git a cup o' cawfee, er suthin'. It be a-gittin' cold—cold . . . Snow, I reckon. Hard times comin'. Bad weather 'n them dam' 'Publicans allus goes tergether. Hard times knockin' at the do'. No place h'yar fer ol' fokes. Reckin I'll die-ee. Ugh . . . (He goes to the fire).

WEENIE—Cyaint ye keep yer trap shet a minit, Pappy! Ye jist run on bad 's Buddy. Oo-oh! I got a mizry! . . . Why'n't ye git erway frum in front o' thet far. I'll freeze t' death—ye takin' up all th' heat . . . Move over! Lawdry, lawdry! Oooooo—ooh! Ugh!

GRAN'PAW—(Approaching the bed)—Aw, now Weenie, ye jist be still an' git up frum thar. Ye allus wuz lazy, jist like yer maw. Ye jist wait till Jack comes. He'll git ye out-a thar, he'll git ye out! He-he-he-ee! (He goes back to the fire).

Enter Fullbull, breezily, affecting an English air—and everything else. Fullbull is the latest edition of the Folk family type. That he is a legitimate child, it is our purpose to establish here.

Fullbull is a tongue-jazzer, a society guy, a handsome duck, a he-vamp, and some kiddier. He takes 'em all in. He has a hot line that would keep the University buildings warm in January. He always keeps his mouth closed when he has nothing he wishes to say—which never happens. He has a matinee-idol face, but when he grins, which is most of the time, he resembles more nearly a recently imported idol from China. He is noted among the ladies for his "different," but never indifferent qualities. Fullbull is all right; he's human—but there's too much of him.

FULLBULL—H'yo, folks. How's everybody? How's your kalamazoo, Maw? H'yo, Gran'paw, how's your wooden leg? Don't get it wet! Haw! Haw! Haw! Well, I killed 'em all today. I'm some baby—I'll say so. Been down to the Ghingoul. Oh, you kid! Swell dames—swell jazzin' . . . Did I have some time? Oh, I'll say I did. Them jazz babies got the goods. I'll say they have, n' everything. . . . Whew! Why don't you have a decent fire for a fellow to come home to? This is a bally mess. . . . Bt, Judas—Priest! you ought to seen me hoppin' around, walkin' the dog. I'm the stuff with the ladies. Maw, you know that. I'm a killer. They go wild over me. Can't resist me. Fascination—that's it. I'm a fascinator.

WEENIE—Yer a-lyin' boy. I got my fascinater on meself. . . . (She holds up one end of her shawl).

FULLBULL—Ooww! Haw—haw—haw—haw! Ha—ha—ha—ha! He—he—he! Hummm! Oh, Maw, you got a dome like Memorial Hall. You aint got a grain. Nobody home! Oh, boy! Haw—haw—haw! Hey, George! . . . Say when do we eat. Bet there ain't a decent thing in this house—reminds me of Swain Hall. But, say! Lean over and lemme slip you a jolly little whisper. I've got a job. Whatcha know? Down at the Inn . . . Professor of Table Etiket, and Polite Conversation. I get all the co-eds. Will we have some time? You tell 'em. Polite conversation! Well, say!

(Helldam bursts into the room, accompanied by swirling snow and a cold blast of wind.)

He is a hard-boy; his first cradle was a nail keg, and he strops his razor on the palm of his hand. A producer of moonshine by moonlight, he drinks the better part of his output while the sun shines. The remainder of the time he spends in cussing out his family for being no-count. A true father to his son, words never fail him, though he does not know whether a Thesaurus is a new kind of Bolshevik or a chewing tobacco. He takes the center of the stage wherever he goes, and holds it against all comers. His face resembles that of a bull-moose; his mouth was copied after the Grand Canyon, and his nose looks like a bird's-eye view of Gibraltar. His shaggy brows hang over his bleared eyes like bush-grown cliffs over a couple of bear dens. His forehead is conspicuous by its absence, and his hair looks like no-man's-land by moonlight. There are scars on his cheeks; one ear is half bitten off. His hands are the hands of Esau, and his voice is that of a Durham bull.

HELLDAM—Dam' ye! Ef this aint the devil's weather! Consarn yer lazy hide, Weenie! Git up frum thar! (He goes over and snatches the cover from the bed. Weenie is fully dressed in a creation of calico once pink, but now without a name. She displays surprising agility in rising from the bed. Helldam goes to the fire, elbowing Gran'paw and Fullbull out of his way.) Git out-a here, ye bloomin' toad-frawgs! (He sits massively in the chair before the fire, presenting a broad, herculean back).

HELLDAM—Who's the man in this house?

FULLBULL—Aw, now, Pa, come down a notch, will you?

HELLDAM—You—you—Dam' you—you bobtailed lizzerd, ye—Who the devil axed ye ter speak? Who ye think ye air, a-talkin' to yer Paw that-away. (He swings at Fullbull with a chair. Fullbull sprawls upon the floor, several large nails falling from his pockets. Weenie hobbles up to the fire.)

WEENIE—Paw, d'ye go fer th' docter?

HELLDAM—Docter, hell! What ye'll need is a undertaker if ye don't git a move on ye and git me sumpen t' eat! Br-r-r-rr! (He staggers over to the box-table, where the old woman places some cold victuals, taken from the oven of the store. He sits, looks over the food, turns and spits into the fire.)

HELLDAM—What kind er durn supper d'ye call this? Weenie! (The old woman jumps). Put them rations up. I aint hongry, nohow. Put 'em up, d'ye hyear?

GRANDPAW—But me an' Weenie wants some.

HELLDAM—Who the hell axed you t' speak! Shut up! Br-r-r-rr! Oh, Lawrd! (He takes a bottle



from his hip pocket and turns it up. He looks around blankly, then puts his feet on the table, and leans back.) Ef they'd leff me alone, I'd a-lived straight. Uster could go daown that ter Chapel Hill with my li'l brown jug an' give th' byes a-leetle suthin' ter cheer 'em up, an' them a-studyin' so hard. But th' good ol' days is gone. . . . It's too late now. . . . But I'll kill some of 'em, yit! Gran'paw! (*The old fellow scrambles back.*) Git out-a h'year! (*He sings:*)

"Down by yon weepin' willow  
Where flowers so sweetly bloom,  
There sleeps the fair Florelly  
So silent in the tomb."

(*Fullbull laughs.*)

HELLDAM—What ye openin' them dad-blamed jaws o' yourn about, like a dad-blamed hyeeny! Who're you, anyhow? Ye don't belong h'yar. Ye aint none o' this fambly. None o' my fokes. What ye doin' h'yar? Git out! H'yar, take this quart, an' fetch it out-a h'yar, an' dam ye both! (*He hands bottle to Fullbull, who accepts it with a broad grin.*) Quit thet grinnin'! (*He kicks out at him, and is almost upset.*) Dam' ye! Ye w'a'nt brung up right. In my day ye'd a-had yer hide tanned like a dead caows. Ye're ruint now—jest like yer maw—allus a runnin' them dad-blamed jaws o' yourn, an' grinnin' like a lousy pole-cat. Git out!

*Fullbull retreats to the door. Weenie is putting away the dishes of food, slyly eating the while, Gran'paw steals up to the table and snatches a piece of bread.*

HELLDAM—Gran'paw! (*His feet come to the floor with a bang. Gran'paw jumps with surprising agility half way across the room. Helldam takes the jug down from the mantel, drains it, and swinging it above his head, starts after the old man. Gran'paw stumbles over the pallet and falls, Helldam standing over him, swaying from side to side, backward and forward. Fullbull steals up behind him, and takes the jug from his hand, and throws it out the window. Helldam looks stupidly at him for a moment, then waltzes slowly over to the window and leans out, singing:*

"My Bonn-ee lies over the O-shun!"

*Fullbull, unnoticed, slips out the door. Gran'paw and Weenie huddle up to the fire, looking over their shoulders apprehensively.*

*The door opens, and the daughter of the family enters. Her name is Vi'let. She has been left blooming alone by the other young people of the neighborhood, and is a misunderstood, day-dreaming, sallow-checked, romance-hungry way-side flower, with visions of a higher existence; e. g., the wife of a brunette god who juggles plates at Gooches. She carries a small white meal sack, and wears a sweater that cannot possibly see better days. She appears to be completely exhausted, and staggers across the room, the light from the mantel lamp making her face appear ghostly and very folkish.*

VI'LET—Ooooooh! I'm so tard.

WEENIE—D'ye get the meal, chile?

VI'LET—Yeah, I got it. I'm 'bout froze up. (*She goes to the fire, shivering melodramatically.*) Maw, it ain't right for him to send me out like that. Look what time it's gettin' to be. I made up my mind a-comin' along the road I was a-goin' to leave home. This

aint no place for a good girl what wants to be somethin'. I'm a-goin' over to Dur'm, an' git me a job in the mills, an' be a lady, an' have fine cloes like other fine fokes. They's a feller over to the Hill knows all about it. An' he's goin' with me over there, an' git me a job an' a place to stay. I ain't got no chanc' here to be nothin'. I'm agoin' over there where I kin be somebody and have somethin', an' where I kin learn somethin'—maybe learn to dance. This feller I'm a'tellin' you about said he'd teach me. He's a nice feller. . . .

GRAN'PAW—Yis, an' ye better let them fellers alone. I know 'em over thar to the Hill. They're all bad. Ye better stay away from thar. That's a fack, so 'tis, so 'tis. He-he-he-ee!

VI'LET—Aw, Gran'paw, you jest hesh. You don't know nothin' bout it. This here's a nice feller. He likes me. He said I had pos—possibilities. Maybe he'll marry me. Ooh, la, la! (*She goes to the mantel and takes down the cup of pseudo-flowers.*) He said I was a real Vi'let, jest like my name—somethin' 'bout a mossy rock nobody 'd never seen. It sounded real po-et-ik. Ain't these purty daisies? I love purty things, Maw, an' I'm a-goin' to have 'em. I'm a-goin' to take some o' these daisies to my feller tomorrer

*Helldam has grown slightly sober, and is listening. He lurches toward Vi'let.*

HELLDAM—Ug-huh! So ye're a-goin' to leave yer ol' Paw, air ye? A'goin' to run away with some greasy possum-skunk from the Hill. . . . Well, I'll see ye in Hell fust! (*Vi'let cowers away from him. He reaches into another pocket and draws out a long black bottle.*) Guess I kin drown my sorrier, any-haw, an' ye kin all go to bed er to hell 'f ye want'er. (*He drinks. Weenie approaches him cautiously.*)

WEENIE—It's turrible cold, cold. I don't feel right. Gimme a leetle drap, jist a leetle drap!

HELLDAM—Go 'way! (*He has now become quite "oozy".*) Too late in th' night. 'Taint good fer ye. G'wan! (*He drains the bottle, and hands it to Vi'let.*) H'yar, take this daown ter the drug store an' git it filled up again.

VI'LET—What fer, Paw? It's cold an' dark. I caint see.

HELLDAM—Aw, shet up; ye tawk too much.

WEENIE—Don't mind him, Vi'let; he ain't right.

VI'LET—An' I aint a-goin', nuther.

(*Helldam looks up, attempting to collect his wits.*)

HELLDAM—So ye aint a-goin', air ye? Wal, it'll be the last time ye buck again the law in my house. (*He slowly brings his feet down to the floor, rises, picks up his chair, and starts for Vi'let. She cowers against the foot of the bed.*)

VI'LET—Don't, paw, don't! You couldn't drive me out in the cold snow. I ain't got on no good shoes. It'd kill me! Don't!

HELLDAM—I'll git ye! (*He swings at her with the chair. She escapes the blow, and runs around the room.*)

HELLDAM—I'll git ye, ye hussy, ye! (*Vi'let reaches the door, flings it open and turns.*)

VI'LET—I'm agoin' fer good, an' I ain't never a-comin' back, you big ol' houn' dog! (*She goes out.*)

(*Helldam starts after her. A pistol shot is heard.*)



*Helldam is almost swept from his feet as someone enters. It is the "shurriff." He is a big, raw-boned man, six feet-two, bare-footed. He carries a couple of six shooters, and wears a shining yellow leather belt and holsters, with army trousers, minus the leg-gins, and an overseas cap. He is followed by Fullbull, with a Judas look on his face.)*

SHURRIFF—Hello, Helldam! Well, I've come for you.

HELDDAM—What the devil ye want h'yar.

SHURRIFF—You!

HELDDAM—Me?

SHURRIFF—You, and your whole fam'ly. I've come to arrest you-all on a charge o' bein' public nuisances.

HELDDAM—Me an' my fambly, public nu-sances! Dam' ye! Who called me an' my fambly them things?

SHURRIFF—Your son, here.

HELDDAM—My boy! My brat git his own paw rested. You—you—fool! Br-r-rr! You yellow puppy! R-r-r-rrr! You rotten egg, you! You—you—you—cow-dog! You low-down razor-back hawg, ye! Turn agin yer own paw. Dam' ye! I'll git ye! R-r-r-rr!

*(He makes for Fullbull, tooth and nail. The sheriff restrains him.)*

SHURRIFF—Aw, hold on, there, old man. I got you. I reckon this proves the charge, all right, all right.

HELDDAM—Yeah, I reckon ye got me, dam' ye! But ye gotta take him, too. *(Indicating Fullbull).* Ef he aint a public nu-sance—look at 'im—sneakin' tad-pole—crawfish!

SHURRIFF—Hmmm! The warrant does read "Helldam Folk and Fam'ly." Guess that means you, too, Bull. You'll have to come along. It's accordin' to law.

*(For once, words fail our young hero. He is dumb-founded, open-mouthed.)*

FULLBULL—Who, me!

GRAN'PAW—He-he-he-he-ee! Haw-haw-haw-aww! H-eeee! Got ye thar, Buddy, got ye naow! I'll tell the jedge on ye. Ye're jist as bad as I am. He-he-he-he-eee! We're all bad. . . . Lawdy, lawdy! Aint none of us right! He-he-he-he-eee!

*The sheriff begins herding them toward the door with his pistols, and*

IT IS ALL OVER.



OLD EAST AND THE WELL

# Intercollegiate Debating and Oratory

By VICTOR V. YOUNG

President of the Phi Society and of the Debating Council

Because of his signal success in debating and oratory last year Mr. Young was asked to give in a short article something of what has been done during the past at Carolina in this line of endeavor, and something of the plans for the coming year.

ARE Debating and Oratory lost arts? Has this phase of intercollegiate conflict interest and utility to the individual in this day of whirlwind college life, when there are so many channels into which the student may direct his extra energy and time? I answer both of these frequently asked questions with an emphatic NO! and further any one who will thoroughly analyze or even observe the facts must respond with the same emphasis. If you ask the great mass of Carolina men who have gone out, wrought, and achieved in the life of our State and Nation, you will find that the great majority of these have laid their foundations very largely in the old Phi and Di halls. These halls, rich in tradition and treasured by many an alumnus of Alma Mater, have been the main source springs of their training and inspiration.

As Carolina has made a record on the athletic field, so she has behind her a record in debate, of which every student can be proud. Over a period of twenty-five years she has won sixty-eight per cent of her contests. This percentage is especially gratifying in view of the fact that only institutions of the highest scholastic and debating standing have been included on the schedule. Tulane, Virginia, Georgia, Johns Hopkins, Washington and Lee, Kentucky, and the University of Pennsylvania are among those that have been contested. Traditionally Virginia has been our keenest rival, and we are proud that we have won a majority of the debates with her. These fights have always been hotly contested, BECAUSE THAT'S VIRGINIA.

The Debate Council believes that just as Carolina has materially expanded, just as our athletic schedule has been expanded, just so and proportionately should our debating program be expanded, and in compliance with this belief this year's Council is endeavoring to offer a program that will be attractive, and truly representative of our growing institution. Since such an anticipated program must yet be financed by the two literary societies, which at present are heavily burdened with expenses, the Council is somewhat handicapped because of insufficient funds. However, we do not balk here, because this is only a little difficulty that may be overcome with proper support from the student body. Because of the vision and zeal of the present Council it is planning a schedule of contests that will excel any schedule offered in years past. The following is anticipated: A triangle with two northern universities; possibly the University of Pennsylvania and either Harvard, Yale, or Princeton; the contracted triangle with Johns Hopkins University and Washington

and Lee University in the Winter quarter; and the contracted debate with the University of Kentucky sometime during the Spring quarter. (Possibly a second institution may be added so that this contest may also be made into a triangular affair.) During the year there are held a number of inter-society contests and the two oratorical contests; the Southern, and the Peace contest.

Is one to slumber and sleep, thus letting all these opportunities for real development pass? Here is presented a real program, and if one has any talent along such lines, he should have a part in its execution. The first year man, with a little grit and determination, can start and in this field of activity gain a rich experience, do credit to himself and to his University, and carry with him into his future life a training that will be of incalculable value. Grab the opportunity by beginning early.

Tau Kappa Alpha is one of the two highest reputed national inter-collegiate debating fraternities, and Carolina has one of the three chapters in this state. Whenever a man makes an intercollegiate debate at Carolina he is given a gold N. C. and in addition becomes eligible to membership in the local chapter of Tau Kappa Alpha. The active members of the 1921-22 chapter were Bryant C. Brown, Daniel L. Grant, C. L. Moore, F. A. Grisette, T. L. Warren, and Victor V. Young.

## Announcements

Artus M. Moser will retain his position as Assistant Editor-in-Chief of the MAGAZINE. Last year Mr. Moser rendered the publication invaluable service, and the experience gained will be utilized by the Editorial Staff to the fullest in getting out the best magazine possible.

A Carolina Book-Seller in Missouri will be the title of a sketch appearing in an early issue. The MAGAZINE believes that stories, sketches and articles dealing with actual affairs of life is of interest to a large class of readers, and so it will print from time to time the doings of members of the student body or the faculty whenever such doings are out of the ordinary enough to be of interest.

Do you know that there is a professor in the faculty of this University that escaped being drafted into the Turkish army by fleeing the country with his wife? Such is the case. Watch for this account in an early issue.



# Paradise on a Hill

By G. Y. RAGSDALE

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How do you feel, Mr. New Man? Do you feel as we felt three years ago this Fall? We know you do. Human nature is much alike. Then you will appreciate the sketch "Paradise On a Hill." It expresses what we felt, and what you must be feeling now in regard to your Alma Mater that has so recently taken you under her care. Enter into the spirit of the following description, enjoy it, and see if you won't agree with Mr. Ragsdale by the time Spring comes around once more.

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**Y**ES, Mr. Man of '26, we know how you feel. The alumni and students painted beautiful pictures to us too—the same ones they painted for you. They told us of a paradise far away, sitting enthroned upon a hill, surrounded by babbling brooks, lazy springs, pretty woods and walks, Piny Prospect. You read in the catalogue of a handsome Bynum Gymnasium, equipped with modern apparatus, a fine swimming pool, hot baths; of a Swain Hall, and what seemed to you ample accommodations there; of a Carr Dormitory containing 42 living rooms; of other dormitories, all containing "living rooms." You expected to find a Fairyland, dazzling in sunlight and lovely to behold.

And then you landed here—in front of Gooch's, or was it Carrboro, alighting from the "Special"? You walked to the "Y," laden with a heavy suitcase. There you huddled like so many lost sheep, waiting to be directed to your room. Then to your room. Empty, bent, "stacked" beds. A wash stand, basin and pitcher. Holes in the walls. Broken window panes, perhaps. A fine "living room" indeed. You longed for home and mother. Then you went to Bynum Gymnasium to take some exercise and a bath. You found broken chest weights, dirty mats, and a broken ladder. To your bath. No hot water, and instead of a "nice swimming pool" you found a small hole in the floor filled with water, and likewise with boys—crowded. To Swain Hall. Beans. Rice. Tough meat. No desert. No elbow room. You came away calling it Swine Hall.

Next morning you were up bright and early, anxious to register and be through with it. You thought you would be first in line, but when you got there you found a hundred others waiting. You stood in line until about noon, finished, ate your dinner, and came away more gloomy than ever. Then you inspected the campus. Some few pretty buildings, modern in every way. Others were bare, plain, old, even cold. Your room is in the latter.

Then your room-mate arrived. He is a freshman too, feels exactly as you do, and is down-hearted. You fall into conversation. You inform him about the "beanery," the gym, tell him how to register, and what courses to take. He eats beside you that night at supper, and, after the meal, you both go to the Pickwick, unsuspecting of harm. You are repeatedly battered on the head by the Soph sitting behind you, and you come away calling it the "Pick." That night you

go to bed feeling better, and arise early next morning eager to attend classes, and to see your professors. Next, you buy your books at the Book Exchange at seemingly exorbitant prices.

Now, Mr. Man of '26, there are two things for you to remember: first, don't jump at conclusions; second, don't form your opinion of Carolina men before you know them. If you don't do these two things, in a few weeks or months the first idea of the real Paradise upon a Hill will dawn upon you, and then, for the first time, you will become a real Carolina man. Then her ideals will first seem clear to you, and you will feel the thrill of the Carolina spirit for the first time. This last will probably be experienced when you see your first Carolina touchdown made on Emerson Field. Every time you see one made that feeling will swell in you, and finally, it will overwhelm you. The best way to get this feeling is to stick by that team, and fight just as hard as it does. They will be bruised and broken; you will only be hoarse.

Soon you will begin to feel better about Swain Hall, but you will never cease knocking it—that is a Carolina institution, this criticizing Swain Hall. The gym will take on a little better aspect. Your room will be your home, and you will become fondly attached to it, and instead of a space enclosed by four walls, it will truly become a living room. It will harbor many bull sessions, songs, jokes, and hours of study will have been spent there.

By springtime, you will have grown accustomed to the campus. You know the names of all the buildings now, and have had classes in several of them. When this campus awakes from its winter sleep, from death and bareness, and begins to take on new life, and dons its verdant coat, it will seem different in your eyes. The Fairyland that you expected to find will appear, and you will revel in its beauty.

By now you know many men, have been nicknamed, "dumped" a few times, been to feeds and smokers, pep meetings, learned the songs and yells. In a word, you have become acclimated, and now you are a part of Carolina. You have forgiven the alumni and upper classmen for what they told you about Paradise. You have realized that it was true in its entirety, and you have written home to mother and the girl you left behind, telling them of this garden spot of beauty, where Knowledge sits supreme, enthroned upon this Paradise Upon a Hill.



## Poetry and Near Poetry

### Out of the West

Oh! for a breeze from out the mountains  
A breeze from out the west  
To cool a heart in anger, or still  
A troubled soul to rest.

From the dim blue haze where the sun fades out  
In a splash of molten glow  
Behind far granite and green clad giants  
Their heads white-capped with snow.

From valleys and spurs of balsam and spruce  
So fragrant and refreshing  
Like a fairy spell come floating down  
A town-tired brain enmeshing.

From deep cool glens, where sweet water breaks in  
In burbling, gossipy streams  
Where men have stopped, and through the night  
A cabin hearth-fire gleams.

From dignified aisles of cathedral pines,  
Nature's temples of glory,  
Where lovers wander a-gypsying  
And whisper the old, old story.

Ah! come for a while and bide a bit,  
Ponder o'er all that's noblest and best,  
And let earth and its cares be caressed away  
By a breeze from out the west.

RANCE LOW.

### Then What is Life

To him who thinks—what is life  
But a sordid series  
Of rude awakenings?—  
A close view of naked Truth—  
Not standing in her nude glory  
Of firm flesh and  
Immutable eye,  
But a cold skeleton  
Grinning in a bed  
Of stolid squalor!

And he who travels life's way  
In divers places, never allowing  
His acts  
To be sickened by thought,  
Finds there is no end to the way  
(Where he had hoped cool pastures lay),  
But that the way is all.  
That the insect vexations  
And butterfly emotions,  
Magnified by the moment,  
Are all he may expect.

That caterpillar-visioned man  
Who at the instance of ambition  
Rushes along the path,  
Treading on the necks of those who hinder,  
Finds at the last

That envy, his desideratum,  
Is not a warm balm to the self, but a  
Clammy concoction  
Brewed by devils!

And that seer of visions  
Who would pull God's children  
From the quagmire of their folly,  
Later regrets  
That He stretched forth His arm  
To lift them  
From their languid lethargy!

But he who walks above all that is  
And dwells in the Land of Freedom's Fancy,  
Having trained his mind  
To capricious conjunctions,  
Lives!  
And the world spreads forth its drunken glory,  
And he feasts on the foils of mortal men!

J. P. TROTTER.

### Lost

Over the hills the new moon rose,  
Slim and red like a bloody simitar.  
The steel blue heavens lay cold,  
Cold and desolate as a deserted battlefield,  
While only a star or two  
Peeped from the battlements of heaven.  
The snow covered the earth like a white robe  
Which the moon took and made still more beautiful,  
Weaving into it a soft bluish tint.  
The winds blew softly through the naked trees  
Murmuring low songs.  
A silence as cold and still as death  
Hung under the great blue dome.  
Beauty was afield  
And athrill with her charms.  
But the world went indoors and to bed  
Like the small boy who fell asleep while Beethoven  
played.

W. DABNEY WHITE.

### Blind Milton

O Milton, blind singer of a blind age,  
How well has thou in tangled thought  
Pictured real those ignorant beliefs to people taught  
Which writ forever on recorded time its own allotted  
page;  
Evolved from out chaotic past to play upon this stage  
Its little part in that high plan by man forever wrought.  
Thou, sightless seer, how well hast thou the battle  
fought  
That quenched in man that blind voluptuous rage!  
But that religion which thou didst fearless tell  
Hast played its part in life's great scheme,  
And eternal in life's past must dwell.  
The Race in stalwart forward stride  
Hast o'er passed thine imaged Hell,  
And outgrown beliefs can ne'er abide.

H. CROUZE.

## Philosophy of a Full-grown "Hick"

Shakespeare! Shucks! I'd like to know  
 As how he's gonna help me wid dis hoe!  
 Whut good, sez I, to spend such time  
 In studyin' bout such foolish rhyme?  
 Is it goin' to make ol' Maggie speed?  
 Is it goin' tuh buy huh reg'lah feed?  
 Dese yere beans—will it make 'em grow?  
 Do's it show a man how tuh weed dis row?  
 Will it quiet ol' Benson's greedy howl,  
 An' rad-uh-cate his muhderous scowl  
 When I, soft-like-squeals the awful tale  
 "I'm sorry, yer honor, but I lacks yuh kale?"  
 No—it ain't—yet folks—I swow!  
 Do fill ere heads wid such—enyhow!  
 Jest look at ol' Henry's oldest son—  
 A peart, kinder felluh—I do swun!  
 Dere wan't no fellow round dese parts  
 Cud match wid him fuh uhly starts.  
 Lawd! cud he plow? I reckollicks  
 How wunce he raced wid Ruben Hicks!  
 Poh ol' Ruben wud no moh'n start  
 When Henry's son had dun dun his part.  
 Now luk at him—jest home from school  
 Strutting about like a puffed-up fool.  
 Tellin' my gal, Susan, whut Shakespeare said  
 Bout some ol' pusson whut dey thot wuz dead,  
 How he tol' his son tuh git ruhvenge  
 An' so doomed him to burnin' fuh such sins.  
 Ez fuh me—I jest plain cain't see  
 Whut good such larnin' ten's to be.  
 Hyah! Hyah! It shuah tickles me  
 When I ruhmembuhs whut I dun see  
 T'other day—down near the creek,  
 I huhd dis crazy school dood speak.  
 Hyah! Hyah! Lawd! He did not know  
 Dat I wuz near dere hidin' low.  
 Dis yere felluh—he peeps all aroun'  
 Den takes off his coat an' lays it down.  
 Den crouches down—kinder on wun knee  
 An' starts tuh speak—I did not see  
 Who's he's talkin' to cud poss'bly be.  
 All I knows—he acts so queer  
 Dat I allows he's not thinkin' clear.  
 Sez I to myself—"Silas, whut do he do?"  
 He shuah acts crazy—it cain't be true."  
 Dis yere felluh—he suddenly yell,  
 An' look ez hahd—ez hahd ez h—!  
 He grabs a club and suddenly rises.  
 "Silas, hadn't we better be movin'?" I suhmizes.  
 An' the fact of the mattuh—I agrees—  
 Is I got so skered, I swiftly flees;  
 "Foh," I allows, "Somehow er nuther I don't wanna  
 fight  
 Wid a man who's haid ain't zactly right."  
 An' cum to fin' out frum my gal—  
 Who, even I confess, looks passin' wa'l—  
 Dat dis yere felluh waz warmin' up  
 Fuh a try at some kinder prize talk cup.

Poor, old farmer—had he lived yet a while  
 He would now be basking in Fortune's smile.  
 For this "fool" grew up—up into fame  
 And Susan now claims his well-known name.  
 Even the grossest politician can not with hold the tear  
 When this famous actor now "spills" Shakespeare.  
 C. Z. MERRITT.

## Contemplation

I've spent many an hour a-settin' alone  
 On an ol' dead log er a mossy stone,  
 With my eyes half-shet and my mind away  
 Up thar in the sky whar the white clouds play;  
 An' I watch 'em movin' so easy an' slow  
 Or jes' standin' still when the wind don't blow;  
 An' it seems such a easy life to live  
 That I often wonder how much I'd give  
 To be a cloud, jes' a tiny cloud  
 In a great big sky with room allowed  
 To float aroun' so lazy and free,  
 An' worryin' not what becomes of me.

But times do come up thar in the sky  
 When the clouds git dark an' the low racks fly  
 In front o' the wind, an' the lightnin' streaks  
 Go sizzlin' down on the mountain peaks,  
 An' the thunder rumbles an' rolls an' booms  
 With a noise to bring the dead from their tombs;  
 Then I leave my rock er my ol' dead log,  
 An' go to my cabin an' call in the dog,  
 An' while I wait for the storm to pass,  
 I wonder what will become at las'  
 Of the little white cloud I wanted to be,  
 When it floated aroun' so idle an' free.

E. H. HARTSELL.

## A Hymn of Procrastination

I'm gonna quit my loafin' an' my poker playin', too;  
 I'm gonna take up livin' in a ser'us sort o' way;  
 I'm gonna plan my daily tasks an' stick until they're  
 through;  
 I'm gonna be a model man—beginning New Year's  
 Day!  
 I'm gonna make a schedule, counting every minute in;  
 I'm gonna measure out my time an' plug up every  
 leak,  
 An' what my schedule bids me do, I'll do it there an'  
 then,—  
 Oh, yes, I'm gonna be reformed—beginning Monday  
 week!  
 I'm gonna give up smokin', practise daily exercise;  
 I'm gonna take a bath each night ere on my cot  
 I lie,  
 An ice-cold shower, also, in the morning when I rise—  
 Me for a wholesome, healthy life—beginning next  
 July.

E. H. HARTSELL.



# *The* Carolina Magazine



November, 1922

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### TO OUR PATRONS

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# The Philosophy of the Individual

**T**HE University of North Carolina—a school of individualism. Are these terms interchangeable? Many think so. Often one hears the statement that this institution turns out individualists who will not coöperate. Is this true?

These statements have largely been in the nature of a criticism, but we consider them, in a sense, complimentary to the University and to the men and women who study here.

Carolina men are proud of their individuality. They consider that they have a right to be individuals. It is their birthright. However, this individualism is not the brand that some interpret the word "individualism" to mean. It has a Carolina flavor and significance. Of course, all of us here are not typical Carolina individualists, but what is meant is that the University has as a basis for its philosophy that of the individual.

This individualism takes for granted that in the order of things each one has a part, and that this part can be filled by no one else. Truly this philosophy says "man has a place in the cosmic make-up."

In one sense this is egoism, but in the true light of looking at what individualism means, as interpreted to mean here, this is not egoism, but rather is the view of a man who sees life as it is and understands the relation of things.

This philosophy is based on the fact that were there no individuals there would be no civilization. The disciple of this philosophy knows that every great achievement in civilization has been the accomplishment of an individual. He believes that in the eternal scheme of things the individual is destined to play a role that is as great or greater than any other role.

A distinctive individualism, marking off in clearly defined lines its meaning, in that each man has a part to play in the act of life, is what is making this University a thinking institution, an institution where students do not go and listen and absorb everything that is said, but rather it is a place where they can sit at the feet of wise men, listen, ponder, weigh, consider and accept, reject, or rebut just as they care to.

This institution has been said to be one of the clearest thinking Universities in the entire world. It has been said that it is the

only genuine State University in the South. Its material resources are expanding. Its intellectual life is being enriched. Its horizon is being widened. Its students are being given a chance to make themselves leaders who will advance this institution to the front rank of American State Universities, who will develop the resources of the State, and on top of all this, will bring about a renaissance in Southern life and customs.

We are in the period of the individual here at Carolina. There need be no denying the fact. It is nothing to be ashamed of, but rather it is something to be proud of. Carolina is going forward because of her individualistic tendencies, not regardless of them.

Individualism, as far as the Carolina brand of it is concerned, is not the kind that goes against law, order and decency. It is a higher individualism. It deals with the things of the mind and the spirit and not with conduct and manners. It is not a formal thing; it goes deeper than that. It is the individualism that says "I am a man. I have powers in me that need development. With these powers I can do great things for the University, for the State, and for myself. I have a right to help do things. My rights are equal to any man. Therefore I shall exercise my prerogative of being an individual and proceed to the accomplishment of those things that I desire to do."

Such philosophy is practical, and leads to accomplishment. It is not a selfish viewpoint for it believes in the relationships of society. It fully subscribes to the view that without coöperation civilization cannot stand. It is the paradox of individualism and team work, for the highest kind of team-work is the highest form of individualism, and the highest form of individualism is the highest form of coöperation. In other words it is a mutual individualism. It is the philosophy of freedom and of progress. It believes in thinking and doing. It believes in letting you think and letting you do. It is progressive philosophy that carries the individual forward, and with it society, in the steady march of man toward the attainment of his Utopia, his kingdom of practical dreams.

With such a philosophy this University cannot help but be a leader in the renaissance in North Carolina, the South and in the Nation.



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# *The Gilded Peacock vs. Mere Man*

By ARTUS M. MOSER

---

Are you a human being? Adam and Eve were. Being human they talked matters over with each other, each having decided opinions that the other could not shake. Thus they started the eternal debate of man against woman, with first one getting the best of it and then the other. The subject is still with us and Mr. Moser gives below the answers of college man and college woman to some of the most vital and practical matters they have to contend with. The Magazine has never printed anything with a greater appeal to it than the following compilation of opinion.

---

“WILL you marry for love, money or social position, and why?” is the first of a series of questions recently submitted in the form of a questionnaire to more than fifty men and women students in the University. The answers represent students in practically every phase of University life and activity, and for that reason we believe we have a cross-section of opinion and sentiment which represents to a high degree the opinion of the campus in these matters.

Taking the questions in their order and considering the co-ed's point of view first we are rather surprised that a majority will marry for “love only.” However, there was some dissension of opinion which probably came from the “flapperistically” inclined element. One expressed her sentiments in a rather amusing way thusly: “I'd marry for love, or money either—if he didn't have a face that only a mother could love,” but concluded her remarks by affirming that “you cannot marry for social position, there is no such alliance.” Quoting from another:

“No girl would admit she would marry for money and social position. She says she would marry for love only—we are highly idealistic. Yet we could not respect and therefore could not love a man who is incapable of earning enough money to keep us out of want.” Just how much that would take is not specified. But at any rate we are assured that the economic question enters in—at least in some cases.

But the following is a typical answer of the majority of the young ladies to the question:

“I shall absolutely marry for love: money and social position can be obtained later—with marriage on a sure foundation.”

The following is also characteristic:

“If I ever marry,” she doubtfully starts out, “I shall marry for love. Wealth and social position may fade away but ‘love never dies’. We are astounded at the large number of divorces, but should we pry into the reasons for these we would often find that these men and women either married for necessary or selfish reasons . . . .

“Many of us,” she continues, “are cynical and disillusioned about the idea of marrying for love, but if we stop and look about us we will find many men and women who have withstood the storms and adversities of married life with an undying love.” Another girl sums the case up as follows:

“No girl will admit she would marry for anything but love; but the other two things—money and social position—must enter in. In other words a college girl wouldn't marry a ditch digger, not only because money and social position are lacking but because congeniality would be lacking and there is no love where congeniality has not been before.”

Everyone of the young men agreed that there could be no true marriage without love, but a large percent believed that love was conditioned by money and social position. A typical example: “I hope to marry for love—I hope to love where social position and money are found.” The following also shows the general trend:

“Above all things, I'd marry for love, because in so doing I am marrying the object of my love, the woman, and true love is a surer road to happiness than money or social position, neither of which however is to be despised.”

There seems to be a good representation however of men here who would marry for genuine love only, as shown in the following:

“I would marry for love only. Unless I was really attached to a girl, wealth or social position would bore me. . . .” There are some who answered our questions who really intend to get married. The following shows this, as well as the general tendency:

“When I marry I expect to marry for genuine love (not fancy or ‘fascination’) . . . . neither money nor social position alone makes a happy and useful home.” Along this same topic we quote another opinion:

“If I can't earn enough money for my own needs, I don't want a woman to pay my board bill. I don't want to marry a woman in a better social standing than myself, for I'd always feel uncomfortable and beneath her. If I do marry,” he concludes, “I like to marry for love, whatever that is.”

The following is from a representative of the varsity football squad:

“In my opinion marriage based on anything other than true love is only next door to the divorce court and many blocks from the citadel of happiness. When I say that I will marry for love, I do not mean love based on mere physical passions—that is animal love—but rather I mean true love based on genuine affection. A happy marriage with love for its foun-

dation is more to be desired than money or social position."

The answers to the second question, What is your idea of the ideal college man or woman, show that after all men and women students have a high ideal set for each other. But to start let us quote from the flapper variety again:

"My ideal college man smokes (pipe and cigarettes, not Fatimas). He parts his hair—anywhere so long as the part is straight—he does not indulge in an Indian head-dress effect. His trousers have more than a bowing acquaintance with his shoe-tops and his shirts must not be striped silk or have red polka dots. He dances, he does not attend Christian Endeavor, he does not use perfume, he passes most of his courses."

In contrast to the above we offer the following which illustrates the opinion of a large majority:

"He is a well balanced man. He is cultured and refined, mentally efficient, physically strong, and morally upright. He enters into college activities, is a good sport; and yet he knows how to make a happy medium between work and play."

Another says that "the ideal college man takes his college work seriously; he is so broad that college work means study, athletics, cultivation of friends, and a participation in student activities."

The co-eds have an extremely high ideal set for them by the men. Among the outstanding characteristics and qualities which she should possess are "pleasing physique, attractive, but not of the flapper variety," "a good sport with reserve," "not a sophisticated scholar and wants an M. A." She is one "who is taking advantage of every opportunity to supply her mental, spiritual, social and physical needs," "she has common sense and uses it."

Another sums it up thus:

"1. She must be interested in the earnest, serious side of life—with an ideal of using her life unselfishly:

2. She must be a companionable sort of person—one who can laugh with you, or talk seriously with you.

3. She must have personal dignity, and at the same time not be a prude.

4. She must be keen-minded and a hard worker—able to get a "2" under 'Dud', or Horace—but keeping herself pure from pseudo-intellectualism.

5. She must dress well with sensible, wholesome taste.

6. She must love the ideals and traditions of the campus and do her part to help carry them on."

The third question, Does a college education make a better wife or husband, called forth a great diversity of opinion. One school of thought believes it depends on the sort of education received, another that it depends directly on the individual receiving the education. The following is in point from a male student:

"A college education may or may not make a better wife. It all depends on the kind of college education. If a woman's natural domestic nature is cultivated during the process of getting an education, she ought to make a better wife. Too many college girls know and care too little about acquiring skill in the management of household affairs."

To the query another answers: "Hardly, a college education generally instigates in a woman a desire to achieve in some particular line, disregarding more or less her duty as loving wife and devoted mother."

The following probably sums up the case for the men: "I believe that a college education makes a better wife. However I would not have you believe for an instant that you can send a 'flapper' through college and she will come out an ideal wife. This would be like trying to make a race-horse out of a jackass. A college never makes anybody; it merely brings out what is within the individual. I believe that couples have been brought to the divorce court because one had a college education and the other did not. It goes without saying that a girl who has never been to college or had higher educational training cannot meet and discuss intelligently the issues and problems of our modern life with a college-bred husband. In short, I would lay it down as a rule that if you have college bred husbands you must have college bred wives and vice versa."

The girls were practically unanimous in the opinion that a college education makes a better husband. One girl said: "It teaches them what it's all about." Others say a college education makes a better husband "because of the ennobling influence of college training, using the term in its best sense." Another adds: "Yes, a college education makes a good man a better one; I prefer risking marriage with a college man."

A small number of the girls held the contrary opinion, however, but the majority believed, in the words of one of them, that "a college education makes a better husband, because a college man (if he has a true education) knows how to live more fully. He has more common sense, knows human nature better, and therefore can understand and sympathize with his wife's faults—knowing he has faults himself."

Our fourth question was, What are the main faults in men and women students? Concerning the men one girl summed up her opinion by giving as their main faults:

"Conceit, inability to talk, or a proclivity to talk too much."

Another says, "The fault I find with men students is that they never reach a happy medium,—they either study too hard or not at all." Another says that one of the outstanding faults of men students is that "they are working for credit rather than an education." Others gave as the outstanding faults of college men, "carelessness of manners when around girls," "shirking of responsibility," "seeking membership in a social organization," and "cigarette smoking."

If the co-eds have faults they are not well enough known for the men to answer the question thoroughly. In this respect the women seem to have the advantage of the men. However, a few expressed their opinion. "Lack of sociability, too much idealism," and "too much old maidishness" is the way one puts it. Another says their main fault is "their apparent lack of interest in home life." Another says they are "entirely too flippant, and too many come to college to have a good time."

A man on the varsity football team says "the main faults of women students are: 1. They are often



timid and not free in their responses when called on to recite by the professors. However this is not always the case and I could give instances where they were too free in expressing themselves.

2. They do not go out for the football team. P. S. This can hardly be termed a fault as their presence on the team would no doubt cause numerous penalties for holding."

Says another: "I cannot find fault with the 'co-eds'. They are fine. I wish there were more to drive away the dreariness of college life." But this young man goes on to say that some seem to be over-eager at times to attract attention, but adds that this may be more apparent than real.

The last of our questions, Are college morals affected by modern dress, manners and dancing? called forth much discussion and difference of opinion.

The majority believed, however, that taking the three together—modern dress, dancing and manners—they do affect college morals. But in regard to dress alone, a large per cent did not believe that modern dress affects morals, but that modern morals are responsible to a large extent for some of the present styles: We quote the following:

"Men must learn that they have their part to do in upholding good morals as well as we girls. If they were busier attending to their own affairs, they would not pay so much attention to women's dress.

"Ten girls properly dressed can walk down the street without attracting attention. One 'flapper' can flap and every man goes home talking about the modern woman. Modern dress does affect college morals, but college morals affect modern dress."

Another adds: "The average modern dress, dancing and manners do not affect college morals; the extreme probably does."

The following also illustrates the general sentiment of the girls on this subject:

"Don't blame the 'modern girl' too much. She is only trying to please you men. When men wanted the smelling salts, fainting, type of 'clinging-vine,' women became that sort to please the men. If we see the flappers gaining in popularity and see them marrying serious thinking men (as we do), then we wonder and finally decide to become 'flappers' too."

The majority of the men believed that college morals are affected by modern dress, dancing and manners; at least until people become accustomed to them. A number believed that as a general rule college morals are not affected by these things. These believed that "A sudden change in styles, or extreme cases of manners and dancing may effect morals temporarily, but as soon as people become accustomed to the change, the style and manners lose their appeal."

"College morals are in a way affected by these things," continues another, "However, I hasten to say that morals according to my belief depend on the 'inner self.' Many college men lack self control and it is this group that is affected by modern dress, dancing and manners. This necessarily affects college morals to some degree . . . I covet for Carolina the day when every student will be his own master and be so imbued with self control that things merely seen with the eye cannot influence his morals. Again I say that morals are based on something within the individual."

## Mirrors of Carolina

*In the next issue will appear the first of a series of clever articles written by one of the students of the University dealing with Carolina institutions and personalities. The writer has been fortunate in being on the "inside" in many of the doings here, and he will hold the mirror of reality up to many persons that will come as a surprise to some and a shock to a few. The articles will be interesting, you may be sure of that.*

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## OUR NINE PART PANORAMA

"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages."—*Shakspeare*.

In this way the great playwright divided the stages of man's existence into seven parts. Seven great parts to the one great drama of life!

Whether it should be seven, or ten or fifteen years does not matter. At least we know that all of us are actors, each playing his little part upon the stage, each for a moment in the spotlight, then yielding to the next, the inexorable next. Each, one by one, comes from darkness into light, and goes from light into darkness. It is inevitable life.

Our's will be a nine part play, a nine part panorama, taking the reader, if he goes with us throughout the year, in rapid succession from issue to issue, flashing across the surface of our life here, observing, praising, for the most part refraining from condemning, once in awhile plunging into the cold, clear waters of the life currents that eddy and flow about us, always striving to give a true picture of the scope, the meaning, and an interpretation of all that the University stands for, and what it is trying to do for the State and for the South.

A lot of folks think the Magazine should be literary.

Some think that it should go so far as to include humor, such as jokes, and other things of a like nature, that we believe belong rightfully to the field covered by the late lamented Tar Baby, and the already ever present Boll Weevil.

Some want the Magazine to be made mainly one of opinion, giving the thought of the times as student writers see it, using the arts of the literateur to make the publication a journalistic medium. Others have their views. Every man has a different view

from every other man. Then what? That is the question.

We cannot please all. We perhaps cannot please even one reader entirely. But we will try. In an endeavor to make the Magazine the best in the South, to make it one that tries to depict the thought, the manners and the customs of our age, to make it one that will combine all the ingredients of our motto, "A Magazine of Opinion, Literary Expression and Journalistic Endeavor," the Board of Editors has adopted the panorama idea.

Thus the first issue was for the new men an introduction to our life here at Carolina, giving them a peep into the spirit and meaning of the place.

Now, in this issue, we have tried to present the life of the campus in particular, the part that is the most conspicuous, but about which so little is known except by the older men.

Next issue we are going to skip and fly over the horizon a bit and include in our scope the entire Southland. We do not claim the movements, the acts of our drama, to follow logically, one after the other. Rather we are playing with our fancy. What artistry we have, we do not claim for it consistency. Our aim is to fly on the wings of the morning, skip and jump here and there, dabbling here, dabbling there, always on the lookout for things of interest, things of beauty, things of life.

Following the Southern Literature and Beaux Arts number will come the Greater North Carolina number, showing the rapid expansion of the State in a material way to the forefront in the various lines of activities made famous by Tar Heels. Then the other acts of our little play will follow, each endeavoring to be a bright spot, an entity, in the development of our life.

But enough to show that we propose to give something of interest, of value; something of permanence, and something of an interpretation of our lives that will give the reader a better and more appreciative



understanding of what the University, the State and the South are doing at the present time.

A few students here are mainly interested in the literary and artistic manifestations of our life. We, of course, want to appeal to their taste. However, the Magazine is for the entire body of students here, not for a mere few. Its purpose is to serve all students as best it can. It cannot cater to one faction. The majority of the students of this institution are not interested in literature and the beaux arts primarily; most of them are more practical.

Again,—we want to appeal to all sides. Hence, we are preparing our panoramic program. However, one will find that, whatever the issue is called, whatever the topic treated upon, whatever appears in the Magazine is put there to stimulate thought,—it is not our purpose to publish literary tidbits merely,—for upon ideas, upon thought, upon real, honest-to-goodness thinking will this University go forward and maintain the enviable reputation it already has of being one of the straightest thinking institutions in the world today.



### POSSIBILITIES OF THE FLEECE

Golden Fleece—a name that means something in Carolina life. But it does not mean as much as it should. Golden Fleece is an organization composed of the very best men in the University. They are taken from all walks of student activity, the class room, the forensic halls, the athletic field, the all round man type, the literary group, the publications, the Y. M. C. A., and other fields of activity. In a word, they are the natural born leaders of the college generation.

It is, therefore, a great pity that the Golden Fleece organization does not take a more active part in the upbuilding of campus spirit and morale. As far as we know the members of this organization meet during the year only to consider and discuss who the members for next year shall be. They keep watch for the new and on coming leaders, but do not formulate plans collectively and endeavor, as an organization, with a great tradition back of it, to solve the problems that face the campus and help make this place one that is second to none in the finer values that it stands for.

Of course there is the Campus Cabinet that has for its purpose the development of reforms and the advancement of the spirit of progress on this campus, but seemingly this organization has not met with the success that it should. It is a good organization and deserves the support of every student, but it cannot meet or handle every situation that arises.

Thus an agency is needed on this campus that will prove adequate to cope with the perplexing problems that are constantly arising and facing the student body. For example, there must be some new system of elections worked out here that will do away with the inefficient system now in use. Again,—there must be some way to coördinate and make as one the student body that at the present time seems to be splitting up into groups and losing the vital touch that the small college has. A great coördinating force is needed and needed badly.

We believe that this agency can come from no

other organization than that of the Golden Fleece, the one organization that politics does not enter, the one organization that has no "scrub" members. It is the organization that should contribute to the thought and the advancement of this campus in a material and ideal way. It is the one organization that can contribute some of "the unbought grace of life" to this University, and we believe that it should take steps to do this. Otherwise the members will not live up to the spirit of their order, and will belie the name of Golden Fleece as an organization of men who lead.



### CYNICISM, YOUTH AND THE LITERATI

Cynicism, youth and literary ability when combined in disproportionate amounts make for one of the greatest evils on the American college campus at the present time. Of all the influences that tend to corrupt and demoralize, the insidious and oncreeping intellectual poison that some of the literary college students at the present time perpetrate, makes for a break down in campus morale and the losing of the fine spirit of constructive endeavor that most colleges have.

Here at Carolina there are two brands of journalism. Roughly they are the constructive and the destructive types. These two schools of thought and expression are paralleled in professional journalism, witness the erratic convolutions of the presses of William Randolph Hearst on the one hand, and that of William Allen White on the other. The newspapers of Hearst are read by over 30,000,000 persons. This chain of newspapers is one of the deadliest influences in American life today. On the other hand the constructive newspaper is one that grows with the community and has the best interest of the public at heart.

Here on this campus both types have developed. The tendency of recent years has been toward the cynical side. The reasons for this are obvious. Such writings attract the reader, the morbidly curious. Men write for people to read, and so a cultivation of cynicism and the art of sarcasm have become ways of attracting the attention of the mob.

This tendency we believe to be a passing one. This year it has as yet shown itself little. It is a good sign for there is really no room here for that type. The constructive journalist and the constructive literateur are both needed here, but not the other kind, for in such a period of expansion and growth as the University is engaged in now, there is no place for the destructive writer who undermines the morale of the student body and retards the march of progress merely for a little publicity, a little notice, a little glory.

Let the college literary cynic pass.

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Venus lives in the star-flecked skies,  
And speaks when the night is young.  
"Hear! Oh, Blood of Youth—Oh, you of the flaming  
eyes!—  
My name means to you a star or a woman—Choose!  
My song is sung."

JOSLER.

# Me and My Pa

By J. W. EDWARDS

*This story by Mr. Edwards is a unique contribution to the Magazine.  
It is a delightful sketch of rural life, written in a style  
that is simple, charming and original*

**D**ID YOU ever go to a real corn-shucking? One where the boy who shucked the first red ear was to have the right to kiss the prettiest girl there? If you are a mountaineer from the farm, you are more than likely to know all the pleasures, thrills, and shocks that accompany this common and important festival.

It is well to describe myself at the beginning, as this is the only way to make the reader appreciate the full value of this narrative. My Pa, when a young man, was very timid, also his Pa was the same, and as the old tradition runs, several generations back of my Pa's Pa had been bashful in early youth, when in society. How could I be an exception to the rule? I inherited this disease, and therefore came by it honestly. I was forever making blunders, and doing queer, out of the ordinary things. A girl was the worst enemy I had. I would turn a half dozen hues when placed in a position where I had to face one, no matter how young or how old. Of course, when one smiled at me, sex ways were stronger than my ways, so I would always smile back with a charming smile, and thus pay all debts fairly. When meeting a girl, the sensation was awful, I would have rather grasped a rattlesnake than a girl's hand. (But all boys sooner or later outgrow this fear). If one had ever mentioned to me to make a date with her, I would have been knocked cold. Kiss one, never! I would have rather died first.

All the young people in the community knew this, and every public occasion which took place, I was sure to get an invitation to attend. Thus, I became the joker of the settlement, but one night, after an awful blunder, I swore by my life that I would pick up and be a ladies' man.

One day in early winter, when returning home from school, I met a neighbor boy, who announced to me the fact, that a "corn-shucking" was to be held at Mr. Pinywoods next day, and that I was invited.

The afternoon of that fateful night, I began to dress for the occasion, with all the care I knew how to use. My mother had pressed my "jeans" with extra care, and I think that she had made the starch extra strong for my shirt, by the way it hung. It was like a white oak plank; in truth, it would rattle when I walked. When I was a boy we didn't care so much about olive oil for our heads, to make the hair look shiny, but we used water some time to perfection. Polishing my "brogans," and getting my coon-skin cap, I was ready to go forth to act the part of a "society bull."

But, oh, gosh, Pa was ready to go with me, much to my horror and indignation, as my Pa was very fond of getting funny with me, at times, about the blunders I would make before the girls. As he was getting old, I could forgive him for making light of his son's actions which he had inherited from his

father. But despite all this, I decided to conquer at all hazards, and to overcome everything placed before me to try and block my passage, so I acted just as nice to Pa as Pa would let me.

Mr. Pinywoods had only one daughter at home, the remaining ten of the flock had found different roosting places, and she had fallen for me. Great guns! I would rather have lived the rest of my life in one of the barren islands of the Pacific Ocean, than to live one day with that girl. I didn't know whether or not she used powder or paint, but this wasn't the important part. She was over-grown; hair bobbed; with large eyes, so black they reminded me of a dark night; her hands were as large as any man's through her doing men's work and acting the part of a milkmaid; feet so large that any number less than an eight was too small, and to climax all this, she thought that she was the belle of the community. No wonder she fell for me, as none of the other boys would have anything to do with her; nor is it any wonder that I fell for her, but my falling was from, while her's was towards.

Some few had already gathered at the corn pile when we arrived. My Pa was a very popular man, indeed, so he soon was engaged in a talk with the other men. I went over to the side of the pile of corn where there were some dozen boys of about my age and caliber. The crowd kept increasing until a good size crowd was soon present, but the sooner the corn was shucked, the sooner the eats would be served and the fun begin.

"Who is the young lady coming in a rush?," asked some one. On looking a second time no one had a need to ask who it was, for they all could see that it was Miss Ruth Pinywoods, the hostess and the belle of the community.

She spoke to several of the guests, and then she discovered me and made a "bee line" march towards my quarters. She sat so close, that at first I thought that she was trying to sit on my knees, or in my lap.

At last I grew tired of being sat on, so I asked, "Ruth are you sitting in my lap?"

This brought a roar of laughter from all present, even to my Pa, and Miss Ruth took a hint and moved her seat for a few minutes, but before she left she gave me a box on the ear, which I couldn't hardly forget for a few minutes.

The crowd went to the shucking with a determination to finish the pile of corn as quickly as possible, for the only fun of the night was to be staged after the corn shucking, or a great percentage was.

I saw Pa climb up on a box, I couldn't imagine what was up, but he soon made clear to the crowd that he wished to make a talk.

"Fellow citizens" (crowd cheers) "we have met together here, to enjoy one of our oldest and most important festival days of the whole year, and as you



all know we must carry out the set rules made by our foreparents, many years ago. In doing this we must, and will bring forth Article 1, which reads like this: 'The first boy who shucks the first red ear of corn shall have the right and privilege of kissing the prettiest girl at the meeting.' Now ladies and gentlemen, I believe that this phase of the constitution should be carried out to a letter," said Pa taking his seat.

The crowd cheered him with a number of loud yells, and clapping their hands. I yelled to, for I was proud of Pa being such a man of importance around these "diggins." Goodness what was that loud noise I heard on my left? I looked and durn it all, Ruth was patting her "number eights" on the ground.

This offer made the boys and some of the men get a real move on. I shucked away not hardly heeding what I was doing, when horrors upon horrors, I had shucked a brilliant red ear of corn. I decided not to say anything, and started to throw the ear into the pile with the other corn when Ruth saw it. But the ear was already in the air, before she let out her war-whoop.

"Wesley has shucked a red ear, and the poor kid threw it into the pile without saying anything about it," cried Ruth, as she raced to get the ear.

"Shame on you, Wesley, my son," spoke Pa, "why can't you have more nerve than that?"

The crowd became one wild bunch, some of the girls were blushing, others giggling, while some of the boys looked amused, and others looked angry. The older people did not say much, but they seemed well pleased with the result of the contest.

A group of the older men, headed by Pa, went aside to choose the prettiest girl. I may be doing Pa an injustice, but I would almost swear that he was the one who chose Ruth for the prettiest girl. He wanted to "break me in" and knowing how little I cared for Ruth had decided he would heap coals of fire upon my head.

When they came back, every one sit down but Pa. "Ladies and gentlemen: after this committee has used the best judgment possible, they decided to name Miss Ruth Pinywoods as the prettiest girl in Iotla. It is indeed a great pleasure to be able to name our hostess as the belle of the Valley. My son, I am proud of you (addressing me), you are one out of a great number who will be able to participate in the greatest honor of the evening," thus spoke Pa, with as much elocution as a Truett, or Sunday, or perhaps, even a Graham.

"Cut it Pa, cut it," I shouted with my rage at the boiling point.

"Come son, take your medicine and don't grumble any about it," Pa replied in a tone of voice with the least scintilla of love, "don't be silly, be a man and do this without a blush or flicker of the face."

"Durn it all Pa, just because one time when you was a boy, you stood still and nearly let a girl chew your ear off, is no sign that I need to suffer because you did," I answered in a jeering manner.

"Can that mess Wesley, if you dare talk back to me again this evening I'll whip you before this whole crowd," shouted Pa, letting his wrath get the upper hand.

Now came the main fun of the evening, to the most

of the ones present. Ruth was tickled nearly to-death, for she had an upper hand over me at that time. All the other boys and girls, together with the older folks began to laugh when they pictured my condition.

Ruth marched out in plain view of the whole crowd and said, "Come on Wesley, I am waiting on you."

This made every one present laugh except me, and I vowed to kiss her so hard, for this, that she would never forget the time I made the scar upon her cheek. I walked slowly up to the place she stood, the style was about like a man would walk to a guillotine, everybody was as quiet as mice, as they wished to see every move that was made. When I got up to Ruth, I took her on the surprise. I caught her in my arms, and kissed her so hard that the noise of the kiss nearly made an echo. All I could remember for a few minutes was seeing an extremely red spot on Ruth's cheek, and I fell over.

Slowly I came back to consciousness, and discovered Pa pouring water on me to hasten my recovery.

"Poor Wesley, Poor Wesley," he was saying, "this was too much for you to have to stand on the very beginning of a famous society career."

"Don't worry Pa, I will make it all right, Ruth only had too many powders on her face, and I became strangled on the durn 'air-float,'" I managed to gasp, as the breath began coming back into my lungs.

As the excitement of the kiss grew old, everybody resumed the work of trying to get the husking job completed.

About 10:30 the last ear had lost its coat, and the whole crowd hastened to the house to enjoy the old time dance, and delicious eats.

After the house was reached, we all sit down at several tables and began to eat supper, or our mid-night lunch. This was a glorious act, for if there is one place where I shine brighter than all others, it is at the table. Ruth had to sit next to me, and she waited on me like I was the guest of honor, which in truth I was. She would carve my chicken for me, sugar my coffee, drink my milk, which she truly did once, and every other possible thing she could do to serve me.

"Wesley, it looks as if that 'air-float' gave you an appetite," said Pa, to keep the talk going.

"Yes, Pa, I believe so myself, for I could have eaten an elephant if I had only had the nerve to kiss the other cheek," I responded.

This last remark brought forth smiles, and in a way I got revenged on Pa and Ruth.

After the supper meal was over, the crowd gathered in the parlor for the final and best act on the whole evenings program. Men began sawing on fiddles, knocking on banjoes, and patting feet on the floor, getting ready to render music for the grand occasion. At first the noise made was very rude and ear shocking, but as time passed the sweetness of music began to creep into the noise until at last, behold, they struck up a tune called "Turkey in the Straw," just to show the crowd that they could make music when necessary.

The young folks were slow about getting started, as they were almost scared to get on the floor before the "ice had been broken." The first thing I knew Pa and a tall, ragged bearded, bow legged, big footed fellow were on the floor. This was the funniest sight

I had seen since Pa mashed his finger with a hammer, one day. They danced awhile, or rather hopped around over the floor, cutting "didoes," and acting like they were dancing the fandango of Mexico. I know Pa would have made a good dancer, if he had had only a small amount of practice when a youth. The first two dancers became tired out, and as the young folks had rallied their forces, they took their places.

I was picked to act as Ruth's pardner in the dance, a fact which made me sure that I was going to get frightened, but I didn't aim to grumble any more, even if my hat should fall in the fire. Ruth was not supposed to be made for a dancer, and after she had placed her "number eight" on a corny toe of mine for the fourth time, I could stand no more.

"Ruth, don't you realize the fact that I have an enormous corn on one of my toes, which you are always trying to stand on? and for goodness sake don't tread on me," I kindly suggested.

This little talk had its effect on Ruth, as ever afterwards she would step on the floor. But she started to fall once, and caught hold of me and nearly upset us both, this made me so sore that I swore off and stopped all of my dancing actions.

Hunting up Pa, I told him it was time we were going home. Once Pa didn't ask any proof to be produced, but prepared to leave with me. Before I left, I hunted Ruth, and told her what a pleasant time I had, and would be delighted to come again. I didn't feel very bad over telling her this last lie.

## Picked Men

By M. REED KITCHIN

The Order of the Golden Fleece means much to Carolina students. Membership in its folds comes only to those of the first distinction. To be "tapped" by the Fleece is the highest honor any man at Carolina can win. Mr. Kitchin tells us in the following article something of the origin and significance of the order. It is a gripping story and intensely interesting. It is a first rate story of a first rate organization.

### "TAPPED" BY THE GOLDEN FLEECE

- A. M. McGEE, all round man.
- C. C. POINDEXTER, athlete and Y. M. C. A. President.
- A. M. "Monk" McDONALD, all round athlete.
- C. U. SMITH, scholarship.
- J. J. WADE, publications.
- C. M. LLEWELLYN, Athlete, captain of Varsity baseball team.
- C. L. MOORE, debater and scholar.
- V. V. YOUNG, debater and orator.
- "SCRUBBY" RIVES, cheer leader, and a great personality.
- M. W. NASH, scholar and general activities.

Since the days when Jason and his heroical companions engineered their now famous Argonautic Expedition to a successful finish, dogged persistence and strenuous endeavor, calling for the exercise of both physical and mental engines to the fullest extent, have been necessary to attain a desired end. In exercise of such qualities Jason secured the much sought for hide of the golden-fleeced ram.

In the Middle Ages, in what is now Belgium, and in this little kingdom's most energetic populous trade city, Bruges, a celebrated Burgundian duke organized an order which grew to be the desire of every chivalrous knight to attain membership in. For such membership meant that the member was capable of remarkable prowess in tournament, or wise in state affairs. This illustrious ancient fraternity called for

the traditional Jasonian acquirements and accomplishments, therefore the name it assumed was the Order of the Golden Fleece. Wherever its members led the way, the Proletariat were sure to follow, knowing that in following such leaders they followed in security.

But all orders did not rise and set in this ancient order. Coming down through several hundreds of years, the American college of the 19th century gave rise to other fraternal orders, of less glamour and in many instances of more worth.

These orders soon made their influence felt in the colleges in which they arose. Yale's celebrated senior organizations, Skull and Bones, Scroll and Keys, and the Wolf's Head of the Sheffield Scientific School, gave rise afterwards to many similar societies in other institutions. The "Axe and Coffin" of Columbia, the "Owl and Padlock" of Michigan, the "Owl and Wand" and the "Skull and Serpent" of Wesleyan.

The undergraduate world of all the institutions in which such orders exist, regard membership in their ranks as the highest of college achievements. The sifting of the three undergraduate years must leave a man well marked in some line of interest to be chosen for membership. Just as the Medieval orders required the best in a man, so these student orders desired to always secure the pick of its institution's registration.

Recognized literary ability, pronounced scholarship, athletic ability of an unusual run, social standing, those born nursing the traditional silver spoon; all such recognized personages are sure of membership in a senior order of an American college.

And it is needless to say that the University of



North Carolina was not slighted during this deluge of "ordermania."

In 1904, under the guidance of Dr. Eben Alexander of the Greek department, a former member of Yale's famous senior order, "Skull and Bones", the University of North Carolina's senior order, the "Golden Fleece", came into being. Dr. Alexander gave it the name it bears after much thought, and finally decided on the appellation "Golden Fleece" very aptly, for in suggesting as it does, its ancient namesake, it also requires a prominence in certain phases of University life, which calls for the ancient perseverance and doggedness necessary to obtain the Golden Fleece of Jason's time.

Former President Edward Kidder Graham and Professor Horace H. Williams of the Department of Philosophy, were instrumental in guiding the initial steps of Carolina's unique organization. The first meeting to consider the steps to be taken in bringing the order into existence, was held in Dr. William's home. Of the two students meeting, one, R. W. Herring, of the class of 1903, is at present an attorney of Fayetteville, N. C. At the time of the meeting he was a big literary society man, belonging to the Phi Society; the other, R. S. Stewart, at present an attorney in South Carolina, was a noted football player of that time. They had come to see the need of such an organization within the University.

The Golden Fleece of Carolina came as a remedial measure; a soother of troubled waters. With the growth of the University, the old-time unity of spirit and interests had begun to break into local interests, which were hurting the college as a whole, in destroying its unity of action. The fraternity and the non-fraternity men were hot after one another's scalp, and things touching student life in general looked cloudy. It was this situation that the founders and backers of the new order sought to remedy.

The idea was to bring the leaders of the senior class together, regardless of affiliations, to face these problems and as a united body to find a way out. In this way the so necessary college unity, characterized as "the absolute condition of college achievement and enthusiasm," could be again established. And the leaders thus chosen were to be representative in some line of permanent work or interest in the University. In following out this plan, the first men chosen for membership in the new order of the Golden Fleece represented the following lines of interest: Writing, Y. M. C. A. work, athletics, scholarly attainments, social eminence, and all round good fellowship. They were of the class of 1904. With this body of representative students gathered in a common cause, the initial blow was struck at the narrow and petty distrusts and bickerings which had been slowly sapping the University's strength.

The ideal of the order, to promote a deeper, broader, and more sympathetic outlook on college life, has been handed down from class to class. And after twenty years of college grind, sometimes critical years, too, this ideal has survived to carry on the good intentions and works of the founders. Success attended its progress throughout the years, and the fruit borne surpassed even the expectations of the most hopeful wellwishers.

The Golden Fleece is strictly Carolina made, and has no lineal connection with any like order. It differs particularly from its model, "Skull and Bones," in that no antipathy exists against its members on the part of the uninitiated, simply because of membership in the order. The senior orders at Yale have at times incited a feeling leading to physical violence.

It was not until 1920 that Carolina's senior order commenced the practice of having a "Golden Fleece



PICKED MEN OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE  
(After the Initiation)

Standing, left to right: McDonald, McGee, Smith, Nash and Rives. Kneeling: left to right: Poindexter, Wade, Moore and Young. Llewellyn absent with leave.

Night." On this occasion the initiates pass through the outer ceremonies before the public, known as "tapping." Before this time the "tapping" took place between the acts of the commencement play. Now, however, some prominent Carolinian (the Governor of North Carolina has been chosen to speak on two of the last three occasions) is invited to address the audience gathered to witness the "tapping" ceremonies. With the conclusion of the speech, the weird looking figures, representing the order, appear and traverse the audience in search of the "picked men" of the incoming senior class. The figures are attired in a black robe, attaching a hood to mask the face, and over this apparel is flung the symbol of the order, a golden ram's hide. It is with bated anxiety that the audience await the first "tap." And as no one knows, not even the ones selected for membership, the interest at times is great.

Golden Fleece stock runs above par with Carolina students, and membership within its fold is a much desired wish among them. It is rumored that all does not go as smooth for the initiates behind the public, as before it.

Ten men were chosen for active membership for the year 1922-23, this number including six Juniors, three Seniors and one graduate student. The Seniors were chosen for all round qualities, while the Juniors were chosen for particular qualities. One graduate

student was "tapped," breaking a precedent for the Golden Fleece.

The active members of the order this year are as follows: Juniors: (now Seniors), C. U. Smith, President of Phi Beta Kappa, the scholarship fraternity; C. C. Poindexter, President of the Y. M. C. A., football player, and an all round man; Angus M. "Monk" McDonald, holder of letters in baseball, football and basketball; J. J. Wade, editor-in-chief of Carolina's biweekly, the Tar Heel; V. V. Young, a debater and orator of no mean ability; and Allan M.

McGee, representative of the all around type of college man. The Seniors were: M. W. Nash, C. L. Moore and C. M. Llewellyn, all representative men in their several fields of activity. The one graduate was E. E. "Scrubby" Rives, Carolina's magnetic cheer leader.

Behind all the ritual and ceremony of Golden Fleece lies the meat of good work for the institution which gave it birth. Its ideals are carried forward in the light of the true perspective of college life, attained through the eyes of the "picked men" selected.

## The Evolution of Student Government at Carolina

By VICTOR V. YOUNG

Carolina has earned deserved fame by the attitude of the student body toward athletic contests. Mr. Young in the article below shows that this comes from the system of student self-government on the campus. To this system is due many of the blessings of life at this institution. To it is paid the tribute of making out of the student body a collective personality.

A GREAT majority of people take things as they are little questioning how they came to be. Each generation takes the ideals, standards, and institutions, of its particular period as a plain matter of course, giving little attention to the factors and forces that have entered into the molding and shaping of its civilization. It is only the limited few who think out and understand and thus contribute.

So we, on this campus have a system of Student Government which we do not properly appreciate. We think it perfectly simple and natural that we, as present day students, are subjected to few restraints and are allowed to live our life largely as we choose; but back in the early days of the University conditions were quite different from what they are at present. For example, during the earlier days here, it was required that all students attend morning prayers which were held at sunrise, all unmarried professors were compelled to room in the Dormitories in order to see that each and every dogmatic rule and regulation was strictly complied with, and monitors, virtual policemen, were appointed to see that every one obeyed the law and adhered strictly to the great mass of puritanical rulings. So the earlier generations of Carolina men were the cramped subjects of their ironclad, artificial environment. However, each college generation, since the days of Hinton James, has made its separate contribution to freedom on this campus. It has been a slow, gradual, evolutionary process, and we, the present student body, are the inheritors of the combined contributions of scores of Carolina men. As a result we have today a liberal and effective system of student government, which is, according to one of our faculty members, "the finest thing at Carolina."

The incorporation charter of 1789 gave to the trustees the authority to make all such laws and regula-

tions as were necessary to govern the conduct of the student body, and this granted power found its concrete expression in such provisions as enumerated above. An inevitable conflict was on from that day between Faculty, Trustees, and Students as to student control and government. According to Dr. Battle's History, there were frequent rebellions among the students, and each time the group of instigators (Modernly Red Shirts, or Bolsheviks) were shipped from the University.

Greater toleration, however, gradually came. Student control later was shifted from the trustees to the faculty, and under Dr. Battle (1876) there was greater toleration than ever before. He adopted the practice of accepting the word of a student, thus putting the students upon their honor.

The next step in the evolution of our system was the creation of Class Councils. Each academic class had its separate council and in this case each student was tried by his peers, (his class mates). This plan worked well for a while, but was soon superseded by our system organized very largely as it is today.

The Student Council is the head of the Honor System, and as one has said "It is the concrete expression of the moral University; the student instrument of self-government." The Student Council is composed of eight members, as follows: President of the Student Body (elected by student body), the presidents of the three upper classes, one representative from each of the professional schools and one representative elected by the Council who must be chosen from among those who have served on the Council before. The president of the Student Body is chairman of the Council and the president of the Junior Class is Secretary.

The work of the Campus Cabinet is strictly constructive; it works for the general welfare of the campus. As a Chamber of Commerce is to a city, so



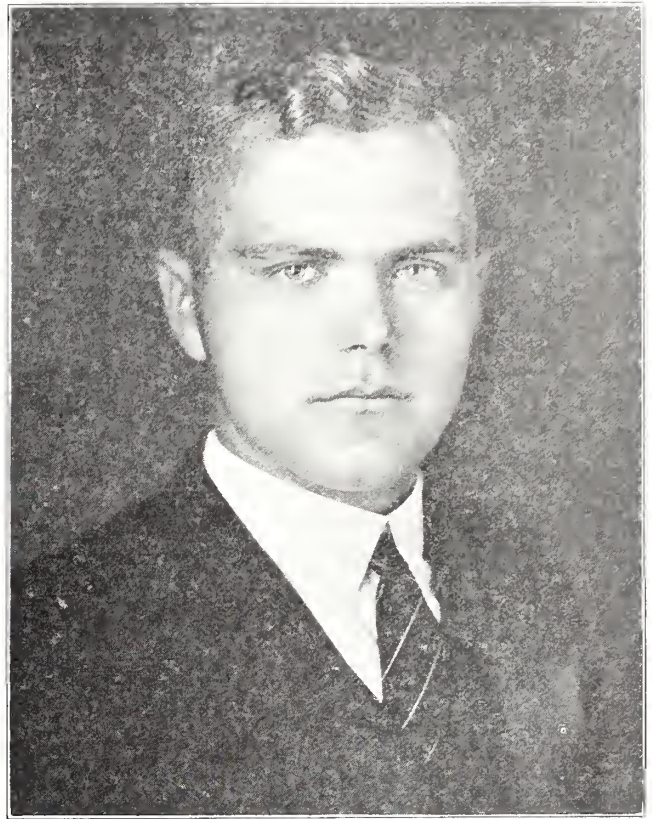
is the Campus Cabinet to this campus. It is supposed to head worth while movements and improve in every possible way campus life.

Student Government, organized along the lines laid above, has made a unique contribution to the University and to the State. Such a system trains men in self-mastery and affords a free atmosphere, devoid of many restraints, in which the individual may grow and develop. The main business of the University, one has said, is to grow men, good citizens, and under our system well disciplined, developed men are sent out into the life of the State.

Not only is student government disciplinary, but it is more; it is constructive. It has created a spirit, an atmosphere, on the campus which, we believe, cannot be found on any other college or University campus in the South. It has caused to be built up here a standard of fair play and honesty which is manifested not alone in the classroom but on the athletic field as well. We have a reputation for playing the game straight, for refraining from cheering penalties, or seeking to unfairly profit by an opponent's misfortune. The writer thinks this student attitude finds its true source in student self-government. Because we are self controlled, and do think to some extent for ourselves we are said to be a student body with a personality. These are the real and richest fruits of student government.

At this time our system is undergoing a rigid test. The University is growing by leaps and bounds, and we must rapidly assimilate if we are to weather the storm.

It is the solemn duty, especially at this time, of every loyal Carolina man to stand solid, and make his



JOHN OBIE HARMON  
PRESIDENT OF THE STUDENT BODY

contribution by seeing to it that the campus, whether composed of 600 or 5,000 students, is made safe for student self-government.

## Is the South "The Sahara of the Bozart"?

*H. L. Mencken thinks so and doesn't mind saying so. In the December Number of the Magazine, which will be devoted to literature and the beaux arts in the South, there will appear a defense of the South and an interpretation of what is being done in the fields of letters and the fine arts.*

"I'm from Missouri, you have to show me," is an oft repeated statement that Mr. Fuller, who spent the summer selling books in Missouri, found to be true. Difficulties innumerable were encountered, some of which he relates below. His adventures were not altogether pleasant, but he affirms that the weeks spent in selling gave him a practical insight into human nature that will be of untold value to him.

## *A Carolina Book-Seller in Missouri*

By HENRY R. FULLER

"**I**F I had known it was a book-agent I wouldn't have come to the door."

So said the pleasant-looking mistress of the largest house in a small town of southeast Missouri last summer when I came to deliver a book previously ordered. She turned out to be a new tenant, not the person who had engaged to buy the book.

Another cool reception ended in a unique dismissal. A certain young country woman, whom I found energetically plying the dasher of her churn while sitting on the porch, said that she could not read, and had no interest in Bibles. When I still remained, with the hope of intriguing her interest in some way, she informed me that her husband was not at home, and that she did not talk to strange young men in his absence.

I could frame no more sensible reply than "Oh, you don't?"—and left, utterly defeated.

I was one of sixteen students from the University of North Carolina who went out to Missouri late in June to sell Bibles for a publishing concern of Nashville, Tennessee. The undertaking had been portrayed to us as a sure way of making money during the summer, and as an invaluable experience. The understanding was that we were to get a certain per cent. on the books sold. We were to pay all our expenses, including the trip out and back, and take all risks.

Arriving in Missouri, we were stationed, in groups of two or three, at various towns from which we could most easily "work" the surrounding territory. According to the plan of work, we started out separately with sample case and order book every Monday morning. After a week spent in walking through the country, trying every road and stopping at every house, we would return to headquarters Saturday.

Throughout the week I talked, ate, and slept, with many different kinds of folks. About noon someone would almost invariably ask me to eat dinner. Wherever night found me, there I stayed till after breakfast, and only two or three times during the summer did I experience any difficulty in obtaining lodging for the night. The usual answer to a request for lodging began something like this: "Well, we're poor folks, but if you can put up with our fare"—and so on. I usually had no trouble "putting up with the fare." After eating a good supper amid the apologies of the hostess, it was an ordinary thing, just after retiring or before arising, to hear a cackling in the hen roost which proclaimed what we should have for breakfast. Country folks in southeast Missouri at least have plenty to eat.

Sometimes, however, I was not so fortunate. One instance was the night which I spent with the only live full-blooded Mormon with whom I had ever conversed. After an unappetizing supper, it was necessary for me to sleep with the gentleman of the house and his youngest born. After we had turned in he drove sleep from my tired lids for some time afterwards by apologetically remarking that he had forgotten to sprinkle any insect powder on the bed.

My territory was in a district known as the "sunk lands". In 1812 a great earthquake caused it to sink several feet below its former level, and it was at once inundated by the waters of the Mississippi. According to local tradition, for three days the waters of the great river ran upstream. The overflowed section remained worthless except as a famous hunting ground for nearly a hundred years. About twenty years ago work began on a great drainage system which has reclaimed the erstwhile worthless land. The extremely rich soil is owned by a few, however, and fully nine-tenths of the farmers are renters. The result is: rundown houses and poor farmers.

Part of my land was still in timber, and only four years ago the howl of wolves was heard nightly in such places as Lost End and Possums' Kingdom. It was here that I first slept in a log cabin with a dirt floor. The next morning I left this humble cabin—home, with all that means, to this backwoods family—with no suspicion of the impending trouble which must have been expected. Mr. Foster had recently lost to a large and wealthy lumber company a legal dispute over the title to his land. Returning that way late in the afternoon, I found that all his household goods had been transported to the county road by officers of the law. I thought there was something fine in his uneducated but hospitable wife. I was told that as the poor furnishings of her home were carted off, she sat reading her Bible and said: "You can take everything else from me, but you can't take Jesus."

The educational level of the people in this region is very low. I sold many a Bible to men who could not sign their names, and many more to men and women who could do so only with difficulty. More than once was I told how unreasonable was the new law compelling a man to send his children to school. How was a person to get his cotton picked?

At once a cause and a consequence of the lack of education was the prevalent scarcity of books. One woman I met considered her library a rich one because it numbered two volumes. Asked if she had a



Bible, she replied proudly: "Yes, we have a Bible, and *another* book too." Many a family did not have the "other book."

I was showing a large illustrated family Bible to a stout woman with a large family of children. At sight of the first picture she said, "Yes, my Bible has all those pictures in it." As I continued to show her my book, she told me of hers. Finally, as she told how many fine Bibles she had, one of her children wished he could "see one of 'em some time."

"You children needn't think I'm going to let you tear my books up," she said indignantly. "They are locked up in the trunk, and they will stay there till you get older." One son in this family was newly married. Another was a baby.

The Illustrated Family Bible which I was selling contained modern photographs of the Holy Land. One woman, when shown a picture of Mt. Carmel "where Elijah had his great contest with the priests of Baal," wanted to know if it was Mt. Carmel, Illinois. Another, when shown a picture of the ancient city of Tiberias, turned to her daughter and said: "That's where Tilly went to school."

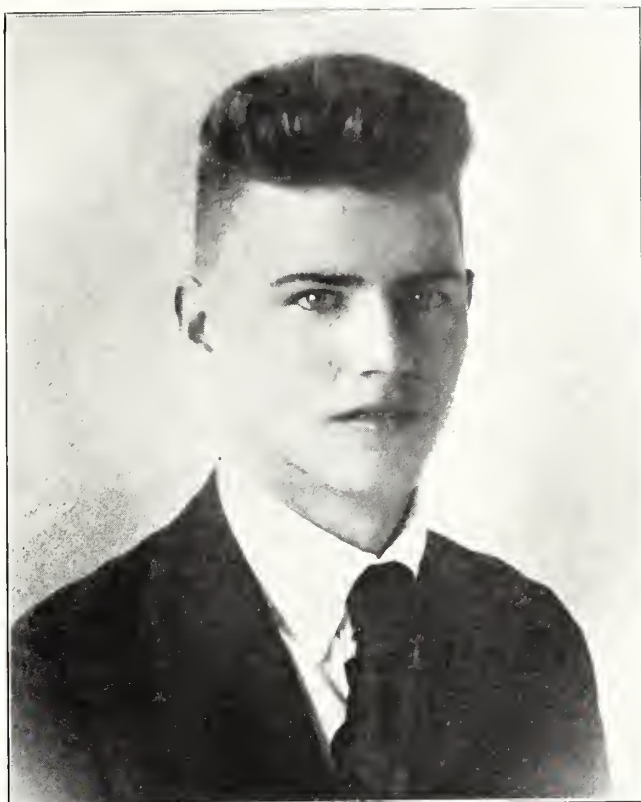
I was curious as to what the general attitude towards the Bible would be. I found a widespread interest in it, even among those who did not profess to follow its teachings. There were a few, very few, who told me that the Bible was not good to eat, or that it didn't help a fellow make a living, and seemed to think that reason enough for not buying one.

Everywhere I found the sectarian spirit very high, especially wherever the Pentacasts (known as Holy Rollers) had penetrated. I spent one night with a very open-hearted and friendly Pentacastal preacher who had never been to school. He seemed to like me, but warned me that I was running contrary to the will of God in seeking wisdom from schools.

"If a man lacks wisdom, let him ask of God," said he. He thought some schools might deserve to be tolerated if they would cut out baseball, football, and such foolishness. "Now," he asked me, "Wouldn't it be more pleasing to God if the boys, instead of howling and shouting their heads off over some game, would quietly go to their rooms and spend the afternoon in prayer?"

As for the need of exercise, he said the doctors were just fooling folks about that.

His brother, also a preacher, was very proud of some Biblical (?) charts which he had made. In it he traced the Jews from Adam to the present. He sent them from the Holy Land to England, where they became known as Pilgrims. In order to escape from the Catholic Church they came to the New World, discovered by Columbus, and founded our country. One of their number was named America. His name was given to the new country because of his exploits against the Indians. Thus, Americans are Jews, the chosen people of God. Those commonly called Jews are not Jews. Americans could not be of English



HENRY R. FULLER

Author of "A Carolina Book-Seller in Missouri," hails from Florida. He is a sophomore here, and is taking an A.B. course. He takes an active part in the work of the Y.M.C.A., and is a member of the Tar Heel and Magazine Boards, and of the Phi Society. His life work will be that of a missionary in the foreign fields.

descent because the English are a dark race who speak a language different from ours.

This information the gentleman had direct from the Holy Ghost. No one could tell him anything. Certainly I was not qualified to do so, because I had not "spoken in tongues."

In the course of my sojourn in Missouri I obtained a close and intimate view of modes of life and thought hitherto unknown to me. The work was a valuable practical course in psychology—a study of human nature. Queer folks some of my customers were, but almost universally friendly and hospitable. If ever I return to that country I shall not lack for friends.

In September I delivered the books for which I had orders, wound up my business, and started back to Chapel Hill. At Memphis it was necessary to wait all day for a train. Before train time, late in the afternoon, I walked down to the banks of the Mississippi—at this place disappointingly narrow. In its turgid waters I washed by hands. As the sun was sinking in the west, I threw the straw hat which I had worn all summer far out upon the bosom of the river. For a moment I watched it float away with the current. Then, as the red edge of the sun slid from view, I turned my back on the mighty stream, and walked away. My book selling days were done.

## R. D. W. Connor, '99

By HENRY D. DULS

R. D. W. Connor is a real son of Carolina. A Tar Heel born and bred he has been a student of North Carolina History for many years. There is perhaps no one man in North Carolina that knows more about the past of this State than does Mr. Connor. As Secretary of the North Carolina Historical Commission he made exhaustive studies into the records of the State, and has published his findings through frequent contributions to magazines and other agencies. His several books on period history and great North Carolina personalities are written in such a skilful style that they appeal both to the historian and the average man.

"Who's Who In America" Says: Robert Diggs Wimberly Connor, author; b. Wilson, N. C., Sept. 26, 1878; s. Henry Groves and Kate (Whitfield) C.; Ph. B., U. N. C., 1899; m. Sadie Hanes of Mocksville, N. C., Dec. 23, 1902. Teacher of English Winston (N. C.) high school; 1899-1902; supt. Oxford (N. C.) public schools Feb.-June 1902; principal Wilmington (N. C.) high school, 1902-4; sec. Ednl. Campaign Com., office supt. public instruction, N. C., 1902-6; sec. N. C. historical committee since 1903; Member Edn. Jury, Jamestown Exposition, 1907; sec. N. C. Teachers Assembly, 1906-12; sec. N. C. Lit. and Hist. Assn., 1912, (sec. 1913); pres. General Alumni Assn., U. N. C., 1917-1920; mem. Nat. Bd. for His. Service, 1917; mem. and sec. bd. of trustees, U. N. C., (1913); mem. American Hist. Assn., Sigma Alpha Epsilon. Clubs: Raleigh Country. Author: *The Story of the Old North State*, 1906; *Cornelius Harnett*, 1909; *Makers of North Carolina History*, 1911; (with Clarence Poe) *Life and Speeches of Charles B. Aycock*, 1912; *The Story of the United States for Young Americans*, 1916; *History of North Carolina (1585-1783)*, 1919; Also numerous pamphlets, addresses, mag. articles etc., contb., *The South in the Building of the Nation*, and *The Library of Southern Literature*; Kenan professor of history and Government, U. N. C., 1921-. Address: Chapel Hill, N. C.

"YOU sure have a poor subject," said R. D. W. Connor about himself when I mentioned a write-up of him for the CAROLINA MAGAZINE. In direct and striking contrast was the attitude of another member of the faculty on the same subject. "Connor?", he said, when I broached the subject to him, "well, certainly, you have a splendid subject to deal with." These two remarks are typical of two things: first, of the modesty that characterizes Professor Connor through and through, and second, of the enthusiastic admiration that his friends hold for him.

Mr. Connor was born a Tar Heel, his birth place being at Wilson, N. C., September 26, 1878. His great service to the State that he loves so well began immediately after he graduated from the University of North Carolina with the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy in the class of '91. There are two outstanding achievements in his life since he left the

sacred walls of Alma Mater, that have made him known to, and admired by, the people of the Old North State, not only as a writer and historian, but also as a progressive teacher and educator. These accomplishments were greatly aided by the State positions which he held at the time.

The first of these positions was that of Secretary of the North Carolina Historical Commission in Raleigh, to which he was appointed in 1903, and held by him until he was made Kenan Professor of History and Government at the University last year. During the period that he was Secretary of the Commission Mr. Connor made invaluable contributions to State literature and records in the many investigations that he conducted for historical purposes. Some of the results of his exhaustive studies and investigations were incorporated in the form of his "*History of North Carolina*," (1585-1783); "*The Story of the Old North State*," "*Makers of North Carolina History*," the "*Story of the United States for Young Americans*," and in many magazine articles to such publications as "*The South in the Building of the Nation*," and the "*Library of Southern Literature*." Besides this as Secretary of the Historical Commission he built up a complete record of valuable works unsurpassed by any in the South, and of which North Carolina has a just right to be proud.

The second great task that Mr. Connor has "tackled and downed," is that of inaugurating and perfecting the united organization of North Carolina teachers, which has proved to be both effective and efficient. When he was appointed secretary of the North Carolina Teachers Assembly in 1908, he found the affairs of that body in a deplorable condition. He proceeded to set things aright, and of his work in this capacity the University *Alumni Review* of February, 1913, has this to say: "Apart from his work, as a historian and as Secretary of the North Carolina Historical Commission, which is very significant, the work of R. D. W. Connor, '99, in unifying the interest and perfecting the Greater Teacher's Assembly, has a value, the greatness of which has as yet been but little realized."

In 1906, when Mr. Connor came to the secretaryship of the Assembly, he found many separate organizations, the accounts of whose actions were not published, there was no money in the treasury and in gen-



eral there was no unifying force to make of the manifold organizations a vital and corrective factor in the educational life of the State. This the new Secretary realized and he proceeded to the task with an ardor and enthusiasm that soon perfected a centralized organization through which effective speakers and distinguished educators could be brought from other states for special addresses, and in general made out of the organization a vital and positive force where before there was nothing but stagnation and contented conservatism. "Each teacher who attends the meetings," further comments the *Review*, "can and does feel the thrill of inspirational uplift which comes only from united stimulation and effort." All this is but a tribute to the power of personality that Mr. Connor has. Personality used in the right direction is but a way of expressing the use that a man puts his character to. The person, the power, the personality, the character of R. D. W. Connor has been, is being and will continue to be devoted to the high and unselfish service of the people of North Carolina in order that they may advance along the lines of material and spiritual progress, culture and refinement, civilization and enlightenment.

As a private citizen and as a loyal alumnus of the University Mr. Connor did much to help his warm and intimate friend, Edward Kidder Graham, in his extension policy of "tying up" the University with the people of the State. These two kindred spirits worked in harmony and mutual helpfulness and put meaning, a North Carolina meaning, into the word "service." His intimate connection with the late President Graham as a college chum here at the University, and his own enthusiasm and energy in supporting the Graham policies, enabled him to accomplish his task of devotion to the people of North Carolina more successfully, probably, than any other one man in the State. His loyalty to Carolina in every cause in which she has appealed to the State, financially and otherwise, has helped the University to conduct successfully many great movements.

As a student here Mr. Connor did fine work in the fields of literature and public speaking. He held the offices of editor-in-chief of the *Tar Heel*, business manager of the *Hellenian*, now known as the *Yackety-Yack*; and other responsible positions on the campus. In debating he was representative speaker of the Phi Society at Commencement in 1898, and one year later participated in the Manguin Oratorical Contest. He, together with Edward Kidder Graham, and others, were members of the Gorgon's Head. He was also a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.

The eternal co-ed problem that Carolina faces and discusses, seemingly without ever coming to a decision one way or another, was one of the vital questions that faced the campus of Carolina in the days of '99 as now. In the University annual of that year each member of the Senior class was made to give his opinion on the co-ed question. Connor says "out o' place," while L. R. Wilson, now Librarian of the University, says quite the opposite, "sine qua non." The majority of the class, however, agreed with Connor.



R. D. W. CONNOR

After leaving the University Mr. Connor became a teacher of English in the Winston High School, then Superintendent of the Oxford Schools, principal of the Wilmington High School, and finally went to Raleigh where he held the positions mentioned above until 1921, at which time he accepted a professorship at his Alma Mater. During his residence in Raleigh, Mr. Connor was elected President of the General Alumni Association of the University, which position he held for several years. He was also a member of the Board of Trustees of the University from 1913 to 1920, and was Secretary of that body from 1915 to 1920.

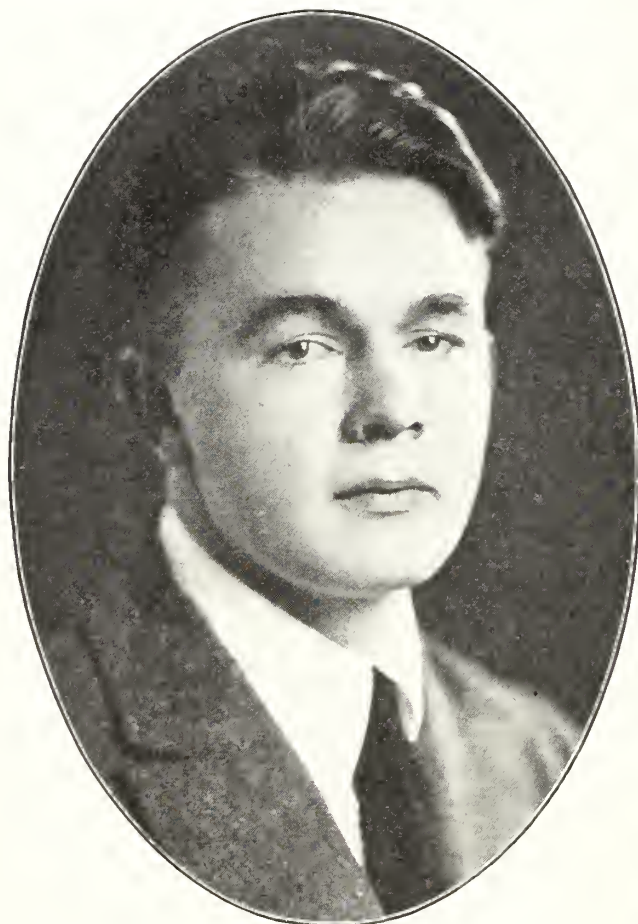
As a professor Mr. Connor is one of the strongest and ablest members of the faculty. During the brief period he has taught here he has visibly impressed his students with his personality and with his acquaintance with the historical lore of the ages, especially with that which pertains to North Carolina and the South. One of his friends characterizes him as a "clean-cut, aggressive, upstanding sort of a fighter." He has the fighting stock of Tarheelia in his veins and in him is that spirit that neither concedes or recognizes defeat. He is steadily reaching out toward higher aims and ideals of life. His every action has behind it a purpose good and true. In him Tarheelia can find embodied one of her living great sons.

His activities in behalf of the University and of the State have not gone unrecognized. He is one of the thirty-eight professors of the University mentioned in "Who's Who in America," a collection of names of men who have done great things in making great this, the greatest nation on earth.

# Di vs. Phi

By M. REED KITCHIN

By all odds the two organizations that have the greatest traditions centering about them at Carolina are the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies. Founded in the eighteenth century, they have survived down to the present time with no sign that they will ever cease to be factors of tremendous influence on the campus. Mr. Kitchin tells us of the old time rivalry that existed between the Di and Phi.



E. C. HUNT  
PRESIDENT "DI" SOCIETY

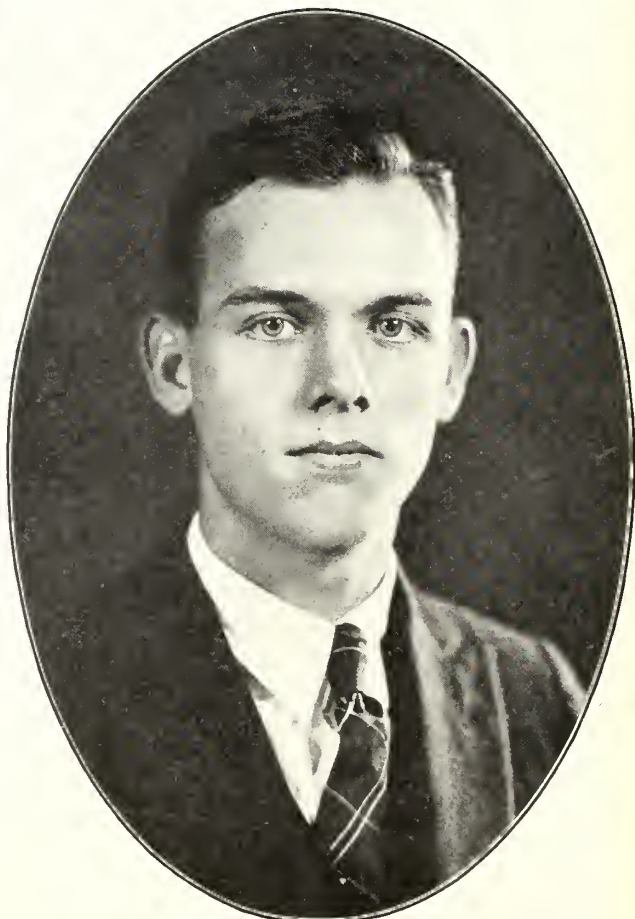
THAT famous rivalry, formerly so prominent a feature in Carolina's life, which existed between the two Societies, advocates of training in public speaking, is no longer a feature with us. Years ago, before the horseless carriage came into being, the members of the two rival societies saddled their dobbins and traveled for miles to meet the incoming Freshmen and pledge them to one society or another. Every man in the University then belonged to one or the other of the Societies, and there were no rival organizations to divert interest into other channels of thought as now. Interest and pride in their Societies, and in each individual was genuine. Many personal combats between members of the two Societies often threatened to engulf the whole membership of each in internecine strife. In those days it was one for all and all for one. Secrets and ritual

were sacredly kept from the outside world, and membership was coveted as a high honor.

Frequent inter-Society debates served to season the rivalry to a high pitch of excitement, and at each commencement the marshals of "Di" and "Phi" rivaled each other in splendor of appearance.

Again this necessary competition appeared in the organ of both organizations THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE at one time the only publication on the campus.

At the present time however, the rivalry appears at but infrequent intervals, usually following an inter-Society debate or oratorical contest, or in the midst of a membership campaign. But the intense competition is a thing of the past. Both Societies are now almost equal as to membership and honors acquired. Both "Di" and "Phi" have men here and there among the vast amount of surplus baggage each carries, who are



V. V. YOUNG  
PRESIDENT "PHI" SOCIETY



truly making good their opportunities, and at times perhaps, wish for the old times again when enthusiasm controled in place of nonchalance.

Several reasons are attributable to the decline of interest and hence of rivalry between the two organizations. First, the Societies were organized at a time when public speaking was all important; when men like John T. Calhoun and Robert Y. Haynes won fame and glory with their voices. Debating and oratorical ability were at a premium. Now the powerful press puts public speaking on a back shelf, and the few really interested in such work, are not enough to play up to the competition of years ago.

Second, with the growth of the University, the Societies became unwieldy and clumsy in action, and the need for other organizations for other purposes became apparent. With the entrance of the many or-

ganizations that now appear on the campus, men from both "Di" and "Phi" often became members of the same outside organization, and so "Di" and "Phi" competition was shelved. The smaller groups could and did act more efficiently and the members soon regarded membership in the Societies as merely nominal, if desired at all.

Yet, despite the fact that the "choke-hold" the Societies once had on University life has loosened, the fact remains that they still exist and function to great good to those who will take their opportunities in this particular branch of activity. Strong men, occasional spirited bursts of competition, and the cultivation of the finer points of Parliamentary procedure are all in evidence in either Dialectic Society or Philanthropic Assembly. The "Di" and "Phi" yet remain to help those who help themselves.

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Here is a mystery story with a compelling interest and a thrilling climax. It is one of the best pieces of fiction the Magazine has published for some time past. Drawing upon his rich and varied newspaper experience the author by his narrative power makes "The Harmony of Love" stand out as a real contribution.

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## *The Harmony of Love*

By R. S. PICKENS

VIVIAN FIGARO, the great pianist, was giving a concert before the Woman's Clubs of Richmond on Friday afternoon and I assigned Arthur Spence to cover the story, knowing that he was formerly a musician himself. In fact Spence had been one of the promising young violinists of the country until he insisted on carrying a rifle during the war. The German army had a habit of doing ironical things, and when a piece of shrapnel took three fingers off young Spence's hand one night it was just one of those habitual ironies that made the war so famous.

About three o'clock Mrs. Edward Best, wife of the publisher of the paper on which I was working and formerly the famous Martha Downing, called me up and asked that I bring Spence and come to dinner at 8 o'clock. She said that she was talking from the club rooms and had just received an acceptance from Figaro to a similar invitation. I was delighted and assured Mrs. Best that I would be there. She saw Spence at club rooms just before the concert started and received his acceptance.

Spence had known Mrs. Best when she was Martha Downing. Of course you remember when she set the Metropolitan Opera company on its ear by resigning and marrying Ed Best. She had the most wonderful voice I had ever heard. She had known Figaro in Paris before the war.

I was doubly delighted in receiving the invitation for the night when Spence came in with his customary scowl and told me that the Frenchman was going to play his wonderful "Harmony of Love." Figaro was famous in the musical world as being the only man capable of securing certain combinations of notes in

the bass end of the keyboard and into the "Harmony of Love" he had worked such a combination of notes that he was the only man in the world at the time able to play the bass or harmony parts. I am not a musician, but with the customary layman's curiosity I wanted to see the man do the thing, as Spence said he could. Of course Spence understood it and from the few words I could get out of him, I learned that Figaro was able to play the thing only because of the immense size of his hands.

Promptly at seven-thirty I drove my little car up in front of the house where Spence was staying and sounded the horn for him. He came out and entered the car, and we drove slowly through the terrific rain storm that had arisen to the Best home out in Ginter Park.

Both of us got wet before we reached the home and a healthy sigh of relief escaped me when we were admitted to the Best household. I knew the place well and started into the drawing room when a high pitched voice of a woman reached my ears.

"I couldn't help it, master, I couldn't help it," the voice of the woman exclaimed. I failed to catch the reply that was uttered in French as the exclamation had been, but with a glance at Spence to see if he overheard I entered the drawing-room. Spence introduced me to Figaro, he having met him that afternoon at the concert I supposed. I couldn't help noticing the huge hands hanging at his side as he bowed.

After the introduction and the commonplaces that usually follow I became acutely aware of the fact that I had stepped into an accumulation of water near the front steps as I entered. I spoke to Spence about it and he suggested that we go to Mr. Best's room and try to find a dry sock at least.

As we arose to go Spence turned suddenly to the musician.

"Would you care to play the 'Harmony of Love' for us while we change, I am sure we can enjoy it from the room upstairs"? he asked, bowing.

"The pianist turned slowly around from the open fire he had been contemplating and with easy grace bowed, saying "Surely, Monsieur Spence, it would be a delight to play it for you."

Just as we were leaving, Martha Best came into the room. She apologized for not receiving us, explaining that her maid has disappeared suddenly and she was unable to find anyone to assist her in dressing. She excused herself almost immediately, saying that she would send a man up to the room to assist us in finding dry clothing. Mr. Best had been detained downtown she stated, but would come in soon.

Spence and I were seated in Best's room, I with my shoes off, when the master began his great composition. I listened to the rippling melody of the thing, seeing nothing unusual. Spence was listening with a tense face. The music increased in volume as the composition ran its course and as the volume increased the tenseness of Spence's whole attitude increased.

"Listen, Listen," he exclaimed, "he is coming to the part only he can play."

The harmony of the music grew greater and the melody was practically lost. Spence was holding tightly to the arms of his chair, apparently carried away with the wonderful fingering of the pianist.

"There, there it is," Spence exclaimed.

A pistol shot sounded through the heavy harmony of the music. The playing suddenly ceased. Spence sprang to his feet. I had my shoes off and beat him to the door. I was the first in the room.

The body of the pianist was draped grotesquely over the piano stool, his head with its mop of black hair was lying on the black and white keys while blood from a wound over his heart was dripping slowly on the richness of the carpet.

I sprang toward the body to lift it when Spence caught my arm and held me back. He pointed to a window, and there I saw the face of the French maid whose absence had so handicapped Mrs. Best in dressing. She was standing there with a look of horror on her face and when I beckoned her to come in she opened the window which led to a porch that ran almost the entire distance around the house, and entered.

She crept around the piano so she could get a good view of the body and then proceeded to faint without the customary grace of giving warning.

Mrs. Best entered by a door leading to the rear of the house, stopped short when she saw the crumpled body of the dead man and caught at her throat as if she couldn't get her breath just right. I know how she felt. I can never forget the sight of the face of the first murdered man I had ever seen.

Almost with the entrance of Mrs. Best the sound of a car on the gravel outside gave warning of the approach of Mr. Best. He entered some minutes later.

There we all were with the dead man still draped over the piano stool. No one spoke. No one knew what to say. Finally Spence moved forward and

lifted the head of the dead man. His eyes were open and staring. Spence let the head fall back on the piano causing a crash of discord.

I will never forget it. Spence looked from one to the other. There was some little conversation on the part of Spence and Mr. Best as they summoned the police. The maid had recovered and was weeping silently on one side of the room. She had moved to where the body would be out of sight.

The police arrived in a short time. The headquarters force was summoned of course, the case demanding the best the Richmond police force could give. Best was a big man in that city. They worked for three days on the case. The papers played it up on the front page. The national press raised an awful howl. The murdered man was big in the musical world and was booked for concerts in many large cities. This led to more publicity than a murder generally gets, although the Figaro case was front space material for weeks as it was.

The maid was put through a gruelling cross examination. It was found that she had known Figaro several years before while Mrs. Best was singing in Paris. It was learned that she had been more than a mere friend to him. He had mistreated the girl while calling on Mrs. Best, then Martha Downing you know. The police fastened the crime on her and she went to jail weeping.

Four days after the murder the case came to a preliminary hearing before Judge Crutchfield and the old judge saw fit to have the case bound over to a higher court. Fifteen days later the case came to trial and I took the day off to stay in the court room. I will never forget it.

Spence and I were together. Mr. and Mrs. Best were sitting over on the right and from the press box I had a good view of the entire court room. The maid, poor thing, was sitting forlornly in the chair reserved for prisoners near the front rail. Judge Adams was on the bench. The jury was picked with little trouble. The case opened.

Essie, the name of the maid, it was a wonder she didn't call herself Marie or some other fool French name, finally took the stand in her own defense. Spence and I both were called to testify which we did. Spence gave a very wonderful picture of the whole thing. Mine was rather poor, I think, although the papers said I was the better witness.

"Where were you when the shot was fired," asked the district attorney.

Essie shook her head.

"You won't answer?" questioned the lawyer triumphantly with a glance toward the jury and then toward the press box.

"No."

The single syllable sounded like a death knell to me.

"You may leave the stand," said the judge, after some further questioning.

Two days later the lawyers had finished their pleading. The defense had tried every way in the world to get a statement from the girl as to where she was when the shot was fired, she having admitted hearing it. No weapon had been discovered, although the fire arms experts stated the bullet came from a German shell in a high powered short arm Krupp pistol,



then reported they couldn't agree. The judge sent them back into the room and told them to return a verdict. They finally returned one.

"Not guilty." The girl took the thing standing with a sort of quiver on her face. There was something strange about the whole thing.

Two days later I saw Essie going down Grace street with a young man who had sat on that jury. I followed them. They went into a boarding house together and I turned away somewhat amazed. I noted the number, called there two hours later and found that the two were married, or at least they were supposed to be married, according to the landlady. I told Spence and asked him to investigate and write the story.

Three hours later Spence came in and asked me to go to the Best's with him. I went. With Mrs. Best on one side of the fire, Mr. Best on the other, and Spence and me in the center, Spence opened his remarkable story.

"You folks remember when I was in Paris?", he asked. We nodded. "Well, I fell very much in love with a young girl there, the daughter of an Englishman and one of the sweetest women I ever knew. She was a pupil of Figaro. When I went to war Figaro heard when I was injured. In fact I was reported dead. He persuaded the girl I was never coming back, and of course it was easy for him to do that when I really was reported dead. Three days after I was wounded, however, he came to the hospital outside Paris where I was and there saw me strapped to the bed with a raw and hurting wound in my back and side. He was surprised and I was delighted. I called him to my side and told him how the girl and I had been married before I left, and for him to tell her that I would be out soon and tell her where I was. He promised to do all this, but instead told the girl I was dead, and that he had seen my dead body. I never saw her again. She married him three months later, three days before I got out of the hospital, and when I began to hunt for her, she was gone.

"I learned after the war that the man was in this country, and looking over the schedule of his concerts, naturally found that he would play here when he did. I came here to work. The afternoon of the concert I went behind the scenes for a few minutes. I told the man I intended to kill him, but he only laughed. He said I didn't want to hang. I asked where Mary was, and he laughed again. 'She is dead. She drowned herself when she heard you were alive,' he replied. I could have strangled him there and probably would have if you, Mrs. Best, hadn't come up when you did and issued the invitation you did. I slipped away from the concert and came here to this room. I afterwards went to the office and reviewed the concert. I heard the same one in Norfolk Sunday night, so I could review it with ease.

"Then we came here that night. You know all that happened; Essie was talking to Figaro when we got here. I don't know what took place between them,

but he had evidently wronged her. She is married, and through my influence on the court her husband was a jurymen in the trial last week. He was responsible for getting the verdict of 'not guilty.' I am the guilty one. I murdered Vivian Figaro, and, before God, if he had a score of lives I would have murdered him a score of times."

Spence sat with his hands shading his eyes staring moodily in the fire. The death of the man had no effect on him. He had seen too much bloodshed for the killing of a damnable rascal like that to effect him. Mrs. Best was silently weeping and old Ed Best was looking at me and at Spence, not knowing what to say.

"My God, man," I exclaimed, "you didn't kill him I know. You were in the room with me when the shot was fired."

Spence walked over to the piano.

"Look," he said.

I looked. A small round hole was in the piano front. It couldn't be noticed in the best of light unless some careful examination was made. It was right in the middle of the front panel and the whole was bored right through the letter C in the name of the instrument.

"Well," I said.

Spence threw back the top of the grand piano and there was a Krupp 38, a wicked looking thing. It was nicely mounted in the stand used for a long arm rifle and did not touch a single piano wire.

He pulled the gun and stand out before I could examine the arrangement he had made of it.

"Harry," he said, "I arranged those violin strings there so that when Figaro reached a certain combination of harmony notes the gun would fire. To reach those notes his body had to be in position to receive the load just over his heart. That combination is found only in the 'Melody of Love' he played so wonderfully. He was the only man who could play it all. I worked for months trying to find out how to kill the man. I planned the thing carefully, in cold blood. I, of course, knew the notes the man struck in playing the thing. I am a musician you know. I tried it for months, using a dummy in front of my own piano, and with both of my hands pulled the levers from behind until one day I found that I could finally set the gun off by striking the combination. You will never know what it was. But you know now who killed Vivian Figaro—Arthur F. Spence.

The man coolly took the gun to his overcoat and put it away and came back and bade Mr. and Mrs. Best good night. I kept standing staring at the piano and the little round hole until after Spence left. I then went and sat down between Mr. and Mrs. Best.

"Well I'm damned," said Best under his breath, such as carried by German officers during the war. The state's case fell down when they failed to prove anything on the girl. She was to my mind either guilty or a little fool for not saying where she was. The jury hung on the question for twelve hours and

# Co-operative Education

By G. Y. RAGSDALE

One of the biggest problems of the professional school is the question of application. Many students are fine theorists but never become successful due to lack of ability to apply their knowledge in a practical way. To eliminate this difficulty the electrical and civil engineering departments of the University have adopted a system that is described below by Mr. Ragsdale.

FOR THE last few years there have been two men in the University faculty that have had one scheme paramount in their brains. They have long dreamed of such a thing, and they have worked hard for its materialization. At last their dreams are about to come true, and they are happy beyond words, for they feel that they have accomplished something that will mean worlds of good to Carolina, and also to a group of students enrolled here.

These two men are Professors P. H. Daggett and G. M. Braune, at the heads of the electrical and civil engineering departments respectively. The thing that they have worked so hard to see established here is a coöperative system of education in their departments. They have established such a thing, and the next few days will see this system put into operation for the first time in the one hundred and twenty-nine years of the University's existence, when the first division of the engineering students go out into several States to apply in practice what they have learned in theory.

That is the secret of the whole plan. They want to teach their students by giving them something more than the theory of engineering. They reason that an engineer, like a doctor, has to go through a period of what might well be termed "starving" during the first few years following the time that he receives his license to practice his chosen profession. During that period he has to become accustomed to the hard knocks of his profession. This is the thing that these two men want to avoid, and they believe that the greater part of their troubles will be eliminated by teaching them what they must become accustomed to when they begin to work for themselves, at a time that it will prove less costly to them. They believe that the best time is while they are in college.

This system of education was first tried successfully at the University of Cincinnati. Its originator was Herman Schneider. When Schneider first related the plan to his chief, he was politely informed that he was nothing less than a fool, and told that the next time he had the audacity to mention such a thing, he would receive his "walking papers." He was then teaching in another college. He left, and went to the above institution.

At first the going was hard. Students had to be literally begged to try the plan. About a dozen students were convinced that it was a good thing. They went out to work in machine shops, with electric concerns, health departments, highway commissions, and the like. After the first year, things brightened

up. More students went in for this new thing called "coöperative education." As time went on, more and more students became interested, and all the time the plan was becoming more successful. There are



G. M. BRAUNE

Head of the Department of Civil Engineering. He is one of the three honorary members of the Engineering Club of Cincinnati, which has a membership of nearly 600 engineers. He was honored by this Club when he left Cincinnati to assume his duties here.

over a thousand students now at the University of Cincinnati that are taking this course, and hundreds are yearly turned away owing to the fact that they cannot be well handled. Only the very best men are allowed to take the course, and it has now come to the stage where it is a matter of choice as to who will be allowed to take it.

The students go out in sections, and in most cases in pairs. They work for a definite period in shops, and the like, all the time applying in practice what they have learned in theory, and then return to the university, and another section goes out to do like work. Here at Carolina, the first section left October 25 and will remain out until November 20. Then Section Two leaves and returns on December 18. This alternating will continue throughout the collegiate year. About twenty students have up to the time of writing definitely decided to take the course. All of them are in the Junior class, for only the Junior class will do this kind of work. It is planned that this





P. H. DAGGETT

Head of the Electrical Engineering Department. He was recently elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Council of State Boards of Engineering Examiners at a meeting of the body held in Chicago.

class will go out to work at alternate periods each year so long as the system continues. While one section of this class is out at work, the other section will be here attending classes.

The period of the Junior year's work this year will continue from September 24 through September 22, 1923. In addition to this, sophomores intending to take the course have to attend an eight weeks Summer School. This means that no student will lose any time from his classes, for he will cover the same amount of class-room work as when not taking the co-op course. There are four, six, and eight week periods in which the students will attend classes and be on their various jobs. Beginning September 24,

1922, and ending September 22, 1923, there will be 30 weeks of school (sophomore summer section included) for each section. Each section will have 24 periods of work, and will have 10 weeks of vacation from August 12, 1922, to September 24, 1923. All the jobs will be fully manned dating from October 23, 1922, the day the first section left Chapel Hill, until the end of the last period in September of next year.

In addition to the distinct advantage of getting actual experience in their work, each student will receive pay for the work that he does while on the job. This will enable him to help defray his college expenses during the year, or, if he tries hard enough, he will be able to pay all expenses himself. Many students have made enough in two years of this kind of work to pay all of their college expenses for the four years while in college.

Many schools in the North have adopted this plan of educating their engineering students, and Antioch College, in the Middle West, has even gone so far as to adopt it for the Bachelor of Arts Degree. Only one school in the South has so far adopted this plan. Georgia Tech has a coöperative system in the department of Mechanical Engineering.

Each department here will have what is known as a Coördinator. His duties will be to keep enough jobs so that none of the men will ever be out of work. He will also visit the men while they are on the job, consult with them, their foremen and employers. He will discuss with them the problems with which they are confronted, and give them advice along other lines. The one important restriction is that should any man prove worthless while on a job, in-so-far as laziness is concerned, he will not be allowed to take the course. This will be in the way of a guarantee to the employers of the students that they are going to get good men, and men who are willing to work, and learn.

All the professors in the engineering departments have in one way or another assisted Professor Daggett and Braune, but Professor H. F. Janda and J. E. Lear have been especially helpful to the heads of the departments in preparing the course. Both Professors Braune and Janda, of the civil engineering department, have had experience with this kind of course before, at the University of Cincinnati.

## The Boot

There is one sure and dependable "boot" that one can always depend upon. Some resort to it after they have tried all others—sometimes too late.

Others realize its necessity and importance in time and are not puzzled by the problem of passing. It is a boot that brings results when all other means fail.

It is worth all other methods of booting combined. It fits all profs. alike. It always works. It is simply work. This is the best boot that has ever been found, and if one adopts it his problem is solved and he need not look further.—J. G. GULLICK.

# *On, On to Virginia!*

By EDWIN LANIER and JACK BAUM

**I**F YOU did but know it, Carolina Men, the annual Turkey Day game with Virginia is just around the corner, and before we realize it it will take us into its muscular arms. It is not our purpose in writing this note to create "pep." Enthusiasm enough for a generation was charged into the Carolina campus last November.

For decades Tar Heels and Sorebacks have annually turned their eyes eagerly to their football classic—the Gobbler Day Scrimmage between their respective state universities.

The enthusiasm, interest, and fighting of a generation will be marshaled in Charlottesville on November 30th. The game will be more than the annual apex of neighborly rivalry. It will be a contest between the will, brain, and brawn of two great States, and the conflict of the generalship of great coaches—Fetzer Brothers and "Tommy" Campbell.

The game this year will be watched with interest equal to that of the 1921-22 game. We all remember that game last November. Every old Carolina man has the highest respect for the splendid sportsmanship of the Virginia student body as manifested last year when the spirit of honorable rivalry broke down the quibbling of committeemen over technicalities, and the Virginia team left Charlottesville on their crusade to Chapel Hill. As though it were last week we remember "the two days of tantalizing uncertainty and suspense filled with bolt-like disappointment, alternating with lightning flashes of renewed hope . . . . Two days when the air was tense with conflicting rumors, one minute vexatious, the next reassuring." One man by the name of "Red" Johnson had set two commonwealths on their ears, and caused "an immovable body of august professors to run jam up against an equally immovable body of equally august professors with the result of a deadlock that will go down in history"—Then a wire from the Virginia student body saying that the team was on its way to Chapel Hill. As the Virginia team arrived in front of the Post Office the Carolina student body gathered around it and "split Carolina" for Virginia. Captain Rhinehart stepped from his car and made a statement that is with us yet: "Gentlemen, Virginia's here!"

"Like children who had their long promised cake suddenly snatched away just as they were on the point of devouring it, and then, as suddenly restored, ten thousand folks flooded Chapel Hill." The stage was set with an unclouded, mellow Indian summer day. About one o'clock "through the entrance to Emerson Field as though through the neck of a gigantic funnel, a stream of ten thousand people first trickled, then poured until it filled the great basin whose bottom

was the white lined space where the battle was to take place." About five o'clock Captain "Runt" Lowe, by what looked to be super-human effort, made a twenty-five yard run and placed the ball behind Virginia's line. . . . A few minutes left to play in which a fumble, or a trick of fate might alter the score of 7 to 3 for Carolina. Those few minutes dragged by like hours. They passed, however, and the cork blew out of the bottle. The game had been fiercely contested and cleanly played. Victory and all the joy that comes with such victory was ours. All was history.

Campbell is building a defense team. His men held Princeton to only one touchdown on the same day that Carolina gave Yale the fright of her life by a Southern institution. Fetzer Brothers believe that a strong offensive team makes a good defensive team. No one can tell what kind of attack the Fetzer Brothers are going to uncork in Charlottesville,—comparing the two teams we believe its going to be an even scrap, and as one of the Carolina players was heard to say, "That is going to be one hell of a football game."

From the standpoint of North Carolina and Virginia the "Carolina-Virginia" game is the classic of Southern football. On Thanksgiving Day the citizenry of both commonwealths, with admiration, watch Blue and White struggle with Purple and Gold for supremacy. On this Thanksgiving Day fans from all parts of the country will gather in Charlottesville and, while the quarterbacks bark, the fullbacks plunge and the forward lines struggle with sinew and muscle against each other, will watch the wonderful systems of Fetzer Brothers and Campbell clash.

Carolina will close her 1922 football season with the Virginia game. In this game our eleven meets a worthy opponent who believes and practices the same sort of sportmanship that the Fetzer Brothers have charged into their men.

One of the greatest joys that can come to a Carolina man is to witness a struggle between the Blue and White and Purple and Gold machines. There never was a Carolina man whose whole being does not swell with joy while, as the dust clears away and the shouts die in the distance, he watches our eleven, under Blue and White blankets, amble off of a quiet but glorious battlefield.

As we watch Fetzer Brothers work with their men on Emerson Field and attend the mass meetings "around the Well" a mighty passion to move rises within us, a passion to draw our swords, and, with over eighteen hundred other Knights of the Blue and White, cry "ON, ON TO VIRGINIA!"



# *The* Carolina Magazine

A decorative illustration of pinecones and pine needles is positioned behind the central text box. The pinecones are rendered in a reddish-brown color, while the pine needles are green. They are scattered around the central box, with some appearing to branch out from the sides.

The Collegian and Culture  
By Nell Battle Lewis

The South in Art  
By Archibald Henderson

A New Deal for Southern Literature  
By C. A. Hibbard

Sheiking the Muse in the Bozart  
By Raymond W. Adams

A Southern Renaissance in the Arts?  
By Thomas H. Hamilton

Archibald Henderson: An Appreciation  
By Earl H. Hartsell

The Physician  
By R. S. Pickens

Why Not a Poetry Society for North  
Carolina?  
Compiled by W. J. Cocke, Jr.

December, 1922

*Price 25 Cents*

*Southern Arts Number*

# ***Southern Railway System***

## **ANNOUNCES**

### **Greatly Improved Train Service to the South and West**

Train No. 35 from New York and Washington for Atlanta, Birmingham and New Orleans, has been re-arranged to protect connections at Greensboro with train No. 17 from Goldsboro, Selma, Raleigh and Durham, affording the following schedule:

|   |            |
|---|------------|
| Lv. Goldsboro, Southern Railway.....    | 2.00 P.M.  |
| Lv. Selma, Southern Railway.....        | 3.00 P.M.  |
| Lv. Raleigh, Southern Railway.....      | 4.05 P.M.  |
| Lv. Durham, Southern Railway.....       | 5.08 P.M.  |
| Ar. GREENSBORO, Southern Railway.....   | 7.30 P.M.  |
| Lv. GREENSBORO, Southern Railway.....   | 7.55 P.M.  |
| Ar. Atlanta, Southern Railway.....      | 5.40 A.M.  |
| Ar. Birmingham, Southern Railway .....  | 12.10 P.M. |
| Ar. Memphis, Frisco Lines.....          | 7.45 P.M.  |
| Ar. Kansas City, Frisco Lines.....      | 10.20 A.M. |
| Ar. Montgomery, A. & W. P. Railway..... | 11.40 A.M. |
| Ar. Mobile, L. & N. Railway.....        | 5.12 P.M.  |
| Ar. New Orleans, L. & N. Railway.....   | 9.45 P.M.  |
| Lv. Atlanta, Southern Railway.....      | 6.10 A.M.  |
| Ar. Chattanooga, Southern Railway.....  | 10.50 A.M. |

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and New Orleans. Dining Car Serving all Meals***

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***One Change of Cars From Greensboro  
to the Pacific Coast***

**J. S. Bloodworth, D. P. A., Raleigh, N. C.**



# The Future of Art in the South

**D**ISCONTENT with things that have been and with things as they are is filling the air. A perusal of the contributions to this issue of the Magazine will show that the leaders of the South in art and literature are beginning to take stock of our intellectual and artistic warehouses. They are holding the "mirror up to nature" with such a vengeance that one cannot help but be attracted. Interest is being greatly aroused over the critical movement in the South at present for the birth or re-birth of a representative literature of this section in order that the world may know and understand that the South stands for something real and genuine in the life of the Nation.

Yet this activity is not for mere show. It is coming out of the life of the people. We are becoming prosperous. All over the South can be heard the sound of workmen plying their trades, the factory wheels are turning and the marts of trade are alive and bustling. Out of this prosperity comes the hitherto unexpressed desires of a great multitude for beauty and culture.

We are beginning to lose some of our self-complacency, too. We are taking ourselves severely to task in an introspective effort to find out what is wrong. We are beginning to realize that there is a monkey wrench in the machinery of artistic production down South. Just where that monkey wrench is, it is hard to tell. Each person seems to have some pet theory as to why we are not doing great things. Like the little boy tinkering with the clock, these critics intend to keep on until they really arrive at some solution of the problem. That is why they have been so penetratingly and mercilessly analytical in dealing with southern literature and the other arts.

However, it takes more than mere discontent and criticism to produce literature. This discontent though is a healthy sign of promised growth. It means that realizing our poverty of literary and artistic values we will learn the folly of our ways, and instead of scorning with our indifference budding young poets and artists as in the past, we will extend the helping hand and the encouraging aid of our appreciation.

This discontent, which we believe to be genuine, needs to be organized. There must be less of the petty intra-sectional bickerings in the South. It is pointed out by Professor C. A. Hibbard in his article, "A New Deal for Southern Literature," that sectional rivalry in the South is one of the great hampering forces against the full development of lit-

erature and art. Because of this jealousy we are not fully aware of the poets and artists we do have. If Currituck would be a little more tolerant of the works of a man from Cherokee, and if Texas once in awhile praised and appreciated what is being done in Virginia or South Carolina, there would be more inspiration, more mutual helpfulness on the part of literary men and artists, and we ourselves would come to know the South as a whole much better than we do now. And we would appreciate it better too.

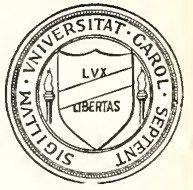
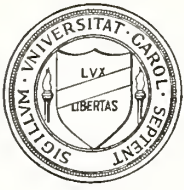
Dr. Archibald Henderson in his article in this issue entitled "The South in Art," states that "Art—Literature, music, poetry, drama, painting, sculpture—is irresistible. Our civilization demands it. Let us organize it!" It must be organized if it is to be effective. New vitality must be put into older organizations and new ones must come inevitably as there is a genuine need for them. Walt Whitman says:

"To have great poets  
There must be great audiences too."

And that is the purpose of organizing this discontent. There are no great audiences in the South. If this were not so there would be no need for the steady going northward of nearly all men of literary promise in the South. This sign of discontent gives reason to the belief that through the interest being manifested in organizing for the furtherance of art and literature in the South it will not be long until we "have great audiences too."

With the coming of these great audiences great poets are more apt to appear than without them. The Greek poets thrived on "great audiences." If the Greeks had not been appreciative of the worth of their poets and singers there would not have been such a wealth of material as we have as our heritage from the Greeks of the Golden Age. The man of genius is also a human being. He wants encouragement like the rest of us. He needs it and flourishes on it. No man is willing to sacrifice himself for an unappreciative people. If he knows that his efforts will not be "laughed out of courts," if he knows that if his work is good he will receive his just reward, he will be all the more willing to devote his life to those things that he can do best. From a worthy public great incentive may be gained for intellectual, literary and artistic endeavors.

Thus, if we want a great literature, great works of art, if we want "to have great poets, there must be great audiences too."



## Why Not a Poetry Society for North Carolina?

Compiled by W. J. COCKE, Jr.

A symposium in which prominent journalists, literateurs, poets, students, professors and college presidents express their views on the advisability of organizing a poetry society in this State similar to the one in South Carolina. Everyone questioned favors it, and thinks such a society will work untold good for the State along literary and cultural lines. Read below the reasons why they think such an organization would be such an effective means to an end.

"WE NEED a poetry society in North Carolina to cultivate our talents for creative writing." This is the general answer we have received from all those of whom we have asked the question.

North Carolina is in a period of material prosperity. Products from her factories are being exported to every corner of the globe. Her far-sighted executives are planning a great merchant marine to carry her own products in the world's trade. Great and modern highways are taking the place of the impassible mud roads, and are bringing North Carolina's people into touch with the forward-march of material progress. Capitalists are showing their faith in this state's prosperity by investing money in the construction of great buildings, by damming the streams to make use of her potential water power, and by continuously increasing the number of factories within her borders.

But with all of this advance, this rush for progress in the material sense, the cause of stimulating and encouraging literary production is being forsaken. In North Carolina there is no society nor organization which has for its purpose the fostering of literary production. In our sister state, on the other hand, "The Poetry Society of South Carolina" is doing a great work. This society is bringing before the people the poetry of the people; it is encouraging and lending a hand to struggling poets; and it is placing South Carolina on the literary map.

We need such a society of this nature in our own commonwealth. North Carolina is one of the most backward states in literary production. So backward is she that it is especially hard for deserving North Carolina authors to get their works before the reading public.

To quote the answers of persons, prominent in differ-

ent phases of North Carolina life, to the question: "Why not a Poetry Society for North Carolina?"

"Certainly," agrees Gerald W. Johnson, associate editor of the Greensboro *Daily News*, but, he adds, "The first business of a Poetry Society must be the extermination of the maundering imbecility, the sniffing puerility, the sloppy sentimentality, the bunk, bosh, and tommy-rot that pass for poetry in North Carolina." We have received many answers, but Mr. Johnson's is the most startling. He believes a society of this kind should use a "butcher's cleaver and a club." To quote him in full:

"If it is sufficiently vicious, a Poetry Society would be a great acquisition for North Carolina. But one cannot have a fair garden without first removing the noxious weeds, and if eventually it is to cultivate poetry in North Carolina the first business of a Poetry Society must be the extermination of the maundering imbecility, the sniffing puerility, the sloppy sentimentality, the bunk, bosh and tommy-rot that pass for poetry in North Carolina. If the Society will renounce jam and judicious advice as media of uplift and in lieu thereof employ a serviceable butcher's cleaver and a club, there is a great and inspiring work that it might perform in North Carolina; and no really literate Tar Heel could refuse to lend assistance in the pious crusade.

"In other words, the critical standard must be raised enormously if North Carolina is to become a land of good verse. Such an elevation would not injure any real poet, and it might silence some of the bawling Sganarelles who have made the term 'North Carolina poetry' synonymous with fustian."

Taking somewhat of a similar attitude Miss Nell Battle Lewis of the *Raleigh News and Observer* says that a poetry society ought to be tried out, but that its success is uncertain. Miss Lewis says:

"It seems to me that a Poetry Society in North Carolina would be an excellent thing to try out. No one can tell whether or not it would be successful, because that would depend, of course, on how much talent there is in the state and whether those who possess it would take an interest in the



society. Both are unknown quantities at present. But I am highly in favor of organizing it, with, however, the understanding that, to begin with, it would be a tentative venture, not heralded by too proud a clash of cymbals, since there'd be no telling when it might painfully expire. For if, for the sake of rhyme alone, the organization came to be over-run by fulsome eulogies on North Carolina or choked with Pollyanna's vacuous gladness or maudlin with simpering sentimentality, I should vote to disband it immediately. However, I believe that there are quite a few people in North Carolina who are seriously interested in both the production and the appreciation of good poetry, and a society such as you propose should certainly afford them grateful stimulation."

From the statement of D. Hiden Ramsey, Editor of the *Asheville Times*, we receive the idea that there are many North Carolinians who possess poetical talents of a high order, and that a poetry society would act as a stimulus to their writing. To quote from Mr. Ramsey:

"There are many North Carolinians who possess poetical talent of a very high order. In some instances, their verses find a ready market. In other cases, their poems blush unseen.

"A society that would attempt to encourage love of good poetry and that would, above all, extend a helping hand to our own Tar Heel poets would undoubtedly prove to be an institution of great service and would soon command the support of all the cultural influences in North Carolina.

"After all, a state that has no appreciation for the riches of poetical literature and that withholds honor from its own poets is frightfully lopsided. Its soul is not in the best of health."

In the contribution of C. A. Hibbard, Associate Professor of English at the University of North Carolina, is set forth the idea that a Poetry Society would overcome the impression that a man who writes poetry is a "mollycoddle." Mr. Hibbard begins by saying:

"A Poetry Society for North Carolina would, in my opinion, prove the greatest single force for the development of creative writing in this state.

"What else would it do?

"It would tend to overcome the impression said to be current in this state that a man who writes poetry is, of necessity, a mollycoddle. I have heard of one capable writer who has given up poetry because of the effect on his business were it known that he did such an effeminate thing as write verse.

"It would, too, encourage the many people who have ability but need some sort of incentive to urge them on. Writers as much as other people, if not more, need contact with people of kindred interests."

"It would, furthermore, obviate such a situation as presented itself last spring when the magazine *Poetry* issued a so-called "Southern Number." This "Southern Number" contained no name from this state and was filled chiefly with the work of South Carolina writers,—simply because South Carolina has a definitely organized poetry movement. In fact so definitely was it organized that Miss Munroe in issuing the number practically turned its pages over to the Charleston society to edit and fill.

"But the greatest argument for a Poetry Society lies not in defeating the 'mollycoddle' attitude, not in the encouragement it might give others to write, not in mere state pride: rather, I should say, is it to be found in the fact that it would focus attention on the finer aspects of life and prove one means of developing a spiritual greatness to go hand in hand with North Carolina's material prosperity."

We get the under-graduate's point of view for M. Reed Kitchin, contributing Editor of the *Carolina Law*

*Review* and the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, and a member of the Sigma Upsilon Literary Fraternity. Mr. Kitchin takes the view that a Poetry Society would keep current poetry of North Carolina preserved for future generations. To quote from Mr. Kitchin:

"There are several pressing reasons for the creation of such an organization. And among the very first of these is the duty of gathering in all the current poetry in the state from year to year. In fact, this work of collecting, involving as it does, the laborious search for domestic poetry in old newspapers, magazines and text-books, has been done by a few enthusiastic souls and at wide intervals between. All this worthy work could with much less work and much greater success be carried through by the efforts of an active enthusiastic Poetry Society.

"Another work to be performed by such a society is that of distribution in book form of the best poetry collected, at stated intervals of time, say every five years. Not only should the libraries of other states receive such copies, but it should be seen to it that each public school in North Carolina became acquainted with the poetry found in such a volume. Let the people know their own poets, and the surrounding states also profit thereby.

"Also an anthology of North Carolina poets should be kept up to date by current replenishment. This much needed work could also be taken over by such a society.

"If a society for the perpetuation of North Carolina poetry had existed in antebellum times, the few and far between poems of those days would in all probability have been augmented to our delight, and more poems, such as 'The Old North State' would have rebounded to the credit of North Carolina.

Dr. Archibald Henderson is in favor of such a society, and believes that Chapel Hill would be the logical place for its organization:

"I think it is desirable to organize a Poetry Society here for the simple reason that the University ought to act as a center and a power plant, so to speak, of culture and disseminate its electrical waves into every nook and corner of North Carolina.

"The one great lack in North Carolina at present is the need of cohesiveness of sentiment and organization for the advancement of the cause of all forms of literature.

"The great cultural countries and sections are those which are operating in behalf of literature and culture societies which are organized, and which are placing before the public the best in the field that is being studied. In North Carolina there is no properly organized and constituted medium nor any magazine primarily dedicated to advancing the cause of poetry and the art of poetry.

"Doubtless there must be men and women and there are, I know, a considerable number, who possess poetic gifts of no mean order. No doubt much good could be accomplished by bringing these into a union for the advancement of art and poetry."

The Editor of the *Asheville Citizen*, Charles K. Robinson, believes that a Poetry Society could do much in preserving the English language from the degradation into which it is falling. To quote from Mr. Robinson in full:

"Any organization should be supported that would stimulate the love of poetry and encourage to literary effort those who have poetic gifts. 'It is the poets,' says Sir Walter Raleigh, 'who preserve language from pollution and enrich it with new powers. They redeem words from degradation by a single noble employment. They establish a tradition that bridges over the treacherous currents and quicksands of time and fashion.'

"Our time and fashion have discarded many traditions of

the masters of language. There is too much slang, there is hasty and careless usage—particularly 'treacherous currents and quicksands' in which the fine meanings of words are being lost. The cultivation of poetry among North Carolinians should give aid in preserving the strength and beauty of language, thereby providing a richer soil for the growth of noble ideas and supplying inspiration for splendid deeds."

Dr. William Louis Poteat, President of Wake Forest College, thinks that a society of this kind will be able to turn the public's attention to literary subjects; aside from this he believes that the society would have no practical value. Dr. Poteat says:

"I am in hearty sympathy with any movement looking toward the elevation of the literary taste of our people in North Carolina and the enlargement of the literary output of the state. The organization of any literary society will serve to turn the public mind upon these important matters. Perhaps that would be the chief function of a North Carolina Poetry Society. We shall have to work at the public interest and demand for good literature. We do not appear to be a reading people, and that is a large part of the explanation of our relatively small literary output. I am afraid that we may exaggerate the practical value of such a society as you propose if we expect it to function in other ways. May-be, membership in the North Carolina Poetry Society might in some cases stimulate and encourage some budding genius. If so, its existence would be amply justified."

President H. W. Chase, of the University of North Carolina, is in hearty sympathy with any movement leading to the establishment of a Poetry Society. He believes that a Poetry Society "would certainly tend to create a more stimulating environment for poetic genius." Our President's statement:

"It seems to me that such a society would have a distinct value in stimulating interest in productive literary work. I suppose that the creation of literature depends on two things: first, on the presence of individuals who possess the necessary creative abilities, and, second, on the presence of a favorable environment. Such a society as you mention would certainly tend to create a more stimulating environment and to that extent, it seems to me, it should be very helpful."

From William Thornton Whitsett we received an encouraging answer. Mr. Whitsett is an educator, a journalist, and above all "an honest-to-goodness" Tar Heel poet. He knows whereof he speaks. Mr. Whitsett says:

"When *Poetry, a Magazine of Verse*, was established in 1912 it selected as its dominant thought a sentiment from Walt Whitman, 'To have great poets there must be great audiences too.'"

The Golden Age of Greece was brought about by grateful appreciation being bestowed on the writers and artists of that period. A Poetry Society would help, Mr. Whitsett thinks, in the bringing about of appreciative audiences. He says:

"There seems to be much truth in such a thought. It will be recalled that some such thought must have been in the mind of the Athenian statesman, Pericles, twenty-five centuries ago when he adopted a policy of such liberality, and generosity, and fostering care, that the arts so flourished that his time became known as the Milky Way of Great Men. Bright stars rose in many other ages but never before or since was there such a galaxy as in that day when there flourished Aeschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides; and Zeno, and Socrates, and

Plato; and Phidias and Pindar and Herodotus, and many others making it the great age of the world's history for the development of talent and genius, and the rapid advance of the artistic life of mankind. The secret of this astounding age is to be found in the spirit of appreciation that met all artistic effort. Love and sympathy and appreciation have ever nerved man's heart to the highest human daring."

North Carolina now is indifferent to the finer arts, thinks Mr. Whitsett when he says:

"Cold and callous indifference is revenged by poverty and paucity of production, running all the scale from the field of the farm to the immortal fields of imagination and reason. Here and there one like John Keats will rise to eminence despite sneers and neglect, but scores will scorch and die under the breath of scorn."

As an insider Mr. Whitsett speaks of the practical value of a Poetry Society:

"There is no way of measuring the value of organizations whose purpose it is to foster the arts. The new Poetry Society of South Carolina has already added greatly to the intellectual wealth of our sister state. From my own experiences I happen to know something of the delightful fellowship and mutual sympathy and helpfulness to be found in our national organization known as the Poetry Society of America, and in the organization of our English cousins known as the Poetry Society of London, England. The bulletins keep the members in close touch with each other, the social meetings and occasional dinners afford inspiring social contact, and the kindly criticisms are productive of better work and higher aspirations."

In conclusion Mr. Whitsett, with reference to Mr. H. L. Mencken and his "Smart Set," says that poetry societies throughout the South would help in bringing her some slight recognition in the literary world. To conclude from Mr. Whitsett:

"Patrons and sincere friends of literature have it in their power to do much good. To be continually ringing the changes on the South as being 'the Sahara of the Bozart' will never get North Carolina or the South to the front in literary matters. It takes neither genius nor inspiration to assume the critical and destructive attitude. If you believe that nothing worthy is being done in letters, then do something yourself that is worthy. If you cannot, then encourage some one to do so who can. Pericles was employed to prosecute Cimon but followed his higher and better thought and helped to acquit him. Why not help acquit the state and the South of any charges of literary poverty by either producing something that is worth while, or fostering all efforts on the part of others who are trying to do so?"

"This issue of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE shows a worthy purpose on the part of those who have it in charge. They deserve our commendation for their efforts. It is to be hoped that the large numbers of students now enrolled in our higher institutions will see more and more of their number aspiring to do permanent work in the world of letters."

To summarize the reasons why a Poetry Society should be established in North Carolina:

1. A Poetry Society would bring together and encourage those interested and talented.
2. It would put the public's mind in a receptive and appreciative mood.
3. It would help bring North Carolina to the front in the literary world.

So it seems that the only thing lacking is for some one to take the lead in the matter and organize such a society.



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## NORTH CAROLINA AS A FIELD FOR CREATIVE WRITING

Hardly another state in the Union offers greater possibilities for the creative writer than does North Carolina. Here we have traditions and the physical environment that few states equal. The field is rich in material for the hands of genius to shape. No great use has been made of this material, but that is the fault of the Muse and not of the sources.

From Murphy to Manteo North Carolina is filled with themes that only await the touch of the hand of greatness to convert into words of undying fame. What greater sources than these: the mountains, the sea, the plains; the life of the simple North Carolina folk, the fisherman, the farmer, the mountaineer, the man of the city, the white man, the black man and the Indian.

What more inspiring themes than these: the industrialization of the agricultural Piedmont region, the life on the farm, in the city, in the mills, the woods and on the sea.

What greater subjects than these: Roanoke Island, Virginia Dare, coastal pirates, the Regulators, heroic men of the Revolution, the War Between the States, the World War; the lives of the great men of the state, Vance, Aycock, Pettigrew; the battles of Moore's Creek Bridge, Guilford Court House, King's Mountain; the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, the Edenton Tea Party.

What more beautiful sights to inspire the pen of man than these: the mountains, the waving corn and tobacco, the planting and harvest seasons, the sea coast with the storms raging about Hatteras; flora and fauna of nearly all varieties; our rugged mountain streams, our smooth flowing coastal rivers. What better themes than our legendry, folk-lore and dialect songs?

With all this we have not produced great pieces of

literature or other works of art. We have the legendry, the traditions, the history and the physical environment, but our greatest lack is of a proper attitude in our social environment. We lack, according to William Thornton Whitsett, an appreciative public. He says, "love and sympathy and appreciation have ever nerved man's heart to the highest human daring. . . . Here and there one like John Keats will rise to eminence despite sneers and neglect, but scores will scorch and die under the breath of scorn . . . . It takes neither genius nor inspiration to assume the critical and destructive attitude." Yet in the past we have assumed "the critical and destructive attitude" toward work produced in North Carolina and the South. This is one reason why North Carolina poets do not stand out as they should. One man says he doesn't write poetry because if it became known it would injure his business. Others do not because some persons consider it effeminate.

The main fault with North Carolina in the past and in a large measure in the present lies in her lack of proper appreciation and estimation of the quality of the gifts her sons and daughters possess. North Carolina would much rather read the works of an inferior Northern poet than read the works of a superior North Carolinian.

To try to remove this difficulty, to endeavor to create interest and stimulate thought and discussion on the subject of North Carolina and the arts, a symposium has been compiled by the MAGAZINE for this issue, giving the views of prominent persons throughout the state as to the feasibility of a poetry society for North Carolina similar to the one in South Carolina.

The consensus of opinion taken is in favor of the establishment of such a society in this State. The logical place for its organization seems to us to be the

University of North Carolina, for this place, if it is not, should be the cultural center of the State. The society could here find its focus. All over the State there are literary clubs that could be organized into one large state wide organization known as the Poetry Society of North Carolina, with headquarters at Chapel Hill.

Possibly no greater single thing could be done here to put North Carolina forward in a literary way than the perfecting of such an organization. A mandate has come from those interested that there should be such a society.



### NO TIME FOR CULTURE

Just how much of that elusive thing called "culture" do we have here on the campus of the University of North Carolina? Last year there was much discussion among the students concerning this matter, and some even went so far as to say that it was decidedly conspicuous by its absence. Others went so far as to advocate the addition of certain courses to the already overcrowded curriculum in order to correct the deficiency. These courses, they said, should include lessons in dancing, ballroom etiquette, and how to behave in general.

Others said that culture and polish were synonymous and that if there were more fraternities so that everybody could belong to one the problem would be solved. All of which, of course, was absurd. Culture may and sometimes does include these things but it is never created by them.

We believe that we do have culture here in varying degrees, that we always have had and always will. The point is, however, that we do not have as much as we should. And why not? We have all the ingredients necessary to produce culture; we have a campus rich in history and tradition, haunted by the spirits of its past heroes and great men; we have a fine library full of old and new books—the classics, poetry, philosophy, science. We have some of the ablest and most cultured professors to be found anywhere. We have a beautiful campus shaded by century old oaks and poplars, and nearby a lovely woodland and park full of walks and paths.

We are away from the noisy and busy life of the city, and yet in touch with all the life and activities of the State and outside world. In short, we are in possession of all the environment—everything that should produce culture and refinement.

But does it really do this? Men are being turned out every year with what is usually termed an education. They pass courses, accumulate a lot of facts, rules and formulas, and get their diplomas. But many are dissatisfied. You hear some say, "I'd like to come back now and get an education."

And some do come back. Every year we find some of last year's graduating class back again, working for an M. A. perhaps, but more probably they are searching for some real knowledge—for culture.

Something must be wrong and we believe it lies in the lack of leisure. We are always in a hurry. We have no leisure, no time to think things over. It is not recreation we need, although that is important, but real leisure, when one has time to weigh and to consider, to read and to meditate.

This has been one of the main handicaps of the State as a whole as well as the entire South. We have had too little leisure—we have been too much engrossed in the problems of making a living. We have had no time for art, literature and music. As a result we are criticising ourselves because of the absence of these things. Isn't it about time to stop hurrying and find some leisure—some time for the finer, nobler and more enduring things of life, both here at the University and out in the State?—ARTUS M. MOSER.



### SOME THINGS NEEDED HERE

An interesting suggestion was made last year to the senior class as to the matter of making a class gift to the University. The suggestion was that the senior class start a fund to secure three things here: first, a pipe organ for Memorial Hall; second, an art museum of worthy reproductions of great masterpieces; third, a southern hall of fame, similar to the hall of fame of New York University.

These three things are sadly lacking here at the University. True, we have some things of value but what we have is pitifully small and scattered. We are too far from art galleries, museums and the like. What is needed here is a touch of art, of culture. We need something to give us an appreciation of values.

Of course it is not within the power of the students here to accomplish all these things suggested. The cost would be too great. However, a start could be made in this direction by the senior class and carried on by each successive class.

Just how could the senior class start this? The following has been suggested: That, instead of each senior class leaving as a memorial to itself some piece of bric-a-brac of little permanent value to the University, it take out incorporation papers, to be turned over successively to each senior class, for the purpose of establishing and raising a fund for the purchase of objects needed. The present senior class, with the consent of the academic and professional classes, would form a corporation whose offices would be assumed by each successive senior class. A certain number of shares of Building and Loan stock would be carried by the corporation, the number of shares to be carried to depend on a fixed ratio of so many shares for a certain number of men. Thus each senior class would pay a pro rata share of the final donation.

This would establish a fund which at maturity would be large enough to endow some really needed thing such as set out above.

This or a similar plan should be worked out. It is up to the present senior class to consider some means of giving to the University something of permanent value.



# *The Collegian and Culture*

By NELL LEWIS BATTLE

Is the above title merely alliterative or are the terms interchangeable? Miss Lewis says that "the mental soil is fertilized by college for whatever cultural seeds may fall on it," and that "the collegian is the logical person to whom North Carolina should look for any increase in interest in the aesthetic." She believes that the college stands for something intangible, for something spiritual, but that only a few students recognize this. "This atmosphere brings about an attitude of mind which is the college's greatest gift to its students." Only a few develop this attitude, "and these few must be the leaven, the salt which must not 'lose its savor.'" After college "a thousand practical concerns arise to modify our interest in 'the things unseen.'" But individual and collective culture is built upon that interest. The collegian has the opportunity to develop it. He may contribute largely to the life of his State if he can retain it as well."

ONE is disposed to shy at that word, "culture." For one reason, it is so frequently upon the lips of persons similar in mental vacuity to Don Marquis' "Hermione" and her "little group of serious thinkers." It smacks of ladies' literary clubs and wordy professors wearing brown Van Dyck beards and Willie-boys whose socks and ties and perfumed silk handkerchiefs are all of one pale and harmonious lavender. In short, there is about the word a certain superficial suggestion of the pusillanimous. Consequently, the title of this article was chosen mainly for the sake of alliteration.

One is even more strongly disposed to repudiate the role of a promoter of culture. There is a holier-than-thou assumption in such a role. The promoter of culture is usually much the same sort of person as the one who says, "I am so interested in humanity!"—as if his view of "the so-called human race" is from a remote and isolated peak somewhere in the near neighborhood of Olympus. The writer disclaims the delusion implied.

But, of late, some people in this state have been talking and writing a bit about North Carolina and culture, —whether she has it or whether she hasn't, and what sort, and how much, and so on. And it has seemed, judging by what some of the people have said, that it is to be regretted that the state hasn't more of the article in question, whatever it may be. So it would appear that this culture, seriously considered, represents something desirable.

Part of the definition of "culture" given in one dictionary is "improvement or refinement of mind, morals or taste, enlightenment." Leaving the improvement and refinement of morals entirely to Mr. John S. Sumner, of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, the rest of the definition answers present purposes fairly well. But it is rather bare. Amplifying it slightly, culture implies an interest in and an appreciation of subjects purely aesthetic; that is, those which pertain to beauty through whatever form of art beauty may be perceived,—music, painting, sculpture, liter-

ature, drama. There is, too, another and rarer culture which has to do with the beauty of conduct, with the manifestations of "the gallant human spirit." But that is beside this discussion.

If North Carolina is poorer in culture than some of us could wish,—whatever the reasons for this barrenness may be,—to whom can the state look with most reasonable hope for enrichment along this line? The answer would seem plain:—to its boys and girls in college.

Although utilitarianism in education seems to be gaining in popularity along with the tendency to consider the college of liberal arts as a bread-and-butter asset distinctly inferior to the vocational training school, the fact remains that the college can give to its receptive children spiritual gifts to be obtained equally nowhere else. And the most valuable gift of the college is a certain attitude of mind. When this attitude is developed, the mind is attuned to appreciation of things other than material: it has a new set of values. It is not so much the training of the mind which college affords that seems to me of first importance, as it is the mind's cultivation, its enrichment, its enlightenment. The mental soil is fertilized by college for whatever future cultural seeds may fall upon it. So, to repeat, the collegian is the logical person to whom North Carolina should look for any increase in interest in the aesthetic.

"There's more in college than you get out of books." This is bromidic, but true. Books are sometimes the least of college. The "greasy grind" whose chief interest they are is seldom, if ever, a discriminating person, but rather, one with a singularly poor eye for opportunity. But there isn't much more in college than its atmosphere.

Of course, when anyone undertakes to analyze atmosphere, to lay it out on the operating table and dissect it, it is much as if he tried to take a full-length picture of the wind that "bloweth where it listeth." So many intangible things which elude analysis go into the making of college atmosphere, things of the mind

and heart,—for example, such real and filmy abstractions as youth and tradition and esprit de corps.

Often the physical beauty of the college contributes much. At the safe distance of five hundred miles or so from Northampton, I may even be guilty of expressing the fleeting mood which makes me sometimes speculate as to whether Bryn Mawr with its English Gothic buildings of gray stone mightn't have been rather a good choice after all. I dare not mention, even in a whisper, to the readers of this Magazine, the atmospheric assets of the Rotunda and the colonnades of the University of Virginia. "The gray spires of Oxford against the pearl gray sky" stand for what I mean,—and The Well with the ivy of the Old South for a background.

But more than the physical beauty of a college constitutes its atmosphere. Every college is haunted. The growth of all of them that count for a rap has its deep root in tradition. The college giants of old days still walk the campus paths. And there remains about the place some ghostly remnant of the gay laughter, the good fellowship, the bright dreams, the tumbled thoughts and the swift hopes of vanished collegians.

Into the composition of the atmosphere of a college goes, too, the personality of some of its professors. This is no small part. Here are men who have found joy in sheer mental activity, who have escaped into a world "where stridency and clamor are forgotten in the ancient stillness" but where "the great things of the human spirit still shine like stars." And occasionally these sages are such good old boys that their enthusiasm is contagious for those who sit at their feet. It becomes something rare and worth trying to attain even through the intricacies of Greek verbs and the complexities of Kant.

And in every college worthy of the name there is liberty of thought and of discussion, not merely with the old fellows but with violently opinionated contemporaries. "The great eternal verities" must be threshed out anew in each generation of collegians with amazing mental gymnastics in some smoke-clouded room or (since I am writing of the girls also, I will decorously add for the sake of the proprieties) over an ice cream soda.

Though books may not be all of college, they are still worthy of some consideration. The opportunity which college affords through books to "hold high converse with the mighty dead" is an introduction to the highest society which improves vastly upon acquaintance. Books can open wide doors and show you marvelous vistas. And at college there is leisure to enter and to pass a little way along these broad avenues.

But more than all this, the college itself stands for something intangible. The student at business school

calculates that what he learns there will net him dollars and cents. Liberal education often does the same. But dollars and cents are not its real end. Every building of solid brick and stone and mortar that one finds at a college is a monument to something spiritual. Put rather gradiosely, this is the search for Truth, the quest of the supreme abstraction. Through even the enthusiasm for athletics, the gaiety of commencement dances, the joys of comradeship, this spirit of the college diffuses itself. A few students recognize it. Doubtless there are many others whom it touches and affects without their consciousness of contact.

All of these,—the physical beauty of the college, the traditions which haunt it, the personality of its professors, the stimulation which results when mind strikes fire from mind, acquaintance with the immortals, the essentially spiritual purpose of the institution,—all and more go to make up the college atmosphere. And it is this atmosphere which brings about that attitude of mind which is the college's greatest gift to its students.

What is this attitude of mind? What should it be with such a cause but recognition of the fact that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." What else but the fortified intuition that "the things unseen are eternal?" And such realization is the very foundation of culture. I do not think that all students develop this attitude. I do not even think the majority do. But I know that there are some who do so. And these few must be the leaven, the salt which must not "lose its savour."

After college it is easy for this savour to be lost. Youth and college are contemporaneous. Sometimes when one passes, the effects of the other go, too. The world outside is very different from college. Nothing is more erroneous than the idea that college is the world in miniature. It is no such thing. College is a walled "garden of early sweetness." The world is a dusty road. And the dust of it blows into the eyes of the way-farer and dims their clearest sight.

"The world is too much with us." Automobiles, Rotary clubs, the price of cotton, the factory, the office crowd themselves upon our attention by their very imminence. Those echoes of "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago" which used to stir us strangely when we were in college are drowned in the noise of daily traffic. The hem of some shining garment which we have touched begins to slip from our less-eager grasp. A thousand practical concerns arise to modify our interest in "the things unseen." But individual and collective culture is built upon that interest. The collegian has the opportunity to develop it. He may contribute largely to the life of his State if he can retain it as well.

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### In the Next Issue

"'Bill' Nye, Carolina's Yankee Humorist," is the title of an article in the next issue of the Magazine. Nye was the Josh Billings of his day. He lived for many years in Western North Carolina and is buried in a little country graveyard near Asheville.



# The South in Art

## Barren or Fertile?

By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

In which Dr. Henderson "reveals the promulgator of Prejudices in all his crass error and fallacious caricature," and yet, he says, there is in the South a signal lack of communal interest in art and music, and of popular concern for literature and the drama. Dr. Henderson lists the leading literary figures and artists of the South in an interesting manner and gives reasons why they have earned their places in the Southern literary gallery. He says the South must outline and carry out a definite series of undertakings in order to create a field congenial to, and stimulative of, great art. He gives below his ideas on the subject telling what he thinks should be done toward the creation of such a field.

A VIGOROUS note of criticism, the "healthy spirit of a large and liberal discontent," is beginning to be distinctly heard round about. On all sides we are bombarded with such questions as: "Is North Carolina a state of reading people?"—"Why have we so few and such inadequate libraries?"—"Is an automobile worth more than a book?"—"Have we any native literature?"—"Is the South today the 'Sahara of the Bozart'?" Gradually these questions are becoming more and more searching, humiliating in their implications. If this thing keeps up, it will not be long before the queries take the form: "Are our college professors illiterate?"—"Was O. Henry a moron?"—"Did Walter Hines Page know one letter of the alphabet from another?"

The sting of the *Tabanus Teutonicus* is at last beginning to penetrate the protective covering of a nation of Babbitts living on Main Street. No section of the country is immune from the stings of this pestilential gad-fly domiciled within the purlieus of the Smart Set. It is very irritating to be stung in an exposed part; and unfortunately it doesn't relieve the pain either to curse the gad-fly or to ignore it. Nor can we wholly blame the gad-fly for seeking blood where it can find blood—in the fat victims of a swollen and suburban pride. The gad-fly is simply following its natural instincts.

It is worth while, for argument's sake, to put to ourselves the question: "Has the South of today a literature and an art worthy of a great people?" The answer is a decisive, though carefully qualified, "Yes; and No!" A simple catalogue is adequate refutation of the colossal libel contained in the deliberately exaggerated challenge: "If the whole of the late Confederacy were to be engulfed by a tidal wave tomorrow, the effect upon the civilized minority of men would be but little greater than that of a flood on the Yang-tse-Kiang."

Certainly it is true that the writers native to this section of the United States compare favorably, in both quantity and quality, with the writers of any other

well-marked geographical section of the United States. In art our showing is pitiable and painfully unsatisfactory.

### FICTION

Let us begin with fiction. The list carries conviction without the need for argument. We may begin with the *novelists*: Thomas Nelson Page (Virginia), whose death only yesterday provoked national laudation of an American immortal; James Lane Allen (Kentucky), since Howell's death recognized in many quarters as America's most distinguished novelist; George W. Cable (Louisiana), a contemporary classic in his own life-time; Ellen Glasgow (Virginia), ablest interpreter in American fiction of the post-bellum conflict between the *ancien regime* and the new social order; Mary Johnston (Virginia), America's most fascinating writer of the historical romance; Willa Sibert Cather (Virginia), widely acclaimed today as a leader of the new school of American fiction; James Branch Cabell, remarkable stylist and exotic figure in the modern world of letters; Grace King (Louisiana), charming interpreter of old New Orleans; Elizabeth Robins (Kentucky), recognized in England as a novelist of rank; Henry Sydnor Harrison (Virginia), a leading American novelist of fine sensibility, noted for a distinguished style; Hallie Erminie Rives Wheeler (Kentucky), who has written many stirring romances of vivid interest; Alice Hegan Rice (Kentucky), delightful humorist and portratist of provincial American types; Maria Thompson Daviess (Kentucky), novelist of delightful humor and sentiment; Corra May Harris (Georgia), subtle and satiric in the portrayal of character and the mutual reactions of modern temperaments. Other names might be added to this impressive list. Mention should be made of some remarkable exponents of regionalism in American fiction, who have but recently passed away: Will N. Harben (Georgia), who won the high praise of William Dean Howells for a striking series of novels with scenes laid in his native state; John Fox, Jr. (Kentucky), who made the Kentucky mountaineer, of unrelenting feud and primitive

religion, vividly live in the pages of fiction; Ruth McEnery Stuart (Louisiana), who has painted a gallery of striking individual characters and types; and Mary Noailles Murfree (Kentucky), who as "Charles Egbert Craddock" won secure fame for veracious and sympathetic portrayal of the life of the denizens of the Tennessee mountains.

In the field of the short story America has been conspicuous since the days of Poe (credited to the South), who was in large measure its creator and expounder, as we know it today. In his day, little more than a decade ago, William Sydney Porter (North Carolina), under the singular pen-name "O. Henry," stood pre-eminent. The South's leading writers of the short story today are: Thomas Nelson Page (Virginia), recently deceased, whose most memorable stories are "Meh Lady" and "Marse Chan;" James Branch Cabell (Virginia); George W. Cable (Louisiana); Irvin Cobb (Kentucky); Harry Stilwell Edwards (Georgia); Armistead C. Gordon (Virginia); Octavus Roy Cohen (South Carolina); Margaret Busbee Shipp (North Carolina); Wilbur Daniel Steele (North Carolina).

#### POETRY

In the field of poetry mention should be made of Madison Cawein (Kentucky), recently deceased, who won extraordinarily high praise from leading poets and critics of the day of the stamp of Stedman and Gosse; Olive Tilford Dargan (Kentucky), most gifted living American poet of the Elizabethan line; Sara Teasdale (Missouri), whose delicacy of touch and subtlety of feeling proclaim her a leading American poet of the modern manner; Cale Young Rice (Kentucky), dexterous sonneteer, playing a lute of many strings; John Gould Fletcher (Arkansas), whose fame as poet is as surely based as that of Edward Arlington Robinson or Robert Frost; DuBose Heyward and Beatrice Ravenel (both of South Carolina), whose memorable verse constituted the bulk of a recent Southern issue of the Chicago magazine "Poetry;" and Benjamin Sledd (Virginia), whose verse has reached a cosmopolitan audience.

#### HISTORY

In the field of history may be mentioned, without comment, Woodrow Wilson (Virginia), William Edward Dodd (North Carolina), Walter Lynwood Fleming (Alabama), Philip Alexander Bruce (Virginia), John Spencer Bassett (North Carolina), Lyon Gardiner Tyler (Virginia), John Holladay Latané (Virginia), Ulrich Bonnell Phillips (Georgia).

#### CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES

In the broad domain of literary criticism and *belles lettres*, these names speak for themselves: Walter Hines Page (North Carolina), recently deceased; William Peterfield Trent (Virginia); James Brander Matthews (Louisiana); Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve (South Carolina); Edwin Anderson Alderman (North Carolina); Charles Alphonso Smith (North Carolina); Charles Forster Smith (South Carolina); Edwin

Mims (Arkansas); Yates Snowden (South Carolina); George Armstrong Wauchope (Virginia); Herman Harrell Horne (North Carolina); Pierce Butler (Louisiana). Only the most conspicuous names have been set down; many others have claim to our attention.

The literary record of the South today, in view of the most marvelous performance in self-rehabilitation in history, is little less than impressive. "If you divide the United States into four sections," says that hard-headed critic, Irvin Cobb, "the South, the North, the Mid-West and the West—you will find that the South has to her credit more writers than any one of the other sections. . . . The South tops the sections."

This survey of leading representatives of the critical art, creative literature, and productive scholarship of a particular geographical section of the United States, the South, reveals the promulgator of *Prejudices* in all his crass error and fallacious caricature. Can these worthy representatives of the culture of a great people have come from a region described by the High Priest of Prejudice: "In all that gargantuan paradise of the fourth rate there is not a single picture gallery worth going into, or a single orchestra capable of playing the nine symphonies of Beethoven, or a single opera house, or a single theatre devoted to decent plays, or a single public monument (built since the war) that is worth looking at, or a single work-shop devoted to beautiful things." Is it sheer ignorance, or merely a passion for irritating distortion, which prompts this professional polemist to overlook the municipal art gallery of St. Louis; the annual exhibition of the Southern Art Association; the Nashville Symphony Orchestra; the Spartanburg Musical Festival; the Atlanta annual season of Grand Opera; the Carolina Folk Players at the University of North Carolina; the Columbia Stage Society; the Atlanta Drama League; Sir Moses Ezekiel's monument to the Confederacy at Arlington and his statue of Jefferson at the University of Virginia; Edward V. Valentine's recumbent statue of Lee at Lexington; the superb monuments and statues at Charlottesville, Virginia, to Jackson, Jefferson, Lewis and Clark, and George Rogers Clark by Keck, Bitter and Aitken; the noble memorial to the Confederacy by Ruckstuhl at Baltimore and Salisbury; the famous shop of Professor Woodward at Sophie Newcomb, where exquisite pottery is made? Examples might be multiplied—these happen to be the first that come to mind.

And yet!—is it not true, after all, that in the South there is a signal lack of communal interest in art and music, of popular concern for literature and drama? When has a North Carolina philanthropist, man or woman, ever left a substantial sum of money for the endowment of an art gallery or a symphony orchestra? Outside of Richmond, Atlanta and New Orleans, there is no Southern city or town, I daresay, where drama of a high type may be seen continuously from season to season—although good plays, of course, not infrequently are carried on tour throughout the South. We



have few famous musicians—shall we say John Powell (Virginia), or Dicie Howell (North Carolina); few famous painters—I think only of Elliott Daingerfield (Virginia); few famous sculptors—I recall at the moment Valentine (Virginia). We have no great dramatists or great players. It is to our credit balance that William C. DeMille (North Carolina) is in the front rank of American film producers. And the most notable and impressive of all American moving pictures ever made is "The Birth of a Nation," built by America's greatest film producer, David Wark Griffith (Kentucky) from the Reconstruction trilogy of Thomas Dixon (North Carolina), a highly successful writer of American historical novels. And, speaking of literary art of "broadcasting" power, I believe that America's most famous "sport-writer" is a native of the South, Grantland Rice.

Looking facts in the face, we can no longer cite with either pertinency or cogency the old threadbare stock excuses for the dearth of literary activity in the South. These excuses are all painfully familiar—I have used them myself in many an article and public speech!: Preoccupation with the art and profession of statesmanship, the incubus of the institution of slavery, the handicap of the plantation system, the dead weight of poverty and penury following the War between the States, the absence of cities to serve as literary foci, the habitual indifference of the South toward native authors—and other famous "alibis." These causes are rapidly disappearing, some of them have vanished forever. The South is prosperous; and there is abundant time and opportunity for the cultivation of art. We must have done with exculpatory "rationalizations"—spurious explanations of facts which are to be explained on wholly different grounds.

To me, it is quite clear that the South must outline and carry out a definite series of undertakings, in order to create in the South a field congenial to, and stimulative of, great art.

1. We must develop a more skilled and more balanced critical sense for the judgment of art and literature. The genial complacency, the calm indifference to publication and native authorship, characteristic of the Old South, must give place to a keen interest in literature produced by Southern authors, and to the creation of "a standard of criticism as varied as literature itself is varied but centralized by good taste, seasoned sympathy, and institutional understanding."

2. We must develop magazines of literary criticism and public opinion, on a parity with those of other sections, commercially profitable, paying contributors at an equal scale with that of other magazines of similar character and scope. The magazines must not be narrowly "Southern," sectional, prejudiced: they must be national in feeling, international in outlook, Southern in the sense of acting as a lofty medium for the most notable literature produced by Southern authors.

3. Before we can produce a great art, a great liter-

ature, in our own midst, we must awake to the necessity for its recognition and support by ourselves. The overwhelming majority of the Southern-born authors cited at the beginning of this article left the South to ply the trade of authorship elsewhere.

Along agricultural, industrial, and economic lines the South is making giant strides. Our condition is one of prosperity, not of poverty. We must create a state of affairs in the South under which a native-born author may continue to live in the South and earn his living by his pen.

4. The reconstruction of the intellectual life of the South has lagged far behind the reconstruction of her industrial and economic life. We must expend our wealth with lavish hand for the development of the classic creations of art and the cultivation of the aesthetic instincts. Our millionaires must endow great institutions for the teaching, practice and preservation of art:—symphony orchestras and concert bands for the delectation of the multitude; art galleries for the preservation of masterpieces of painting and sculpture; open air theatres for the production of the classic and modern dramas; schools of drama, stage production, and acting; chairs at the great productive universities like North Carolina and Texas for the stimulation and production of creative literature. Our philanthropic captains of industry must establish in the South great publishing houses for the publication and dissemination of Southern and national literature. We must organize Poetry Societies, Drama Leagues, Little Theatres, authentic literary societies, groups made up of men and women who are seriously consecrating their lives to the fostering and the production of literature. Our towns and cities must build modern, beautiful, spacious theatres and opera houses where the best plays of all nations and ages may be seen, the most famous and beautiful operas, the most uplifting concerts and recitals may be regularly heard, from season to season.

A half century ago, Matthew Arnold said to his own English people: "The theatre is irresistible. Let us organize it!" Only a decade ago, Thomas Hardy said to a group of English writers who had gathered to pay him tribute: "An appreciation of what is real literature, and efforts to keep real literature alive, have in truth become imperative, if the taste for it is not to be entirely lost, and, with the loss of that taste, its longer life in the English language." To the people of North Carolina, to the people of the South, I venture to speak in the spirit and with the challenge of Hardy and Arnold:

*Let us develop real literature and the arts of the seven spheres in the South, and put forward enthusiastic and tremendous efforts to make them live and flourish.*

*Art—Literature, Music, Poetry, Drama, Painting, Sculpture—is irresistible. Our civilization demands it. Let us organize it!*

## *The Physician*

*Here is a gripping story of the mountain country of Western North Carolina in which mystery, Indian legendry and pathos are so cleverly interwoven as to make this piece of fiction intensely interesting*

By R. S. PICKENS

"CHARLIE, he very sick."

The old Indian stood in the doorway of my office, his tattered hat rolled into a knot, his face covered with perspiration. With the jerking motion of old age, as if the softening fluid in his joints had all been used up, he shifted from one foot to another, and as I questioned him, mopped his age-bitten old face with the knotted hat.

Reluctantly I packed into my case a little something to eat and prepared to follow the old fellow back into the mountains where Charlie was down with his last illness. I had been with Charlie twice before, and now I knew he had received his call to go into the unsunned spaces. He was a strange old white man, evidently educated, a hermit, and thought to be crazy.

The life of a county physician is no easy one. In a flat country it would not be so bad, but up here in the mountain's it is awful. But one must make a living, and when one is just a young doctor people don't seem to donate hospitals or make paths to office doors.

The old Indian was not far ahead, I knew that, but the terrific silence of the mountains set me to musing. I was forced to ride slowly, the roughness of the road and the age of my horse preventing any speed. I had eighteen miles of rough riding before me.

For two years now I had been riding the trails and rough roads of Burke County. Sometimes I was called in to patch up a slit side, the result of some fight between mountain factions. Often I had to probe into men for lead and steel. Women in child-birth, old men dying from falls, young men with tuberculosis, all called for the county physician, and Burke gave me \$2,000 a year for it. Often I was tempted to tell the county board to go out and attend the cases themselves.

Memories and the mountains kept me there. I loved the silent hills. I had been raised there by a kindly couple who picked me out of the wreckage of a train on which we were all passengers, after my mother had been killed. I remember my mother very well, but I haven't the least idea where we were coming from, or where we were going when the two engines met, and my mother had the life crushed out of her. There was some man with her, not my father, for he often told me in no uncertain terms that he was not my father. He appeared to be glad of it, and I am sure I was. I remember seeing his dead body lying in the red dirt where it had been flung by the wreck. I hated him.

My mother's body was never found. We looked for it for hours after the wreck, and the people who found me sitting on a bent and broken rail tried to find some

trace of her for years I think. I know my name is David Harrison. I remembered that. Four year old boys can generally remember their own names.

I was raised there in Morgan, the people took me into their hearts, and the childless old couple loved me as if I were their own son. I loved them in return, but never felt like a son to them. It grieved them both when I refused to take their name and be their legal son.

After my college days were over and I came back to the little mountain town to practice medicine, I became the county physician, and have remained such ever since. I haven't had time to build up a private practice.

The old Indian stopped me by taking hold the reins of the horse.

"Trail very rough. Better dream in town office. Horse fall, you fall, Charlie, he very sick," came in broken sentences. From then on I stopped my retrospect and watched the trail up the mountain. The Table Rock trail was all that the Indian said it was and then more. Often I had to dismount and take it on foot as the Indian did.

Just as the sun was dropping behind the South Mountains and the smoke from the Morgan and Shelby mills was standing out black against the hot yellow of the sunset, we reached the top of the ridge.

To my right was the great rock. The sacred shrine of the Cherokee Indians where for decades they had offered up human sacrifices. The legend has it that the treasury of the whole tribe, now dead with the exception of the few old Indians that live huddled up in a small settlement down the ridge to my left, is to be found somewhere in the center of the rock.

Charlie lived in an old cabin on the outskirts of the Indian settlement. Who he was no one knew. The Indians never speak of him except to praise him, and there are only two left who were there when Charlie came to them. He had a massive head, a head entirely too large for his body. It gave him the appearance of deformity. Lean and hard, he could, until the day of his last sickness, climb with the best of them, shoot unerringly, and sing.

The queer part about Charlie was his voice. Often when riding back from an all night vigil far back in the mountains I have heard Charlie's voice lifted in song and always I stopped my horse until the music had died out in the distance, or Charlie had ceased singing. The Indians used to sit for hours at a time listening to him sing, or talk. He would tell them of a great world that even I knew nothing of. I once heard



him tell three old Indians that he had sung before the king of England. They didn't know any more about the king of England than the trees they were sitting under, but Charlie had to boast a little. All men have to boast sometime.

It was twilight when I walked into the room where the old man lay.

"Well, my boy, my time has come. You cannot do me any good, for I must die and I know I must die." The old man's voice boomed at me from a blanket covered cot over in a dark corner. "When the shadow of the rock on the morrow reaches my door, I shall die. It has been so told me by the prophet of the Cherokees."

"Oh, I don't know about that," I replied as best I could, trying to be cheerful when there was nothing to be cheerful about.

I leaned over the old man to get a better look at his face, and drew back in astonishment. I have never seen such a face before. The wrinkles that had been there before were gone. The eyes, always bright, were positively brilliant. His voice, as he spoke to me was as strong as ever, filling the room with its volume and cadence. What a voice he had. His forehead was dry and hot and the touch of his hand told of a high fever. He was dying, but dying slowly. I knew he would be rational until he breathed the last time and the tired old heart stopped. There was nothing to do but wait until he died and try to give him as much comfort as I could.

"Boy, come over here. Sit on the cot by me here for I want to tell you something of the mountain. You have heard strange tales no doubt of the Cherokee treasure. I want to tell you of it. I know its history and I know the Indian legend. I want you to do something for me. Put on those hip boots there and then come back."

I went over and put on the hip boots as he wished and then came back to the bedside.

"Listen now," the old man continued, "I want you to go down to the foot of the rock, turn to the left, circle the north side and go down into the Devil's Gulch. You know where it is for I brought you once to set the leg of an Indian who had fallen there.

"I want you to go to the very bottom of the Gulch, and there you will find a loose rock, almost as high as your head. If you place your hand on top of the rock, tilt it slowly to the left, you will find the entrance to a long narrow passageway. Enter there and go slowly down the passage until it broadens a little. Then turn to your right at the first entrance. You will have to stoop down for several yards. Go slowly through there and watch for the holes. They have no bottom. You will have to cross a small stream of water soon after getting to the place where you can stand erect and from then on you can walk with comfort, but watch that you do not lower your hands below your knees. There are blind snakes in there beyond the stream. On both sides of you will be the dead bodies of many Cherokee chiefs.

"Passing on from the burial places you will see the

relics of many a savage war. At the end of the passage you will find a small box. I want that brought here. There is nothing else in there worth keeping. The Cherokee treasure is a myth, but I want that box."

Charlie was breathing hard when he left off speaking, and the eyes were not so bright. The moon had come up and was sending a light across the room through the open door. Moonlight is generally silver, but it seemed green as it reached out across that death room. I left Charlie to go in search of his box, in a cave I believed to be only in the mind of an imaginative dying man.

As I walked over the soft black earth of the ridge top I couldn't help wondering at the moonlight. It looked hard like the reflection of light from some green metal. It came down through the heavy foliage of the walnut and hickory trees in little green splotches. The rock was looming up before long, and I circled to the north as directed.

The cave was there as Charlie had said. I entered, felt my way along as best I could until I reached the open spaces he spoke of. I lit the lantern I was carrying and pushed on through the passages until I stepped into the water of the small stream.

On the other bank I paused for a long breath and made an effort to see where the stream came from and where it was going. I could see nothing but a greenish blackness.

I felt two thumps on the boots I was wearing. I thought someone was throwing at me and bent over quickly to pick up what had struck me. The green head of a blind snake flashed past my hand and my leg was sore from the drive, easily felt through the protecting boots. I hastened on with the thumps continuing as I went, until I reached the end of the cave and found the small box wanted by old Charlie.

I held the lantern high over my head as I came back through the passage, observing the burial places of the Cherokee chiefs. Now and then I felt a thump on the boots, and fervently prayed that no fang would get through them. Some of the chiefs had been dead for ages I guess and some only for a hundred years or less. Spots of dust marked the last of most of them, but now and then a skull would look out of the green darkness at me and often I saw little mats of hair without skulls to grow on.

Charlie was muttering under his breath when I got back to the room. I couldn't hear what he was saying as I approached. As soon as he saw me he ceased.

"Here it is old man," I sang out at him cheerfully. If anyone talks cheerful around me when I get ready to die I am going to leave a curse on him that he will never be able to shake off.

Charlie took the box, placed it over next to the wall, and then turned to me. "I want you to sit there at the window, looking toward the East, and tell me of the sunrise. It is only a matter of a few minutes now until it should be getting gray out there in the East. It has long since been day in England. Merry old England.

"While you sit there I shall either talk or sing. I may do either, and I don't want you to interrupt me except when I question you as to the coming dawn."

The night was fading into grayness. A greenish grayness. I have never been able to reason out why everything looked green to me that night. Charlie hummed lightly over some old tune that was familiar, although I couldn't remember the name of it. Whip-poor-wills cried softly in the distance and occasionally the clear wavering cry of a hoot owl came drifting up the mountain side. The morning star came up from behind Linville Mountain.

"Boy, has the morning star arisen yet," questioned Charlie.

"Yes, just over the chimneys on the Linville side of the Gorge," I replied.

Out of the indistinct humming a clear lucid tune was coming,

"The breeze of the morning moves  
And the planet of love is on high  
Fainting in the light of the sun she loves,  
On a bed of daffodil sky."

So the words ran. I had never heard the tune before, although now they are singing it on a hundred platforms every night.

The voice rose clear and lyrical, just as Tennyson's great poem does. The old Indian who guided me up the mountain slipped by and on to the rock. I saw him there in a few minutes with his long arms flung out to the sky, standing as still as the great silent rock, the sacred shrine of the Cherokees.

The words of the singer died out.

"Is the sun on its way, boy?" I jumped as if I had been shot when the question was asked.

"Yes," I replied. "The greyness grows into light. The darkness passes."

He began to sing again. The few remaining Indians stood outside the cabins awaiting the sunrise and listening to the matchless voice of the singer as it poured out through the stillness of the early dawn. He was singing the "Death Song" from Carmen. I didn't know it then, but I know now what it was.

"Has the color come into the sky, boy?" said Charlie when he had sung through the song.

"Yes."

"Boy, when the sun gets over the side of Linville there, and the mists begin to crawl away down through the valley and old Grandfather rears its head up through them, the shadows of the great rock will fall across my last home. Then I shall die. Until then I shall sing."

He did sing. Through two verses of the great church song, he sang, sitting erect in his bed. Then the shadows started on their way. I turned to him just as he fell back, but he was dead.

I covered him gently, picked up the box and sat down in the early morning sunlight streaming through the door. The lone Indian on the rock had disappeared. I

opened the box which was unlocked. It had been locked when I carried it to the old man.

I stared at the first paper I drew from the box. It was music. That was all I knew at the time. It had been put down, note by note, the measures having been drawn by hand, the lines even and straight. Later that piece of music was sold throughout the world. I dug on down through the box until I reached a long white envelope. I tore it open.

The story put down there was unreal. I read:

"I am writing here to tell my life. In whose hands it will fall I know not. Unless a white man is by my side when I die, no one will ever see it. The music I am placing with this is the music of the wild nights here when the storm is raging. It is the music of the air when the heavy thunders of afternoon have passed and the great God has woven the rainbow into a scarf and flung it on the shoulders of the retreating storm. It is the music of the life I have led. I want it sent to a good music publisher, an old one if possible, and an English one, signed with the name signed to this life story of mine.

The letter, or story, read on and on, telling how old Charlie, the Crazy Charlie, had been one of the promising English singers of thirty years before. He had married a beautiful woman who later left him, taking their young son with her. She had gone off with another man and Charlie followed. He had followed them to America where all trace of them had been lost. What became of the son he never knew. A broken, bitter man, he had disappeared from the world. Little details of his life were given and a short history of each piece of music enclosed in the box had been written in there.

I was nearing the end.

"I am near the end of my story. In the envelope you will find a picture of my wife, who left me for another man. I have lived a life of little use to the world. If my music is what I think it is, my name is made secure. If I have brought into the life of any man, woman, or child a little of the glory of the morning star as I have watched it herald the coming of day, I am glad, and my life has not been so little. I am near the end of my story. When I finish it I shall be near the end of my life.

"There is no bitterness in my heart against my wife. I feel that she suffered enough. I have only a longing to once more hold in my arms my little boy. But I know that can never be.

"Later—I have had a stroke again. The young doctor from the nearby town (to which I have never been), called to see me, but could do very little for me. I am strangely attracted to the young doctor. I do not know his name, but if I should die before he reaches me when I have my next stroke, I shall be sorry, for I want him to find this story of my life. If he is the one to read this, let him think of me, not as Crazy Charlie, but as the English singer, longing for the hedges of merry old England, and for the chance to



hug against me once more my son. I long for my son. This, the 28th year of my exile among the Indian people, I seal this and place it among my music and papers and secrete it in the tomb of the Indian leaders.

DAVID HARRISON."

I read the name signed to the strange epistle and reached tremblingly to the envelope to find the picture he spoke of. It was the picture of my mother as I remember her.

Charlie was my father.

# Sheiking The Muse In The Bozart

By RAYMOND W. ADAMS

Mr. Adams has been concerned with the literature of the various sections of America for some six years—with that of the South for over two years. He secured his M.A. at the University of North Carolina last Commencement for work based on the study of later American literature. He believes the criticism of Mencken in regard to the South being the Sahara of the Bozart is an exaggeration and should be discounted, yet he contends the thesis to be a sound one and the exaggeration to have tonic properties. Mr. Adams says: "I agree that this is a desert—a desert that needs a few dam(n)s and a little irrigation."

THE most encouraging fact about Southern literature today is a wide discontent with things as they are. It is a negative fact, it is a pitiful admission of our shortcomings, but it is better than having both no literature and no discontent. An uncomfortable ignorance is infinitely more hopeful than a comfortable one and, to the lasting glory of the region, the South is not blissfully illiterate; even if, judged by any ordinary standards, it is illiterate. It is hard to admit illiteracy, it is very much like admitting that one has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, that one has surrendered to the easy way of comfort rather than taken the harder way to lasting satisfaction, but such things sometimes have to be said in the interest of truth.

I have just been looking over the index to the latest volume of America's chief literary paper and I have been disappointed in the scarcity of Southern names listed there. Save for two men, Cabell and Stribling, no first class writer seems to be living and working in the South. The muse of literature has deserted us.

It is never pleasant to be deserted by anything feminine and fickle and it is particularly unpleasant to be deserted by a muse. When one finds himself in that position, it is best to cast about for ways and means of getting back into the good graces of the lost goddess. It does not do simply to remember that he has once been Fortune's darling; there is little satisfaction in that, he must set himself to placate the muse and come once again into divine favor. It is not easy to win a muse once lost, it is one thing to offer a sop to Cerberus and quite another thing to offer a gift fit for a muse. Cerberus will snap at anything, the muse of literature will not be retrieved by anything less than truth or beauty or something permanently good.

The South has not always been so deserted by the muse. In the eighties, under the first stimulus of re-

covery from the war, there was much good literature produced here. The output continued in a diminishing volume throughout the nineties but it has practically ceased during this century. While she was looking kindly on romance, the muse hovered over the South; when, in her fickleness, she turned to realism, she deserted the honeysuckle and rose and made her home in grainfields and city streets. The South could produce romance but it seems quite incapable of equaling the other sections of the country in the production of realism. There are a score of realistic writers in the Middle West who are of first rank, there are a dozen in the Northeast, but if there are three in the South they are yet to be heard from. Sinclair Lewis said that *Main Street* might have been written about a Carolina village. True, it might have been but it is more significant, I think, to remember that it wasn't.

Such is our pitiful lack. Over against two dozen mercilessly introspective studies of contemporary life issuing from the North we offer one notable study, *Birthright*. In a day of stark realism, we try to gain recognition by the old brand of romance. We haven't learned the game. Certain things are always present in good writing but romanticism is not one of them. Realism may be as truly good as romanticism and just now the muse whom we are courting finds it more acceptable. Surely we shall never win the affection of this feminine being by stubbornly offering her an old and now unwelcome bribe. That is no way to manage a goddess.

Let us go about this thing diplomatically since the management of goddesses requires infinite diplomacy. If we cannot offer great quantities of realism, what can we offer? We have two or three first rate prose writers. That is no mean possession. Some civilized races have gone for a thousand years with less and our darkness may be only comparative. We have a

few poets, not great but poets nevertheless, whose number might grow with proper encouragement. We have poetry societies and dramatic societies second to none. We have four or five good literary periodicals including *The Reviewer*, *The Double Dealer*, and *The Sevanee Review*. And more than all that, we have a life unlike any other on earth that is ready and anxious for expression and interpretation. That last fact makes a Southern literary renaissance practically a certainty.

Now for the diplomacy and the winning of the goddess; find the writer and encourage him. All that has been said about "mute, inglorious Miltons" is too true; too many men are downed by circumstances. Genius will not push its frail head through too much discouragement and the fact that some few heads arise is only an indication that there are a good many more below who, being slightly weaker, are doomed to oblivion. Cultivate genius. In spite of what Mencken says we are not living in a region as barren of culture as the Sahara. We need not be ashamed of what literary men there are in the South but we must realize that they have come in opposition to what the South has done and we ought to be ashamed of that. We must realize that the same lack of sympathy and encouragement against which those who have risen had to fight has kept many others from rising at all. Such tactics are not diplomatic and will not win any muse. We are

gradually learning other tactics and as we learn them more and more perfectly we shall be coming more and more near that rebirth of Southern literature which is due to come.

We can win the muse by realism if we must. We are capable of producing great realists and we can win her by realism alone; but I suspect that we had best keep our hand in at romanticism because the muse is fickle and feminine—fickle enough to desert realism at any moment and feminine enough to prefer a bouquet of roses and honeysuckle to the sheaf of wheat that now takes her fancy.

One thing more. There is always danger that we shall over-encourage mediocrity under the delusion that any talent indicates genius. We are a proud people and like to exalt our own talent but we must realize that our literature will be judged by the world with an absolute standard that is not influenced by regional sympathy. We must measure up to that standard; our genius must be genius and not mediocrity supreme in its own region. Though the present seems dark the future is undoubtedly bright. We must face certain present facts, meet certain demands, and move according to certain laws of literary growth, then the South will develop a literature. Let us remember that while discontent may be divine, self-satisfaction is apt to be fatal.

#### CONCERNING SOME OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Nell Battle Lewis is a college woman in journalism. She is a graduate of Smith College and at one time was a member of the staff of the New York Times. She is now on the staff of the Raleigh News and Observer and is publicity director of the State Department of Public Welfare. She is steadily winning wide recognition of her work.

C. A. Hibbard, Associate Professor of English of the University of North Carolina, is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin. For some time after graduating from college he taught English and edited a newspaper in Japan.

Raymond W. Adams is a graduate of Beloit and the University of North Carolina. He is now teaching English here.

Thomas H. Hamilton, a graduate of Monmouth College, has done graduate work at Chicago, Columbia and the University of North Carolina. He has studied under David Bispham and Herbert Witherspoon in America and with Andre Gresse at the Paris Conservatoire. Before becoming an instructor in the Department of Music here he taught in Egypt, Iowa, Illinois, Texas, New York and Ohio and was a member of the Thirtieth Division in the A. E. F.



# Archibald Henderson: An Appreciation

By EARL H. HARTSELL

Edwin Markham says of Henderson: "He stands to-day as the chief literary critic of the South and in the very forefront of the critics of the Nation. . . . Versatile, vigorous, vivacious, insistent on the primal rectitudes and the eternal realities, this thinker, talker, and writer is a marvel of being and doing. His faculties are electrically quick and effective. His sympathies are genial and genuine. As a scholar, as a citizen, and as a man, Archibald Henderson is an ornament to North Carolina and an honor to America."

ARCHIBALD Henderson is one of those versatile individuals who defy classification and labelling. When you think you have shelved him properly among the foremost mathematicians and educators of the twentieth century, you find him breaking into the literary world with a bang which cannot be ignored. To still further complicate the problem of "sizing up" this many sided personality it is only necessary to view him in the light wherein he is most popularly noted at the University—as an orator and a sportsman, *par excellence*.

But why waste time and space in an effort to find an appropriate classification for a personality whose only claim is that he is a human being, with the emphasis on the "human," and that his work, in all its multiplicity of interests, is simply the result of a keen, vital realization of the the infinite possibilities inherent in the nature of the *genus homo*.

There is a great deal of the Renaissance about this stalwart figure battling for recognition in a half-dozen lines of endeavor at the same time. A story, almost too good to be discarded, has somehow gained credence among his acquaintances. According to this tale, which has no foundation in fact and which is characterized by its innocent victim as "rot," Henderson was once knighted by Queen Victoria in recognition of his contributions to knowledge in the field of mathematical research. Substituting the Elizabethan for the Victorian conception of knighthood, no title would seem more appropriate for this dashing, dynamic personality than that of "Sir Archibald." What a pity he can't wear it!

The fact that Henderson has attained world-wide recognition in practically all of the many fields he has dared to enter disproves immediately any accusation of dilettantism which might be brought against him. His methods are as far removed from those of the dilettante as the proverbial East from the West. His investigations are thorough and painstaking; his conclusions mathematical in their accuracy. When he wanted to write about Mark Twain he first established a close personal friendship with that noted author. Before he could write a book about Ibsen, he must needs have an interview with Ibsen's widow, in order that he might get the proper slant on the personality of that much misunderstood writer. Six years of study and

investigation went into the making of the world famous biography of George Bernard Shaw, in preparation for which the author spent months in England in intimate personal association with his subject. This biography is a work of such penetrating insight and mastery as to merit the high tribute paid him by that premier of modern thought and letters.

What has been the contribution of this industrious writer to the literature of his native state and Southland? The answer to this question will involve an explanation of Dr. Henderson's attitude toward the whole field of literature. This attitude may be characterized as being patriotic without a touch of provincialism. He has displayed untiring zeal in his efforts to encourage Southern writers and to bring their works into national prominence. In bringing out his hundred and fiftieth anniversary edition of Thomas Godfrey's "Prince of Parthia" he took advantage of a good opportunity to point out the strong claim of Wilmington, N. C., to the honor of having had no small share in the inspiration and creation of this first American tragedy. The prodigious labors of Dr. Henderson in collecting O. Henry data and giving it to the world as well as his work in raising the money for the O. Henry memorial tablet are too well known to need repetition here.

In "The Conquest of the Old Southwest," published in 1920, Henderson added glory to the names of the early pioneers who left their native Carolina to open up an unexplored realm to civilization. Numerous essays and treatises on historical subjects written at various times in his life serve to emphasize Henderson's patriotic interest in every matter that pertains to his native state and to the South. For the past six years he has labored on the collection of material for a monumental volume dealing with Washington's tour through the South. This book, published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., of Boston, will appear some time next fall.

Yet the great bulk of Henderson's literary work steers clear of anything resembling sectionalism. He has no interest in a distinct type of Southern literature, no sympathy for provincialism, however patriotic it may be.

"One of the motives back of what little I may have contributed to the field I have chosen as my avocation,"

says Dr. Henderson, "is to demolish utterly the idea that, because a man is a native of North Carolina, his literary horizon is necessarily limited. I have tried to show the world that a work of literary merit may be produced in the South as readily as in New England, and that it may command as wide a circle of readers whether written in Chapel Hill or in Cambridge."

The correctness of this theory has been amply demonstrated by the success of Dr. Henderson's own writings. Leaving folk-lore to the tender mercies of the Carolina Playmakers, he has invaded the worldwide realm of literary and dramatic criticism, and in a very large sense has conquered it. His books, articles and reviews have been published in a half-dozen different languages. He is a recognized authority on Mark Twain, Shaw, Ibsen, Meredith, Maeterlinck, and every other outstanding literary figure of the age. It is such world-prominent figures, their personalities and their influence on the thought and feeling of the times, that have captivated his mind and drawn from him his best productions. He is far from being a mere hero-worshipper, however. His writings on these men of whom he has made exhaustive study show keen insight into the mysteries of human nature and an unprejudiced diagnosis of their strong points and their weaknesses.

The "prophet-not-without-honor-save-in-his-own-country" figure doesn't apply with such tragic significance to Archibald Henderson as it has to many leaders of human thought. The man is too versatile to be wholly ignored, even in his own home town. Yet, it might not be a bad guess to say that the average student at Oxford or Cambridge is more familiar with the dramatic and literary criticisms which make up a large part of his work than the average student at the University of North Carolina, where the stately figure of "Dr. Archibald" forms one of the every-day features of the landscape.

There is scarcely space in an article of this length to give any more than the barest catalogue of Dr. Henderson's best known works. The "Erskine Steele" articles in the *Charlotte Observer* during the years 1903-04 marked the beginning of his career as a literary critic and attracted considerable attention. At this time Henderson, just twenty-six years of age, was an instructor of mathematics at the University. He maintains that he first started writing as a means of eking out a meager salary, and that mercenary motives of a like nature have been a great incentive to his subsequent efforts.

The success of the "Erskine Steele" essays encouraged Henderson to try a broader field and to his great surprise, he says, he had no difficulty in disposing of his manuscripts, which were accepted by widely read publications. Along about this time young Henderson began his study of the great mystery-man, George Bernard Shaw. This study reached its culmination in 1911, when the famous "George Bernard Shaw, His



DR. HENDERSON IN HIS STUDY

Life and Works" came off the press to be hailed with delight by critics and literati generally, to whom the name of Archibald Henderson had already become familiar through the publication of his previous volume on "Interpreters of Life and the Modern Spirit." These two volumes with the equally famous "Mark Twain," the joint translation by Dr. and Mrs. Henderson of Emile Boutroux's "William James" and the mathematical masterpiece, "The Twenty-seven Lines on the Cubic Surface," which was published by Cambridge University at its own expense, mark the eleven months preceding January 1912 as Henderson's period of greatest productivity. All these books were published during a tour abroad, and even this Herculean labor was not enough to satisfy the indefatigable man. A dozen critical essays and reviews appeared under his name in various magazines and periodicals, ranging all the way from the *Charlotte Observer* to the "Finsk Tidskrift" published in Helsingfors, England.

During the next five years history and the drama seem to have divided Henderson's attention—or rather, subdivided the literary division of it, for writing has never been more than an avocation in a life devoted to the teaching of mathematics. "Forerunners of the Republic" and "Life and Times of Richard Henderson" were published in 1913, and in the same year appeared "European Dramatists," followed by "The Changing Drama" in 1914.

The memorial essay on O. Henry was given to the



world in 1914. "The Star of Empire" and "The Conquest of the Old Southwest" followed in 1919 and 1920 respectively. The following year, science once more claimed her own and "The Teaching of Geometry" and "Number" appeared along with several essays on the Einstein theory of relativity.

Just a hint to any journalist who feels a desire to "write-up" Archibald Henderson. If you are interested in the mathematician go to the office of the head

of the department in Phillips Hall for your interview. If it is the scholar-literate-historian whom you seek, find him in the book-walled study of his Chapel Hill home, Fordell. In the one place he keeps everything pertaining to his scientific personality; in the other, all the many volumes of a literary nature which he has tirelessly collected and enriched. It is the sole concession that he makes to the dual genius that is within him.

## A New Deal For Southern Literature

In which the writer paraphrases Touchstone's classification of the seven causes for a misunderstanding, treating upon the Volume Courteous, the Volume Patriotic, the Volume Valiant, the Volume Sentimental, the Volume Numerical, the Volume Defensive and the Volume Geographical, in this manner illustrating the mistaken attitudes taken by editors of Southern anthologies. But where, he asks, is the Volume Artistic?

By C. A. HIBBARD

### NAME YOUR MEN

"A New Deal for Southern Literature" on this page urges that the literature of this section be estimated by one standard only—that of artistry.

It may be a bold proceeding, but The Carolina Magazine ventures to nominate ten writers whose work will, we believe, bear up under such an examination. If you don't happen to agree with us, write in offering your own ten nominations. We shall be glad to make use of them in future issues.

Poetry—Edgar Allan Poe, Sidney Lanier.

Humor—Mark Twain.

Short Stories—Thomas Nelson Page, George Washington Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, O. Henry.

Novels—William Gilmore Simms, John Fox, Jr., James Lane Allen.

ONE who reads the newspapers and magazines of this state cannot but be impressed by the recently renewed interest in the subject of Southern Literature. Leading articles, essays, and editorials—all have been employed on the question of whether or not we have a literature of the South. Perhaps it means that, after two years, the pin prick thrust of H. L. Mencken has reached under the skin. Perhaps, and I prefer to think this, it means that we are beginning seriously to take stock of our literary output.

Be this as it may, it is obvious that these recent critics have been fairly apologetic in tone. They have assumed that we had no literature and then gone ahead to give reasons for our "sterility." So far as that part of the South journalistically called Tarheelia is concerned, we have been told that literature does not flourish because "we talk too much," because "we lack

a literature of criticism," because we "have been recovering from the effects of the war," because the state is largely hampered by the illiterates within her borders.

No doubt these explanations, together with others, do tell us why we lack great numbers of writers and a great body of mediocre or even moderately excellent literature. But these various critics in their efforts to be unprejudiced, broad-minded and fair are trying so hard to stand erect that, in reality, they are leaning backward. Blinded by the silly sort of thing which has so far made up our anthologies and collections of Southern Literature, they stand too ready to admit a weakness which does not exist.

The weakness in Southern Literature is not so much qualitative as it is quantitative. We have some dozen men of rare ability—men whose best work reflects credit on the South and on the United States. But there are by no means so many of these as the editors of our anthologies here in the South would make us believe. So far these editors have spent their efforts ponderously in an attempt to claim great numbers of authors rather than to present adequately the work of some few who have been master writers. Take the matter of poetry. The South has two all-wool-and-a-yard-wide poets, men whose work should be known and appreciated everywhere, and yet our collections putter around presenting hundreds of names and thousands of poems which can never by any stretch of the imagination be considered art. With Poe and Lanier better known in the South (they are already well known abroad) the poetic vein would be found to run as deep and as rich here as in most sections.

Should I be stating the question too strongly were I to say that in the past the South has been the worst enemy of Southern Literature? Recently I have taken opportunity to study some dozen or more collections of the literature of this section. In every case they were books edited by Southerners. And yet each of

these volumes falls into one error or another characteristic of all of the work so far done to promote an interest in the writing of the South.

Touchstone's classification of the seven causes for a misunderstanding may, by paraphrase, lend an easy illustration of the mistaken attitudes taken by editors of these Southern anthologies. First there is Volume Courteous; then follow the Volume Patriotic, the Volume Valiant, the Volume Sentimental, the Volume Numerical, the Volume Defensive, and the Volume Geographical.

Excerpts from the introduction of books of these types may prove the point most satisfactorily.

To the Volume Courteous I relegate that anthology which is designed primarily to include the work of friends, fellow townsmen, or citizens of one's home state. Such a book states its aim to be that of "perpetuating the memory of our dear Texas authors" and pleads that all men and women in the state who have state pride "may increase and enlarge its sphere of usefulness by extending its circulation."

The Volume Patriotic is akin to the Volume Courteous. It lists "over four thousand writers" (fortunately giving selections from only a few hundred) and deliberately states its purpose to have been "to illustrate the Old South, and answer arguments urged against her and her institutions."

The Volume Valiant represents that type which is inclined to admit that much included between its covers is not really great writing but, nevertheless, the editor of the books "knows what he likes" and is insistent on his taste. Of this type is the anthology which murmurs: "Let us twine the laurel garland around the names of our native singers, nor be afraid of incurring thereby the deprecatory censure of critics, native and foreign."

The Volume Sentimental—this sort of collection sets up popularity as its one standard. It includes those works which for generations have made maiden ladies weep and lovers sigh. Because our fathers courted or our mothers fainted to their cloying sweetness they are supposed to deserve preservation. These are the stanzas which "were household poems of an older generation and embodied characteristically the tradition and the spirit of the people who loved them."

The volume Numerical takes its claim for popularity solely from the fact that it presents a wide range of writers. It establishes the fact that there is a virile literature in this section by mere shouting of numbers. Of this type is the collection which states "This volume contains the names of 241 authors—166 male and

75 female. Of these 201 have published books. The aggregate number of volumes is 739."

The Volume Defensive includes that class of anthology which pleads for justice in recognizing the merits of little known writers—usually little known because they deserve to be. One such book states: "This little volume . . . is intended to call fresh attention to the poetic achievement of the South. . . . It may be doubted whether several of these have been given the place in American letters to which their gifts and achievements justly entitle them."

The volume Geographical is probably the most egregiously anomalous of all. The purpose in collections of this sort is to make appeal to state pride by including writers from each of the Southern states more or less irrespective of the merit of their work. A quotation from the preface of such a collection states that its aim "is to represent the literary life of the South with all its inequalities, and not to create arbitrary standards to which all the selections must be subjected. It would seem that these very irregularities may be recognized as a merit of the book."

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Volumes, then, courteous, patriotic, valiant, sentimental, numerical, defensive, and geographical. All these we have and to a great number. But where, pray, is the Volume Artistic? Could there be no such one? Or is it, rather, that we have been so preoccupied with one interest or another that we have forgotten the need of art to be, first of all, artistic?

Right here enters my plea for a new deal for Southern Literature, a deal to be made above board, according to the Hoyle of critical and creative standards, and with unmarked cards. Shuffle the cards and throw into the discard the old worn "deuces" and "trays." Let us forget state interests, friends and relatives, household favorites, the fallacy of numbers, the plea for "justice" and, in their place, consider but one qualification—conscious artistry.

A volume of this sort would not include many names—ten or a dozen at most. But it would have the very beneficial effect of calling positive attention to the fact that the South has a real literature and the effect of quality would make the total bulk larger than it has ever been made to do under the old regime of editors. Once this is done, once we cease talking about Tar Heel writers, Georgia writers, Tennessee writers, Texas writers and make a genuine attempt at estimate of the best in Southern Literature, we shall have made our own unconscious and best answer to the charge that the South, so far as literature is concerned, has been the Sahara of the Bozart.

## Who is John Looloo?

*Do you know that a graduate of the University of North Carolina used to be a famous clown in the John Robinson Circus? In the January number of the Magazine will appear the story of this man who after leaving the University pursued such an unusual career for a college educated man.*



# *A Southern Renaissance In The Arts*

By THOMAS H. HAMILTON

Mr. Hamilton states that the present century should normally witness great artistic development in the South, and that in this renaissance of the arts the university is destined to play the part of guide, philosopher and friend. He says that there are three powerful forces which might do yeoman service in this awakening—the church, the college and the press—but that at present they are only languidly interested, if not actually hostile, to the cause of fine art. He thinks the South is on the verge of a great awakening musically, and that the public school system holds the key. “Having music taught in all the public schools would change the musical map of the South in less than a generation.”

A CERTAIN prolific American writer recently referred to the South as the “Sahara of the Bozart.” Nell Battle Lewis, in the *News and Observer*, offers an explanation of why this has been true as far as North Carolina is concerned, and courageously suggests a remedy which ought to receive the thoughtful attention of everyone interested in Southern progress. It is that “artistic productivity and appreciation can be gained only by the rise of an ‘aristocracy’ of taste and intellect, whose members recognize without shamefaced blushes the high value of the aesthetic.”

Our strong sectional consciousness makes us crave a distinct Southern school in the arts. Yet when we consider how young and inexperienced America is in the family of art-producing nations, we might be content to merge our ambition into the national desire for distinction, and to think of the fine arts in national rather than in sectional terms.

By far the best showing so far has been made in literature, partly for the reason that it alone has been adequately taught in Southern colleges. Until recent years, music was left to schools for girls, and the other fine arts left out of the curriculum. The gospel of Sidney Lanier fell on deaf ears except in so far as it related to literature. But there are signs that it will yet bear its full fruit.

The South has a historical right to lead rather than to lag in this field. In Colonial days the South was more hospitable to the drama than was the North. The first companies coming from England were advised to take their stand in Virginia and the Carolinas on account of the liberal Episcopalian attitude toward the theatre rather than face the active opposition of the Puritans and Quakers in the North. But the economic factors of small towns and difficult transportation finally drove these companies to the larger cities of the North, where opposition gradually dwindled.

The earliest proposal for instruction in art, architecture, and music in any American university was made in 1818 at the University of Virginia. It was one hundred and one years later that the McIntire School of Fine Arts began its career of enriching the life of Virginia students. In the same year the University of

North Carolina initiated its Department of Music. No other important Southern college for men has so far opened its doors to the fine arts, with the possible exception of architecture.

The present century should normally witness great artistic development in the South. It is true that the centuries of tradition in the production of artworks are lacking on this side of the Atlantic, yet we have an inheritance that Italy, for instance, did not possess when her Renaissance began, because all the riches that have come into the world since that time are at our disposal, in a sense, for study and inspiration, together with a machinery for the dissemination of knowledge and appreciation such as no previous century has had.

In creating this “aristocracy of taste and intellect,” three powerful forces which might do yeoman service are at present only very languidly interested, if not actually hostile, to the cause of fine art. I refer to the church, the college, and the press.

Since Cromwell's day, many churches have carefully nursed their traditional antagonism to the drama as represented in the theatre. The drama, cradled in the Christian church, has in modern days been disowned and disinherited by most of the churches. These two vital forces for human progress ought to be better friends, and will become so as the more intelligent element in each party come to direct affairs. When each Southern state university has an organization doing the quality of work done by the Carolina Playmakers, a long step will have been taken towards establishing a native drama worthy of the South.

In this renaissance of the arts, the university is destined to play the part of guide, philosopher, and friend. It is the high office of a state university not only to offer courses demanded at present by the state, but, as a pioneer of truth and learning, to create a demand for those subjects which belong to a riper civilization. The president of a certain college in this state maintained for several years, against the advice of his trustees, a department of art, cheerfully meeting the deficit, because he felt it worth while to make a financial sacrifice in such a cause.

Much precious academic breath is annually wasted in assailing the advance of vocational studies. Wil-

liams College has completed a survey which shows that there are only fifteen strictly cultural men's colleges in the United States aside from denominational institutions. Incidentally, these fifteen colleges have produced more than their share of our great men, and probably will go on doing so, if they can stand the competition. Bread and butter ideals of education have made great inroads upon the sacred fields of classical learning. It would seem that, with the thousands of experts who now man our departments of education, no one ought to worry about the future of the college curriculum. Yet I, for one, deplore the lessening interest in Greek, to mention one subject that loomed large in the education of our fathers. In many a college the professor of Greek has been almost the sole apostle of the fine arts, an intercessor, so to speak, between the student body and the Muses.

At least, the poise and serenity that characterizes Greek art are more needed than ever in our education. If we cannot make its acquaintance through the medium of the Greek language, we should know it in translation. There is no better antidote to the jazz tendencies of the day. Which suggests a word about jazz, about which so much nonsense has been written that a bit more can do no harm.

There are degrees of merit or of imbecility in jazz, just as there are degrees in the excellence or vapidness of dime novels. All of us have moments when we enjoy both forms of dissipation. Much confusion has resulted from the assumption that jazz is a substitute for music, an error as ghastly as considering pepper a substitute for food. The true function of jazz is that of a rhythmical irritant. From the realm of inspired imagination and idealism it is infinitely remote,—how far may be sensed by substituting the word "jazz" for the word "music" in this fragment of poetry:

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit and let the sounds of jazz  
Creep into our ears; soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Its nearest approach to kinship with the Nine Sisters might be suggested if we say jazz is a mosquito-bite on the ankle of the muse. Making an immediate appeal to the most elemental instincts, requiring no mental effort on the part of the listener, jazz is naturally popular. The best that can be said of it is that it brings momentary happiness to its devotees; the worst, that it often supplants a form of music that could strike deeper and come nearer satisfying the ceaseless hunger of the soul for beauty. It would be folly to try by argument to convince a man who had never tasted peaches that their flavor is more delicate than that of cabbage, but extended familiarity with both usually results in a preference for peaches as a matter of taste.

What the press could do for fine art can hardly be exaggerated. One North Carolina newspaper is already demonstrating, in frequent editorials, that it has an intelligent interest in the cause, and a just concep-

tion of the value of fine arts to the citizenship of the state. The *Greensboro Daily News* is pioneering in this respect, but is it not also practicing sound journalism?

Gerald W. Johnson was recently quoted in the *University News Letter* as follows: "The North Carolina press is as strong as any in the South, and stronger than most. Nevertheless, it indubitably does have a tendency towards parochialism and a too limited range of interest. Not a newspaper in the state maintains a music, literary, or dramatic critic whose opinions command respect; and while it is worthy of praise for its sanity and honesty, nobody would ever accuse the North Carolina press of brilliance. It views the fine arts with something akin to suspicion, and the battle of ideas with indifference. It is truly representative of its state—it has most of the solid virtues, but precious few graces."

Is it too much to expect that the day will come when the page devoted to the fine arts will command as general attention as the market report, the sport page, and the colored supplement?

Napoleon could by an edict make the study of drawing compulsory in France, and immensely stimulate French graphic art for the next century. In our democracy such things have to be fought for, slowly. There are forests near Chapel Hill, near Tryon, near Asheville, as beautiful as the Forest of Fontainebleau, but we are waiting for a Corot to paint them. Meanwhile our wealthy citizens go to New York or Paris to buy pictures. The time will come when we shall have master-painters of our own.

Suppose we had a sculptor who could produce a really great work with such a subject as a dough-boy, a cotton-picker, a discus-thrower or a quarterback passing the ball. If it were really a masterpiece it would survive long after all memory of football contests between Virginia and Carolina.

The next ten years must necessarily see a tremendous building program all over the country, much of it of a relatively permanent character. It is a challenge to American engineers and architects to develop new and finer ideas in domestic architecture, as well as in commercial buildings and public works.

Having opera at New Orleans and Atlanta has not made us musical. But annual festivals at Birmingham, Spartanburg, Asheville, and Greensboro is a step nearer. It is significant of a new era that Winston-Salem has this year purchased orchestral equipment for its high school that ranks second finest in the country. A department store in Charlotte has organized a choral society for its employees. Having music taught in all the public schools would change the musical map of the South in less than a generation. The South is on the verge of a great awakening musically, and the public school system holds the key.

Let the school boy and the college man come to realize that creative work in the fine arts calls for all that is most virile, most masculine, most manly. Let the



nation as a whole, impatient for short cuts and quick returns, realize that the finest fruits of the human mind and spirit do not ripen quickly, but require long apprenticeship and infinite toil and pains. Let educators see that the deep underlying purpose of all education is power to appreciate those things which the fine arts seek to give expression to. "Fine art is one form," says Hegel, "through which the Divine, the profoundest interests of mankind, are brought home to

consciousness and expressed. It is in works of art that nations have deposited the richest intuitions and ideas they possess." Greek drama and sculpture survive by two thousand years the political state which gave them being. What there is in our civilization worthy of immortality will in process of time find its embodiment in poetry, drama, music, or some other deathless art, and in that form it will survive long after our nation has perished.

## Carolina Folk-Plays

By G. WRIGHT LANKFORD

**P**ERHAPS the most significant achievement of The Carolina Playmakers, under the direction of Prof. Frederick H. Koch, is the first volume of Folk-Plays just off the press and now for sale throughout America. The fact that Henry Holt & Company, one of the foremost publishing houses of the world, took all the responsibility, in a financial way, for the success of the volume is within itself a great contribution to the fame and progress of this Carolina organization which has for its purpose the encouragement of native dramatic art and the establishment of native theatres in North Carolina and in America.

The neatness of the volume, the carefulness with which it has been edited by Professor Koch and Professor Tom Pete Cross, of the University of Chicago, the attention given it by the state press and the amount of attention it is attracting in general is enough to satisfy the dreams of the most ardent supporters of The Playmakers. It is a great step for Professor Koch and his players, it is a distinction to the University to have been instrumental in having published the first volume of true Folk-Plays in this country, and a great amount of credit is due the energetic little Carolina professor who has worked so consistently in the field of the native drama and whose greatest success is now manifested in this volume.

Five plays are included in the book, all of which have been successfully produced at The Play-House in the public school building and presented to large audiences on state tours. They are: *When Witches Ride*, a play of folk-superstition, by Elizabeth A. Lay; *Peggy*, a tragedy of a tenant farmer's daughter, by Harold Williamson; *Dod Gast Ye Both*, a moonshiner's comedy, by Hubert Heffner; *Off Nagg's Head*, or *The Bell Buoy*, a tragedy of the North Carolina coast, by Dougald MacMillan, and *The Last of the Lowries*, a play of the Croatan outlaws of Robeson county, by Paul Greene.

An introduction, in which Professor Koch traces briefly his work since founding The Dakota Playmakers, gives a short history of the Carolina organ-

ization and tells something of the possibilities its director believes it has. The article on the dialect of the plays, by Professor Cross, found in the appendix to the volume explains to the outside world the peculiarities of speech of the class of North Carolina whites with which the plays deal and also explains that all



PROF. KOCH

Southerners do not speak the same dialect, contrary to a belief prevailing in the North that they do.

It is the first volume of folk-plays to be published, and therefore, the first five to gain nation-wide distinction. But the attention being given The Playmakers and Professor Koch's work throughout America by the foremost dramatic critics such as Walter Pritchard Eaton and such magazines as *Shadowland*, *Scribner's The Survey*, *The Drama*, *Theatre*, *Theatre Arts* and many others lead local friends of the movement to believe that it will not be the last and that The Carolina Playmakers are carving their way more deeply each day into the American theatre and into the dramatic literature of the country.

# *Where Go to College?*

## There Are Three Major Considerations

That Determine the Greatness, or the Potential  
Greatness of an Educational Institution:

1. The Plant, including grounds, library, classrooms, laboratories, and apparatus.
2. The Faculty.
3. The Student Body and its democratic standards.

In addition to the twenty-seven buildings already on the campus, the State of North Carolina is this year putting \$1,490,000 into new buildings and equipment. The library of 108,000 volumes is spending \$24,000 annually for books and periodicals. Eight thousand volumes were received in 1921-22, and one thousand and five magazines and learned journals were received on subscription.

The Faculty numbers 115 of the country's best scholars.

Speaking of the student body of the University, Mr. Sherwood Eddy, of Yale University, who has spent the major portion of his life studying in four continents, said, that with one exception, it was the most seriously thoughtful and democratic group of students he had ever known.

Registration for fall quarter, September 26-27, 1922.

For further information address,

THE SECRETARY  
THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.



# *The* Carolina Magazine



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By C. B. Colton

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By J. G. Gullick

YOUR PROFESSIONAL FUTURE AND NORTH CAROLINA  
Compiled by J. M. Roberts, Jr.

January, 1923

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# The JOURNAL of SOCIAL FORCES

I only wish the other money I spend for educational magazines had the same prospect of bringing in value received.

ELIZABETH KELLY,  
Pres. N. C. Teachers' Assembly.



# The Liberal Arts College and Life

**T**HERE is general recognition of the fact that problems of the American college must be solved in terms of human material. However mature this recognition may be, it is apparent that authorities do little more than recognize the truth of it. If it has been put to use in the liberal arts college of this University our observations ranging over a period of nearly four years have so far failed to detect it to any adequate extent. In so far as this recognition is not applied, the liberal arts college of this University is a contradiction of the claim of this institution of "maximum service to the people of the State."

The University like the State as a whole is moving forward with vigorous, progressive strides rebuilding a new and greater civilization upon the ashes of the old. Although the University is the greatest single factor in this State development more "light and air" needs to be let in. In many respects progress means change, yet along many lines this institution is remaining static in a dynamic world.

Our indictment is this—this University, especially that part known as the college of liberal arts, is not taking into proper account the human factor. It is neglecting its most valuable of assets—youth. Engrossed in material progress it takes little heed of variations in individual talents and capacities. Man is a type, but he cannot be made into a factory product.

A. Lawrence Lowell says that the American college exists to develop the powers of man as a social being. The object of the undergraduate department is to produce men fitted to take their places in the community and live in contact with their fellow men. The college of liberal arts fails in this in that its scholarship lacks relation to life. High scholarship is thought little of by the student body and the public because, as one famous educator puts it, college education is not closely adapted to the needs of the community.

The ultimate object of education should be the liberation of the powers of the individual in order that he may relate himself to life. To bring this about the college should relate ITSELF to life. John Smith should be educated not according to an inflexible system, but according to the capacities of John Smith. He should be turned out, not a product, but a bigger and a better John Smith with powers liberated and his abilities given free exercise.

Our ideal for this University is to strive

toward the highest development of the individual student. This should be from the standpoint of variations in the capacities and needs of students as related to life, for you can't adapt a man's capacity to fit the curriculum. You must adapt the curriculum to fit man's capacity, for the curriculum is for the benefit of man and not man for the curriculum. This does not imply a lowered standard of scholarship. It means the relation of scholarship to life.

Psychologists have long ago exploded the theory of mental discipline as applied to particular college studies by showing that the mind can be trained on one subject as well as another. Dr. H. W. Chase, President of this University, himself an eminent psychologist, in his article "The Problem of Higher Education" that appeared in the educational supplement of the New Republic for October 25, last, says that "it is coming to be recognized that the student of algebra acquires primarily not a trained mind, but the ability to solve algebraic equations; that the student of language finds himself possessed, first of all, not of general mental efficiency, but of a knowledge of conjugations and declensions."

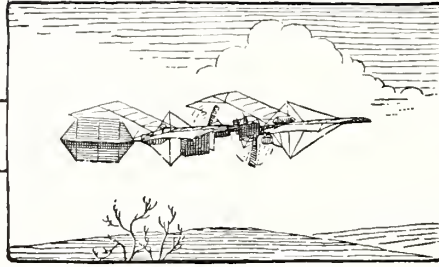
As to culture—it is not so much a matter of this or that study as it is a matter of attitude.

We set up no claim to being expert in the educational field, but when we find that eminent psychologists and educators hold to this view, we can't see why some steps are not taken to rectify the obvious evils in the present system. We have been informed that this problem is now being studied, but we were told the same thing three years ago. There may be constant study of the problem and conclusions reached, but the fact remains nothing has yet been done in an effort to apply the conclusions to the solution of this question which is of such vital importance to every matriculate.

Our sole contention here is for the college of liberal arts to be related to the needs of life. We want the course of study to be rational and logical; we want it to be definite and educational, but we also want it to have certain elements of common sense, and above all we want it so that it will be for the benefit of the human being and not the human being for it.

To the liberal arts college of this institution we have this one message—step out boldly and relate the curriculum to the needs of North Carolina, to the needs of the individual, to the needs of life.

LANGLEY'S FIRST



MODEL IN FLIGHT

## "The way of an Eagle in the air"

**C**ENTURY after century men broke their necks trying to fly. They had not troubled to discover what Solomon called "the way of an eagle in the air."

In 1891 came Samuel Pierpont Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. He wanted facts. His first step was to whirl flat surfaces in the air, to measure the air pressures required to sustain these surfaces in motion and to study the swirls and currents of the air itself. Finally, in 1896, he built a small steam-driven model which flew three-quarters of a mile.

With a Congressional appropriation of \$50,000 Langley built a large man-carrying machine. Because it was improperly launched, it dropped into the Potomac River. Years later, Glenn Curtiss flew it at Hammondsport, New York.

Congress regarded Langley's attempt not as a scientific experiment but as a sad fiasco and

refused to encourage him further. He died a disappointed man.

Langley's scientific study which ultimately gave us the airplane seemed unimportant in 1896. Whole newspaper pages were given up to the sixteen-to-one ratio of silver to gold.

"Sixteen-to-one" is dead politically. Thousands of airplanes cleave the air—airplanes built with the knowledge that Langley acquired.

In this work the Laboratories of the General Electric Company played their part. They aided in developing the "supercharger," whereby an engine may be supplied with the air that it needs for combustion at altitudes of four miles and more. Getting the facts first, the Langley method, made the achievement possible.

What is expedient or important today may be forgotten tomorrow. The spirit of scientific research and its achievements endure.

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# Your Professional Future and North Carolina

Compiled By J. M. ROBERTS, Jr.

To paraphrase Horace Greeley, the future of North Carolina says: "Stay in North Carolina, young man, stay in North Carolina!" The following symposium backs up this paraphrase, for all men quoted are confident that of all the states in the Union North Carolina offers one of the greatest fields for advancement. Read below what the professional field offers YOU in this State.

"WHAT shall I do when I leave the University?" is probably the question a man asks himself most often during his college career. In this article we are endeavoring to set forth just what a man can expect in either of the professions of Business, Law, Medicine, Teaching, Journalism, Engineering and Pharmacy. Data has been collected from members of the University faculty who have made exhaustive studies in their respective lines as related to North Carolina.

The professions are taken up in the order which their importance on the campus here seems to warrant. It seems best to give first place to business because of its necessity to the State. Law, on the other hand, comes second on account of the number of students interested in it here. Medicine is third, for this profession is probably the most vital one in the State. Teaching is placed ahead of engineering, journalism, and pharmacy, not because of any one quality, but because of the general recognition which is coming to this calling. Then we take up engineering, journalism and pharmacy, in the order named, chiefly on account of the size of their respective bodies here.

The answer concerning the future of each profession is almost invariably the same. It is that North Carolina is growing and that necessarily the professions must grow with her.

A man, if he is to be a professional man must make his choice of professions. The first thing to be considered, of course, after his own personal inclinations, is what can be expected from this or that profession? Here are the answers:

## BUSINESS

The outlook for the business profession in North Carolina is very bright now. It has room for all the men it can get, and will have for years to come. The

State has just now begun to realize the vast extent of its resources. There is room for men in all the branches of the profession and it is an extra fine field for those wishing to start new enterprises. More banks are needed. Men are needed who can extend the reach of our money and increase our business assets. Men are needed in the insurance business. More work needs to be done in all branches of merchandising. In short, all lines of business are open to men who are trained and who are willing to put their whole selves into their work. The fields of many industries remain untouched in this State. There are all the facilities for clothing factories. We are near to the needed raw products, and water supply. There is plenty of steady labor for such enterprises. Assembling plants for machinery are needed. There are many other things for the carrying on of which there is only one thing lacking. W. J. Matherly, Associate Professor of Business Administration, of the School of Commerce and Finance, of this institution, says in regard to this:

"Perhaps our greatest need is for men who are willing to travel untrodden business pathways, sail uncharted business seas and take the chance of winning or losing in helping North Carolina to achieve industrial supremacy."

He also says with regard to the education a business man needs:

"Business has become a profession and requires as much scientific study in mastering its fundamental principles as in any other profession."

"Since this is true, education for a business career is a great task. In the business world of the Twentieth Century there is no room for pygmies. We must have master minds, almost supermen. The call is for Judge Garys, Steinmetzes, Edisons and Stinneses."

For the proof of a bright future we have only to look at what has been done in the past. E. C. Bran-

son, head of the Rural Social Science Department of the University, says of this:

"As for careers in textile manufacture or tobacco manufacture or furniture manufacture, no State in the Union offers more chances than North Carolina does. We lead the South in all these industries, we lead the Union in cotton textiles, Massachusetts alone excepted, and in tobacco manufacture we lead the world."

"These are the businesses that paid the bulk of the 122 million dollars that went into the federal treasury last year as taxes on incomes and excess profits. We pay more such revenue taxes than any other two states in the South together, and North Carolina is among the first fifteen states of the Union in power to pay federal taxes. The millions she pays from year to year are proof of her high rank in wealth."

D. D. Carroll, Dean of the School of Commerce and Finance, says:

"North Carolina yearns for a higher life; she is willing to work and endure to attain it. She needs perhaps more than anything else prophetic statesmanlike leadership in her industry, trade and finance, so that she may be able to provide the economic surplus essential to progress."

Each of the three men quoted above have expressed, in the main, the opinion that a man, on asking himself "can I make money; can I be of service to the State; can I attain something besides financial success?"; can answer without hesitation, "Yes."

#### LAW

The need for good lawyers has increased by leaps and bounds in the last twenty-five years in this State. A large part of this demand has been caused by the change of the State from an agricultural to an industrial one. P. H. Winston, Professor in the Law School here, gives several instances for this. For instance, twenty-five years ago insurance law was little touched upon. Today the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company is building a two million dollar building in Greensboro to house their offices. With that much growth in such a relatively short time in the past, how much more growth can we expect in the future? In twenty-five years or so a lawyer will be able to specialize in insurance, the trust business and numerous other branches. All big trust companies, such as the First National Trust Company, of Durham, the Wachovia Bank and Trust Company, with branches in many North Carolina cities, will use one, two or three trust officers. Executors of wills and lawyers for handling estates. Such corporations as the Southern Power Company and the American Tobacco Company are going to grow in the State, and as they grow so will the need for business lawyers grow.

Along with these new branches of law which have come in the last twenty-five years still stands the jury lawyer. While his money making powers are not quite so great as those of the others, he has more political power than any of the others.

For entering any of the branches of business law a man should be a good business man. To make a good jury lawyer one of the requirements is that of being a good mixer.

Professor Winston goes on to say that in law it is not so much a question of ability as of perseverance and concentration. To make a really good lawyer a man should have independence, a fair amount of education and a good knowledge of public affairs.

As for the money part of it, with the rapid strides being taken by the State the money making powers of the good lawyer are raised at each stride.

#### MEDICINE

The medical profession offers more attractions to the man bent on service than any other profession, social as well as technical.

The greatest demand for doctors now, according to I. H. Manning, Professor of Physiology and Dean of the School of Medicine, is in the rural districts. There is no call to the cities, for they are already overcrowded. But the modern medical graduate, who must be able to spend from seven to ten thousand dollars in preparation, has an educational and social background which makes him dissatisfied with conditions in our rural communities. This is being largely offset now by the teaching in our schools and colleges of ideals of service. And the man who is game to make a start at this sort of thing is necessarily made of the stuff which will make him come to love it soon. And the money making field is not so great in the country as it has been in the city, but nevertheless a comfortable living can be made.

In this State the field for specialists is still open in the cities, but the real call is for general practitioners in the country.

#### TEACHING

In studying what teachers are doing and what they are expected to do, we find that the profession of the teacher is one of the finest, if not one in which the most money is made. But that will come for new schools are being built almost every day and the people of the State are coming to see that they must pay better salaries if they are to have the best teachers in the buildings which they are spending their money for. M. R. Trabue, professor in the School of Education, places the teaching profession among the sciences. There is no longer the old method of debating methods of teaching. The modern teacher compares his results by scientific analysis. He states that the teacher is one of the great workers for good. He says:

"The teacher cannot have the feeling of isolation and loneliness which characterizes many vocations. He is constantly working with others, and always for the welfare of the whole community. His professional pride in all his contacts is that he is thinking of how effectually he can *give* assistance and service, rather than how he can *take* something for himself. It is his task to develop worthy ideals and habits in the lives of his pupils—to teach them to prefer public good to personal advantage."

As for the future of this profession N. W. Walker, Professor of Secondary Education and acting Dean of the School of Education, has given us a few words which we can do no better than quote here:



"The outlook for the trained worker in the field of education was never better in North Carolina than at present. The people of the State have by their votes ratified every big constructive program for education that has been submitted to them within the past decade. They have realized that in order to provide adequate educational facilities for the youth of the State they must spend vast sums of money, and this they have resolved to do. Moreover, they have realized that the business of education has grown to such proportions and has become so complex that trained experts in the field of education have become necessary. And further they have shown a willingness to follow intelligent educational leadership. They are no longer willing to trust to untried and untrained people the responsibility for directing the expenditure of the vast sums of money that they are now investing in education, for they know that such persons are not capable of investing these funds or directing the expenditure of them wisely and economically. They have had it written into the law, therefore, that those who direct the educational work must be trained for their jobs, because they have realized that the work of directing the education of the youth of the State is too important and too fundamental a matter for the welfare and progress of the commonwealth to leave it to the direction of people untrained for the task. And so the positions of educational responsibility in North Carolina—and they are many—are no longer open to the novice, the untrained, the inexperienced. Herein lies the great opportunity for young men of ability and character who are willing to equip themselves for big jobs in the educational field."

#### JOURNALISM

The profession of journalism is one upon which much thought is placed now. Louis Graves, Professor of Journalism in this University, gives us his idea of some of the main points as follows:

"He grew up with the country," is what you often hear about some successful man who went to the West back in the days when the West was yet undeveloped. A 'growing country,' it is agreed, is a good place to work in, because the growth around him adds momentum to the worker's efforts and enables him to attain higher rewards.

"North Carolina, though it was settled when the West was an unexplored region inhabited mostly by Indians, has become in recent years, in somewhat the same sense as the West was two generations ago, a growing country. That is, it is just beginning to take advantage of its great natural resources and advantages.

"Now, this condition is favorable for the newspaperman as it is for men in all occupations. Our newspapers in North Carolina have grown remarkably. Since 1912, according to an official report published early in December, the combined circulation of our ten morning dailies has mounted to 120 per cent. But even at that it is only 133,000. This may look big when one thinks of what the circulation used to be, but it is small compared with what it is going to be.

"Newspapers in North Carolina are going to grow and keep on growing. They will need more and more editors, writers, and men for the business office. As the State's prosperity grows, the scale of pay of expert newspaper men will go up. And there will be ever more spirited competition among newspapers for superior talent."

According to C. A. Hibbard, Associate Professor of English, and formerly in charge of the courses in journalism here, a man who enters journalism should enjoy life. "For him there should be joy in witnessing the panorama of human existence as it unfolds before him, sometimes sordid, sometimes divine."

He also goes on to say that the monetary rewards

are not so great as in some of the other professions. But he also says:

"But better than this financial remuneration is that which has come to such men as Greeley, Bennett, Dana, Nelson, Watterson, and Samuel Bowles—the mark which men of rare genius in any profession always leave on the civilization which follows after them."

#### ENGINEERING

After the strides which engineering has taken in the last few years one should be very timorous about saying that anything which might come about through the engineering profession is impossible. It is much safer to ascribe to this profession the power of being able to do most anything in its line. H. F. Janda, Professor in the School of Engineering, defines engineering as an "art and a science which deals with the human forces and the forces of nature for the benefit of mankind." This definition seems especially appropriate for a profession which has done as much as this one for humankind.

As for the future of this profession it is not hard to guess that in this State, which is growing so fast in all directions, the outlook for the engineer is especially bright. We have huge water power resources to be harnessed to do our work. We have immense natural resources of all kinds to be developed. As for road builders we need but one illustration to show that there is work for men, trained men, in that line. The illustration is from Professor E. C. Branson:

"As for engineering, the building of highways alone calls for more road technicians in North Carolina than any other State in the Union, Pennsylvania alone excepted."

#### PHARMACY

The profession of pharmacy is open to those of moderate means. This is one advantage it has over some of the other professions. E. V. Howell, Dean of the School of Pharmacy, speaks of it as "an immediate opportunity for making a living without the long tedious strain of establishing oneself." He goes on to say that one is able to do a great deal of good by specializing on scientific endeavor.

Professor Howell says that there are no fortunes to be made in pharmacy, but that anyone can make a comfortable living. But he also goes on to say that the drug stores of our State are training grounds for manufacturers, where fortunes are made. Take for example Isaac Emerson, an alumnus of the University, and the donor of Emerson Field, who has made a fortune manufacturing Bromo Seltzer.

All in all, the future of the professions in this State is bright.

No other State in the South offers greater possibilities for future development. This prospective greater development of North Carolina means that trained leaders will be and are necessary. Why should not one of these leaders be *you*? If you decide to be one, the rewards are great if you succeed, and you should succeed for the possibilities are practically unlimited.

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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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## WHAT NEXT FOR CAROLINA?

What next in North Carolina? is the question heard round about. It is significant. It means that we have progressed far enough in commonwealth building to get a glimpse into the Promised Land, but that we are by no means there as yet. It means that the State, having oiled its engines and progressed a few miles along the way, has not as yet arrived in the land where everybody is satisfied. We hope that North Carolina never reaches such a place of utter contentment, but on the other hand it is to be hoped that North Carolina continues on the road, and that her people will keep incessantly striving for the perfect commonwealth.

The answer to the above question then is obvious. It is simply more, and continued progress along all lines. It means more material development, better educated citizens, better social well being, and in a word, "better" everything.

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And so this brings us to the question that should concern us most as students of the University of North Carolina. It is "What next for this University?" The question is also easily answered, but the answer is not so easily carried into execution. It is that this University, like the State, must continue to move onward. The answer is that there must be more and better facilities for material expansion of University equipment, for it is only upon a foundation of ample equipment and resources that a super-structure of great educational leadership may be built.

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The next question is: "Will the present legislature see and provide for this?" It should, for upon the material expansion of this University much of the

future of the State depends. The last legislature, for all practical purposes, promised the University authorities that if the million and a half dollars, given for University development two years ago, was wisely administered and expended in the two-year interval before the convening of the next legislature, then another two-year appropriation would be made.

The University feels that it has carried out its part. It feels that the money has been wisely expended, and that it is up to the legislature to make good its promise to appropriate enough money for the next two years that will enable this institution to reach the coveted position of foremost of all the universities of Dixie.

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This appropriation is necessary for still another reason. It is necessary if the State itself is to go onward and fulfill the answer to the "What next in North Carolina?" question, for the University is the greatest single factor in State progress. It is the pivot upon which State progress swings. Holding as it does the top-most peak in educational North Carolina, the University must progress if the State wants to do the same.

The answer then is again obvious, and more obvious still is the fact that, of all things the present legislature should do, it should provide adequately for the steady material advancement of the University of North Carolina.

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Aside from the question of material progress, for which we contend, is there not danger in too much emphasis upon a philosophy of pure materialism? There is nothing more deadly to moral principle than materialistic doctrine. What is to be desired is not materialism, but material progress, if such a distinction



may be made. The danger lies in worshipping the "ism" in the desire for progress.

Herein lies the plea for the Golden Mean in State and University advancement. The Golden Mean implies that in our material advance let us not make of it an end, but merely a means. Let us make of our renaissance in prosperity, not that alone, but a renaissance in life itself. Let it mean that upon a foundation of opulence we are building a new and greater civilization that embodies the finer and more enduring things.

The key to this lies in the educational institutions of North Carolina. Whether we are to *live* in prosperity or merely *exist* in prosperity depends upon the quality and purpose of the leadership we have.



### A CHANCE FOR A REAL CONTRIBUTION

For too long college offices and positions of trust have been treated as honors to be acquired, and not as obligations imposed by the campus community. This attitude must pass if the purpose of student activities is to be carried out.

Students are selected to head organizations here because those that elect them think they are capable men for the positions. This means that they are expected to "produce the goods." It means that in all of our activities we are less amateurs than we are master-craftsmen. The level of every single student enterprise should be absolutely beyond mere political favoritism or sloppiness. Each should be made an outstanding achievement of university grade.

In this field there is no better chance for a constructive contribution to college life. It is in the power of the present college generation to work wonders along this line if it only will.



### DR. HOYT DEFENDS US

At last a man is with us who is willing to take up the cudgels of written expression to defend the culture of the South. It may be true that the South has not yet found its "highest conscious expression" in art and culture, yet Dr. Homer Hoyt, of the University School of Commerce and Finance, in his article "Culture A La Mode," in this issue of the MAGAZINE, says "we should rejoice rather than mourn for our literature is in the making and not on the wane."

Dr. Hoyt takes up our quarrel with the foe, "the wordsmiths, the hothouse intellectuals, who look upon literature as a parade of words—rather than as hot, raw life seeking the medium of least resistance for its external expression," for, he says, it is better that a student describe passionately the saga of football than to rummage among the bones of a culture and find no vital spark.

Dr. Hoyt's contention is that "art and culture are life itself." If this be true, then the South has a greater heritage of "art and culture" than any other section of the country, for the average man in the South "has a greater appreciation of the genuine things of life than the average man anywhere else in the United States."

To this view the South can easily subscribe, for it believes and knows that the finer values come not so much from the production of literature as from the character of the people. In this "character" the South is not a "Sahara," for it is rich in the "Bozart," the finer arts of living and enjoying life. Here in the South you may not find the clever, vegetable variety of literary tea hounds, but you will find a people who constitute the backbone of the nation. Our heritage of personal dignity, honor, integrity and things of the spirit is of more enduring worth than a mere expression of our lives on paper.

In the culture of books the North excels the South. In the culture of living the South excels the North. Which is the greater culture?



### WHY NOT WRITE?

We believe there are many students here who have talent and ability for writing, and whose work would be greatly appreciated, but who are allowing this talent and ability to remain unused and undeveloped. The MAGAZINE wants every student in the University to feel and realize that its pages are open to contributions at any and all times. Further more it wants them to know that their work will receive the same careful consideration as that of any member on the editorial board. We are no respecter of persons in this matter. The MAGAZINE desires that every one, male and female, upper classman and first year man, who has any inclination whatever to write will do so. If the work has merit, it will be published.

Some probably hesitate about writing for fear of criticism. It is a mistake to put off writing for publication until one's work is passed criticism, or until one can consider his work perfect. Our ideal, of course, is perfection, but very few of us ever reach our ideal. Perfection comes only through much practice. It should be remembered that there is often a great difference between a writer's intentions and his executions, and the latter should not always be the standard by which one's work is judged.

The MAGAZINE is especially interested in stimulating the art of writing and literary expression. So it doesn't matter what type of literary work or writing you do, we want you to give us an opportunity to publish it. We want to discover some future authors for North Carolina and the South, so why not write?  
—A. M. M.

# *Culture A La Mode*

By HOMER HOYT

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Reacting to the artistic and cultural indictment of the South contained in the December number of the Magazine, Dr. Hoyt comes to our defense in the article given below saying that "the North is all too thoroughly saturated with the lower ideals of a mere pecuniary struggle and too nervous over the ridiculous frivolity of a momentarily changing thing known as the Stock Market to be able to point an accusing finger at a land where the average man has a greater appreciation of the genuine things of life than the average man anywhere else in the United States."

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**A** GAINST one who begins throwing rocks, the old adage about one who lives in glass houses is immediately invoked. But if one finds that his glass house is already demolished by the stones of his critics and if one is spattered with mud and covered with welts and bruises, the aforesaid one may begin to hurl bricks with impish glee at the unshattered hothouses and the immaculate white dress shirts of the elite, knowing that he can suffer relatively little in an exchange of broadsides. So the present writer, some of his ideas that became tangled in the coils of his brain on their way to the printed page having been labelled as "awful" by the high priests of Written Expression, now ventures to assault some of the exponents of Culture.

Far be it from this writer to cast aside one penny of the cultural billions bequeathed us by Greece and Rome, by our grandmother known as the Dark Ages, or by our Mother England. Equally loathe should any one be to slander the rich cultural heritage of the South, or to insinuate for a minute that from its soil a noble creative impulse may not spring. The North is all too thoroughly saturated with the lower ideals of a mere pecuniary struggle and too nervous over the ridiculous frivolity of a momentarily changing thing known as the Stock Market to be able to point an accusing finger at a land where the average man has a greater appreciation of the genuine things of life than the average man anywhere else in the United States. If this latent spirit of the South has not yet found its highest conscious expression, we should rejoice rather than mourn for her literature is in the making and not on the wane. It should fill us with hope and boundless optimism to know that the forces of this favorable environment are as certain to come to a focus in the minds of some of our gifted youths and to leap into living expression with the suddenness and blinding power of a stroke of lightning as a given chemical reaction is certain to take place when the given compounds are placed in juxtaposition.

It is not with Culture per se that the writer would therefore pick his quarrel, but it is with some of the expositors of it. It is with those who would bid us copy some set form. It is with those who would have us elaborate some hackneyed theme. It is with those who would have us collect a load of historical bricks in lieu of the living reality.

It is with those who would dig up the bones of the glorious masters of the past and analyze their skeletons in a morass of footnotes, until the student refuses to sip the ambrosia of their vital truths. It is with those who pretend to go into ecstasies over anything that is labelled "Classical" or "Art" and who refuse to see the romance in the growth of a vast business right under their noses. It is with the Wordsmiths, the Hothouse intellectuals, who look upon Literature as a Parade of Words in companies, regiments and brigades rather than as hot, raw life seeking the medium of least resistance for its external expression. When such men appropriate the banners of Art for themselves and with their "spavined dactyls," their rheumatic sentences and their gouty paragraphs marshalled in grammatically correct array, write articles on culture and tell other men how to follow in their tracks, they are not practicing what their Masters of Culture taught. It was not thus that Keats and Shelley, Poe and Lanier worked. These great spirits struggled with critics who were the ancestors of their present commentators and expositors.

Such is the indictment. Although the writer knows that he is protected by the Law of Fair Comment from an action of libel, no names are divulged. Perhaps the writer has pinned the rose on himself, for he has used linguistic cosmetics to cover the pale hue of his decrepit thought. There are those who have had experiences that would burn holes in the paper in the writing of it, but these feel too deeply or lack the copper wire of words to communicate their electric currents to an appreciative audience. Such dumb souls must cry out against the second and third-handed editions of life that issue from the printing presses. Let us clear the way for these native geniuses to come into the spotlight and sweep away the obstructions of form and criticism that bar their entry. Better far that a student should describe with passionate enthusiasm the saga of football and chronicle the 95-yard march of Carolina against V. M. I. than to rummage among the bones of a culture in which he finds no vital spark. For moving through the myriad complex forms of life is a simple unity. Art and culture are life itself, science is the attempt to break up a simple unity into complex parts that the intellectual and logical mind can grasp.



# The Story of Fifty Million Dollars

By HENRY D. DULS

Empire building is an inspiring theme to write upon. Yet Carolinians not only write upon such a theme, but are actual participants. How the State of North Carolina awakened from its lethargy and began the slow climb to material eminence is related in the article below that deals with the work of the State Highway Commission, for it is upon the foundation structure of good roads that this State is grounding its fight for the position of foremost of all the states of Dixie.

IT WOULD take a good size volume to trace the evolution of the revolution in road building in North Carolina, and it is not the purpose of this article to attempt to explain the growth of road building from individual or neighborhood initiative to township control to county control and finally to the climax with the adoption of a State policy in road building in the creation of the State Highway Commission with centralized authority and adequate appropriations. We do not want to leave the impression, however, that the word "climax" implies the end or near end of this growth, but what we do mean to emphasize is that the adoption of a State policy in road building, as in all other great movements, did not grow up over night, but was, and still is, a process of evolution. The real purpose of this article is simply to show the material results and benefits of the expenditure of fifty millions of dollars on road building in North Carolina since such a bill was passed only about a year and a half ago.

There were certain influences at work in North Carolina that led to the adoption of a State policy in road building and caused the State Legislature of 1921 to adopt a bill which placed North Carolina at the head of all Southern states, although not at the head of the Nation, as is the general idea throughout the State. Minnesota leads the Union with the appropriation of seventy-five millions of dollars, Illinois and Missouri next with sixty millions, and Michigan, Pennsylvania and West Virginia next with an amount equal to North Carolina's, that is, fifty millions. So at the best, North Carolina can only claim a "tie" for third place with three other states. By this we do not mean to minimize the great step taken by this State; it is simply to show that it is only the beginning of what can and must be done to carry on the present program. The influences at work behind the adoption of a State policy, then, as we see it, were two in number. The first was the advent of the automobile and motor driven truck, and the second was the North Carolina Good Roads Association. The first influence is obvious, and as for the second we only have space to say that it was the *sine qua non* of the whole movement. The Good Roads Association collected the data, formed the plans and drew up representative petitions from each of the 100 counties in the State before the legislature met. The result of its efforts was the passage

of its recommendations by the legislature in 1921. Too much credit cannot be given the North Carolina Good Roads Association. It is a capital example of democratic resourcefulness.

With this brief introduction to the history of the movement, let us proceed to the organization and work of the State Highway Commission.

## ORGANIZATION OF THE COMMISSION

The State Highway Commission was first organized in 1915 with a State Highway Engineer at its head. In this year it was only given the paltry sum of \$10,000 for its work. In 1917, however, it was provided that all revenues from motor license fees were to be given to the commission. In 1919 the commission was reorganized with a membership of nine men. Each member represents one of the nine highway districts into which the State is divided for the purpose of giving each district representation without slighting or overlooking any section.

Frank Page was made first State Highway Commissioner. The other commissioners are as follows: First district, W. A. Hart of Tarboro; second district, J. E. Cameron, Kinston; third district, W. A. McGirt, Wilmington, fourth district, John Sprunt Hill, Durham; fifth district, J. Elwood Cox, High Point; sixth district, W. C. Wilkinson, Charlotte; seventh district, R. A. Doughton, Sparta; eighth district, Andrew M. Kistler, Morganton; ninth district, J. G. Strike-leather, Asheville.

It will be seen from the above that the districts are numbered from Raleigh east to the coast, numbers one through four; then from Raleigh west to the Tennessee line, numbers five through nine.

## POLICY OF THE COMMISSION

In order to execute efficiently and effectively its gigantic task of spending fifty millions of dollars, the commission adopted a two-fold plan of campaign; first, to connect every county seat with every other county seat by a system of hard-surfaced, automobile roads; second, to build excellent trans-state highways, connecting the East with the West, the North with the South, the South Carolina line with the Virginia line and the Tennessee line with the ocean, also roads which cross the State diagonally. The system of trans-state

highways might be compared roughly to the stripes or crosses on the British flag with the State Capitol, Raleigh, as the vertex. These roads are to connect with National Highways and adjacent State Highways at convenient points.

A glance at a North Carolina road map will show that when the plans indicated thereon have been successfully carried out, the first purpose of the commission will have been accomplished, namely, that each of the one hundred county seats will be connected with the other ninety and nine by a system of hard-surfaced automobile roads, whether that particular county seat be situated on the level coastal plains, in the hilly Piedmont section or in the loftiest mountains of Eastern North America.

The first part of the second purpose, namely, connecting the East with the West, is being done quite adequately by highways number 10 and 20. The former may be designated as the Northern route and the latter as the Southern route, or number 10 may be called the New Bern-Raleigh-Asheville highway, and number 20, the Wilmington-Charlotte-Asheville highway. Beginning at New Bern, number 10 proceeds to Raleigh via Kinston, Goldsboro and Smithfield; from Raleigh to Greensboro through Durham, Hillsboro, Graham and Burlington; from Greensboro, it takes a southerly dip through High Point and Lexington to Salisbury; from Salisbury, number 10 follows the Southern railroad to Asheville through Statesville, Newton, Morganton, and Marion; leaving Asheville, it terminates at Waynesville.

Number 10 is probably the longest highway in the State, but number 20 is a close second. Both are to be concrete with a cement surface from the mountains to the sea. Number 20 leaves Wilmington for Charlotte, passing through Whiteville, Lumberton, Laurinburg, Rockingham, Wadesboro and Monroe; from Charlotte, number 20 goes to Asheville through Gastonia, Shelby and Rutherfordton. This highway after leaving Rutherfordton en route to Asheville, passes through the wonderful Hickory Nut Gap, which is one of the few gaps in the mountains through which no railway passes, the Seaboard terminating at Rutherfordton, has never been extended to Asheville for some peculiar reason which the writer is unable to ascertain. Continuing, number 20 circles the awe-inspiring Chimney Rock, which has long been a landmark in that section of the State. From Asheville, number 20 goes to the Tennessee line through Marshall and Hot Springs.

Stretching east and west, exclusive of numbers 10 and 20, is number 60 which stretches diagonally across the State from near Wilmington in the southeast corner to Boone in the northwest corner. Its route is Clinton, Dunn, Lillington, Sanford, Siler City, Greensboro, Winston-Salem, Yadkinville, Wilkesboro and Boone.

As for north and south highways, they are numerous across the State. There are five straight ones which



CHAIRMAN FRANK PAGE  
Of the State Highway Commission. He is a  
University Man of the Class of '95.

touch the South Carolina line at one extremity and the Virginia line at the other. They are: Number 40 from Wilmington through Wilson and Halifax; number 50 from Rockingham through Sanford, Raleigh and Henderson; number 70 from Lumberton through Raeford, Ashboro, Greensboro, and Reidsville; number 80 from Wadesboro through Albemarle, Salisbury, Mocksville, Yadkinville, Dobson and Mt. Airy; number 26 from Charlotte, through Davidson, Mooresville, Statesville, Marler, Elkin and Sparta.

Regarding connections with national highways and adjacent State highways, North Carolina highways connect with Virginia highways at 15 points, with Tennessee at 8, South Carolina, 14; and Georgia at 3. One of these is the national Dixie highway which passes through Asheville en route from Jacksonville, Florida, to Cincinnati, Ohio.

#### SOME REMARKABLE ACCOMPLISHMENTS

To the west of number 26 are the mountains, and through them wind many beautiful scenic highways, whose construction through such seemingly impassable cliffs and gorges is considered one of the remarkable feats of modern engineering. Among these is number 19, which stretches from the South Carolina line near Spartanburg, S. C., (South Carolina has a highway to connect with number 19) through Tryon to Rutherfordton, Thermal City to Marion. From there number 19 circles back and forth among the moun-



tains to the modern summer resort of Little Switzerland, thence to the Tennessee line through the thriving little mountain town of Spruce Pine and also through Bakersville. The road is to be continued through the Tennessee mountains to Johnson City, Tenn.

Another mountain highway famous for its scenery is number 17. Beginning at Hickory it moves to the picturesque town of Lenoir, thence it takes the so-called Yonahlossee Turnpike to the renowned resort of Blowing Rock, at an altitude of 4,500 feet, which is probably the highest resort in the eastern section of the Union. At Blowing Rock, number 17 connects with number 194 which leads to the lovely golf course at Linville City, then to the beautiful Linville Falls and connects with number 19 near Marion. Number 194 circles the base of the famous Grandfather Mountain, and all along the route can be seen the giant Table Rock and its neighbor, Hawk's Bill, in the distance.

In this connection, though it is not a State highway, it might be interesting to mention the opening of a toll road by a private company from the town of Black Mountain, near Asheville on number 10, to within three-quarters of a mile (walking distance, or rather climbing distance) from the summit of Mt. Mitchell, an elevation of 6,711 feet above the sea level, the highest point in Eastern North America. The top of Mount Mitchell is a State park under the care of the State forester. The peak is a beautiful and well-kept place and the scenery both from the top and all along the road is marvelous, except for a space at the termination of the road called Camp Alice which has been ravaged by the woodman's axe and the consequent forest fires. This space, however, is now under government care, but time alone can remedy the evil done.

But the road—its construction over an old switch-back railroad bed is a notable accomplishment. It crosses the Blue Ridge several times and leads, as the *Charlotte Observer* aptly remarked, "in all directions of the compass," before it finally reaches its destination.

Not all the notable accomplishments of the State Highway Commission, however, have been made in the western part of the State. In the East, of no less consequence, and of much greater commercial value, was the completion of the four and one-half mile bridge across the Roanoke river between Williamston in Martin County and Windsor in Bertie County. Before the completion of this road early in September last, the distance by road between the two county seats was 142 miles. With the bridge, the distance is only twelve and one-half miles and four and one-half of that is bridge. The construction of the bridge across

the swamp lands on both sides of the river was a very difficult undertaking, it being necessary to insert concrete piles deep in the marsh in order to obtain a firm foundation. This was concreted all the way across to the top of the bridge, and then the road filled in with dirt at an enormous expenditure of money and labor. The bridge runs in a straight line until it nearly reaches the Bertie side, where it curves with the road. Since the Roanoke is navigable up to this point, the bridge has been built high enough to allow a Mississippi steamer to pass under it. At the formal opening of the bridge in September, Governor Morrison stated that the accomplishment was the greatest engineering feat to aid commerce ever undertaken in the history of the State.

### RESULTS

The gratifying results of the work of the State Highway Commission are as evident as they are numerous, although the program is by no means complete. First, North Carolina naturally endowed with the enchanting scenery of high mountains, large lakes, mighty waterfalls, fertile plains, deep rivers, and other fine natural advantages, has become the very "Mecca of Tourists" from all over the world. They see her tobacco fields, cotton crops, corn and wheat fields and take the news back home with them. Soon come orders for that cotton and tobacco, or rather for their products, for it is becoming North Carolina's progressive policy to do her own manufacturing.

In fact the whole system of State highways might be considered an advertising scheme, and as such it will prove in the years to come. The system will prove that it is worth many times the fifty millions expended for its construction. But an advertising scheme, important though it may be, is just one phase of the results. The cheap means of transportation of raw products by truck from the farm to the business center is a result which will net millions each year saved from freight rates, truck repair expenses and labor.

Furthermore, the hitherto remote and uncivilized mountain section becomes neighbor to a thriving manufacturing center. The State is bound together as by so many cords, and becomes as one big family, each section acquainted with and interested in the welfare of the other. The patronage of home industries on a large scale is an inevitable result of the highway system. The "Made-in-Carolina" Exposition held at Charlotte last year is an out-growth of this feeling.

And then, the joy and comfort of it all, knowing that from the mountains to the sea, accidents at sharp curves will be avoided by the ever warning signs: Danger—Curve Right—State Highway Commission.

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### Did You Ever Think of Satan as Being Penitent?

*In a forthcoming issue of the Magazine, there will be a play of an unusual kind, which will make mighty interesting reading.*

## “Bill” Nye, Carolina’s Yankee Humorist

By M. REED KITCHIN

Very few North Carolinians have even a speaking acquaintance with the works of Carolina’s adopted son of humor, the Josh Billings of his day. Little has been published about Nye in this State. Facts about his life are not easy to get hold of. It is because of this that the Magazine takes pleasure in presenting to its readers a unique figure in our American life. He is no longer with us in person—his body lies buried in the cemetery of the little Calvary Episcopal Church, ten miles south of Asheville, on the famous Dixie Highway—yet he leaves a heritage of humor and wit, and of sympathy and gentleness that brings in the deeper tone to a life devoted to making people happy and glad.

ON A PAR with Riley in the humorous world, this master laugh bringer although not a native of the Tar Heel State, became identified with it during the last ten years of his life.

Born in the far north state of Maine, the state, says Nye, which “has been utilized by a number of eminent men as a birth place; which is the home of a industrious and peace loving people, and white birch spools for thread, Christmas trees, tamarack and spruce gum are found there in great abundance,” Nye soon after moved with his folks to Wisconsin, where “Bill” received his education. He studied law with seemingly little taste for the subject, and in the year 1875, at the age of twenty-five, went West and settled in Wyoming Territory.

While in the West “Bill” practiced law but a short time, before he found that his abilities lay in other fields. He found that his writings in the newspapers immediately began to attract attention from his initial efforts. The *Denver Rocky Mountain News*, the *Leadville Tribune*, and the *Chicago Morning News* all received his early contributions which did much to spread his fast growing fame as a humorist. In 1881 he founded the Laramie “Boomerang,” which called forth one of his books, “Bill Nye and the Boomerang.” Nye varied his writings by serving the public in several capacities while in Wyoming, first as postmaster, then as legislator, and as a justice of the peace, about which he writes in the following manner: “If one aspire to be a member of the Literati of his day he must expect to be criticised. I have been criticised myself. When I was in public life as a justice of the peace in the Rocky Mountains a man came in one day and criticised me so that I didn’t get over it for two weeks.”

Coming East again in 1883 he found his fame growing at a rapid rate. Between 1886 and 1890 Nye and James Whitcombe Riley, his warm friend, took several long reading and lecturing tours together, filling many engagements, east, north, south, and as far west as Kansas City. Nye had said that a lecturer is expected, not only to be a good talker, but he must also be a draftsman of first rate skill; that is, he must draw.

Nye’s humor never called tears to the eyes unless

from an excess of laughter. He was the Josh Billings of his day and even better known than Riley. His humor is said to have lain in “surprise, freaks of imagination, as ridiculous, absurd and outre as possible.” He himself said, “I am endeavoring to make folly appear foolish, and to make men better by speaking disrespectfully of their errors.” And he let nothing that could be twisted into the humorous escape him. A good example of his humor was given on the occasion of his beginning one of his lecture speeches with, “The entertainment, ladies and gentlemen, is of a dual nature, first, I come out and talk until I get tired, then Mr. Riley comes out and talks until you get tired.”

During these famous tours, and on one occasion of their filling a date in New York city Mark Twain introduced “Bill” Nye and James Whitcombe Riley as “the Siamese twins.” The audience rose to its feet and in a great round of applause recognized this constellation of great humorists; perhaps never such a combination was on the same platform before.

Nye thus describes the newspaper report of his visit to the last town: “Last evening Mr. Nye spoke at the new rink here, on the subject, ‘is or is not the tariff a tax?’ The speaker arrived on the 8 o’clock stage from the siding. He was the first one in the hall, and by far, the last one out of it. Some think he will improve. The lecture was free, and several came in to get warm. Those who were already warm did not come in. The janitor tells us the lecture lasted over an hour. He thinks that if our people could have begun in time it could have been averted.” It was during this period that Mr. Nye finally touched North Carolina in search of a health giving climate.

In the year 1886 Nye first came to the mountains of Western North Carolina, sick, but not discouraged. His Northern friends spoke of him as being ill in that “lonely little town” in the Carolina mountains. This lonely little town was Asheville. It was while dwelling in his chosen retreat in Henderson County that Nye wrote those choice bits of historical humor, “History of the United States” and “History of England,” a posthumous work. In the preface to one of these works, Nye well expresses the character and purpose



of his humor used in an historical vein in the following, "It is thus with facts. They are the framework of history, not the drapery. They are like the cold, hard, dishevelled, damp and uncomfortable body under the knife of the demonstrator, not the bright and bounding boy, clothed in graceful garments and filled to every capillary with a soul. History is but the record of the public and official acts of human beings. It is our object therefore, to humanize our history, and deal with people past and present; people who ate and possibly drank; people who were born, flourished and died; not grave tragedians, posing perpetually for their photographs."

Nye was also a constant contributor to papers and magazines all over the country while in his last home. The "Asheville Citizen" of that day had no trouble in soliciting subscribers, for "Bill" Nye was a contributor. This period was probably the most productive of Nye's life.

Not only his "History of England," but several other writings came out posthumously, as "On the Art of Lecturing" and "Guest at Ludlow," edited by Riley.

"Bill" Nye was, however, not merely a "funny man," he had a shrewd knowledge of human nature, and in many places in his productions, brings in the "deeper tone" the sympathetic and gentle.

In older life, Nye much resembled the celebrated cartoons of himself, drawn by Walt McDougal, which often accompanied his masterpieces of humor. They represented him as a lank, bald-headed individual, and were so well known, that the postmaster at Arden, North Carolina, often received letters bearing the familiar picture of Nye, and the postoffice address. Nye said that God had given his "beauty to Mrs. J. B. Potter, and his hair to the Sutherland sisters."

The "History of the United States" of course could not leave North Carolina out of its pages. In speaking of Balboa, discoverer of the Pacific, Nye says that, "he should not for a moment be confused with Kope Elias, who first discovered in the mountains of North Carolina, what is known as moonshine whiskey." And again, in speaking of North Carolina, "Bill" Nye says, "North Carolina was discovered by the French navi-

gator, Verrazani, thirty years later than Cabot did, but as Cabot did not record his claim at the court house in Wilmington, the Frenchman jumped the claim in 1524, and the property remained about the same till again discovered by George W. Vanderbilt, in the latter part of the nineteenth century." And again in speaking of North Carolina as a tourist resort, "Wealthy people come to the mountains of North Carolina from the South for the cool summer breezes of the old North State, and have to pay two dollars per breeze."

"Bill" Nye's mountain home is situated about 14 miles south of Asheville, two and a half miles from the little village of Arden. The large, white gabled house contains twelve rooms, three stories high. It tops a hill looking up the beautiful French Broad river valley. The house could be seen for miles around in Nye's time, and no other dwellings stood near it. A gravel driveway led to and encircled the house, being ushered into the outside country through an artistic rhododendron gateway, above which appeared the legend, in rustic rhododendron branches, "Buck Shoals Cottage," so named for the shoals in the river below the house where it was not an unusual sight to see deer crossing. With Nye's death in February, 1896, the old home passed into other hands and is now fast losing its old aspects.

Nye excluded himself from his neighbors, though he never failed to welcome those who came to see him. He never tilled his eighty acre farm, but spent most of his leisure time driving about the country. Being plain in his habits and having an eye for business, he amassed a fortune, which soon disappeared in an Asheville bank failure.

"Bill" Nye, Carolina's adopted son of humor, lies buried in the cemetery of the little Calvary Episcopal Church, ten miles south of Asheville, on the famous Dixie Highway. A large unhewn block of granite marks his grave. No inscription or mark of any kind desecrates the boulder. A small yew tree stands guard beside the stone. But it is said that this stone lies in its place contrary to Nye's wish, as in his characteristic vein he had said that he wished no stone to be placed above his body, as it might inconvenience his arising at the Resurrection.



THE LAW BUILDING—FUTURE HOME OF THE CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS

# *The Political Mirror*

(By A Gentleman Without a Duster)

*The theme of politics is ever an interesting one. Because of this our anonymous friend presents to us some interesting speculations as to what may happen in North Carolina politics in the not distant future.*

THE results from the "off-year" election in this State would tend to show, it seems, that whatever happens politically in North Carolina within the next few years depends entirely on the Democratic party. Naturally Frank Linney, John M. Morehead, Gilliam Grissom, John Parker, and Mrs. Lindsay Patterson will not agree with this. But the results of the 1922 election tend to show that the Republicans are losing rather than gaining ground.

Thus it would naturally follow that one would look over the Democratic aspirants for office in this State if he be interested in future developments.

There are quite a number of them. With the exception of J. W. Bailey and A. W. McLean, both of whom are greatly interested in succeeding Cameron Morrison, most of the would-be office holders are being very quiet at the present time. But when they get started there will be plenty of noise. Although Mr. Bailey is now making more noise than Mr. McLean it seems that unless a terrific upheaval is experienced in North Carolina politics within the next two years the latter will succeed Mr. Morrison. And it also seems pretty certain that somebody will have a terribly hard time to keep Max Gardner from following McLean. It is pretty well understood that A. M. Scales, of Greensboro, would not be at all averse to being considered for governor in 1928. But that is a long time off. Pretty much everything can happen between now and then. But almost everything will have to happen if Max Gardner is not elected governor at that time.

After 1928—but that is getting too far afield. Possibly some of the seekers after legal knowledge who are now keeping Dean McGehee and his assistants awake nights in a fruitless search for ways and means by which to get knowledge into the alleged seekers' craniums will be aspirants for office by that time.

But the governor's chair is not the only seat that is being looked at closely by those who have political ambitions. As a matter of fact folks who stay around Raleigh and who are supposed to know something of the gubernatorial mind think that even the present incumbent will not be ready to quit public life permanently in 1924. It is hardly thought that he will be interested in a second term or that he would meet with much encouragement from the powers that claim to be if he were interested. But North Carolina will be compelled, in the natural course of affairs, to select two new senators within the next few years. The

general opinion is that Overman, whose term expires in 1926, will not ask for another term. Simmons will possibly seek re-election one more time, hardly more.

There is trouble looming ahead for Mr. Morrison, however, if he aspires to succeed Mr. Overman. It is Clyde R. Hoey, of Shelby, fellow townsman and relative by marriage of Max Gardner. Hoey has been attracting attention over the State for a number of years but when he took all but 54 of the more than 3,400 votes cast in his home county of Cleveland, where he has lived all his life, in his race to succeed Judge Yates Webb in Congress, he attracted considerably more. And the fact that Overman is said to have declared that he would rather have Hoey succeed him than any man in the State, added to the rapidly growing esteem in which the Shelbyite is being held all over the State, would tend to indicate that if Mr. Morrison has ambitions to wear the senatorial toga he has quite a little trouble ahead of him. A man who has been in pretty close touch with politics in the State for several years and whose name would be recognized by almost anybody in the State declared but a few days ago that by 1926 Hoey can obtain any office in the State he wants regardless of who his opponent might be.

Several folks are interested in the other senate seat. As a matter of fact it is altogether possible that somebody will be willing to contest with Mr. Simmons if *the senator* decides to ask for another term of office. For it is rumored that Josephus Daniels is having a lot of trouble in being satisfied in Raleigh after having resided for a lengthy spell in Washington. It is almost a certainty, claim the self-styled wise ones, that Daniels will try for the place if Simmons decides to quit and that the former Secretary of the Navy will seriously consider it anyway. It is hardly thought that Mr. Daniels would have much chance of beating the senator. If Mr. Simmons should keep his seat for another term it is believed that A. W. McLean, who proposes to be the State's next governor, will be ready when he is through with that job to return to Washington and that he will consider the seat in the senate as the means whereby to attain the end.

Of course there are others who are interested in the various offices but those named seem to be away out in the lead. Bailey may decide to take a shot at either senate seat which might be vacated. There is a possibility, after all the noise he has made, that he will not make a try for the governor's chair in 1924. A. L. Brooks, who made but little headway against Mr. Over-



man in 1920 may make another race. There are several Pages, Frank, Robert N., and Henry, either of whom is likely to be considered for any office at any time. Frank Page, more possibly than either of the other two, has a tremendous hold on the people of the State. His work with the State Highway Commission has been highly satisfactory—and it is no easy job he has. But it is hardly probable that either will make any race unless it seems that the people want them to rather badly.

So far as the Republicans are concerned it appears

that if Parker does not again make the race for governor in 1924 it will be up to Frank Linney, who, it seems, is pretty well satisfied where he is and who will likely not be interested in making another race if the Republicans look like winners nationally in 1924 so that he can continue as district attorney. With the exception of Ike Meekins the better known Republican leaders are from the western part of the State and whatever strength the minority part will be able to gather within the next few years will likely be placed behind Parker, Linney and Britt.

# The South's Empire State

By S. H. HOBBS, JR.

Just why North Carolina holds primacy along so many lines of material advancement, is related below by Mr. Hobbs, Assistant Professor of Rural Economics and Sociology in this University. He says "we have more wealth and more willingness to convert wealth into welfare, than other Southern States. . . . Wealth and willingness are making North Carolina the Empire State of the South." Mr. Hobbs has made a thorough study of North Carolina in connection with his work here in the University and what he says has the weight of authority behind it. And, too, it makes very pleasant reading for Tar Heels.

THE State of North Carolina is attracting more attention throughout the Nation than any other Southern state. There are few states which are more in the limelight today than is the Tar Heel State. Newspapers everywhere are calling her the Empire State of the South. And she is the Empire state of the southeastern third of the United States. Like New York, the Empire State of the Union, North Carolina is a great agricultural state. Like New York she is a great manufacturing state. In almost every particular she is the leading manufacturing state of the South. Like New York she possesses an enormous amount of water power, both developed and undeveloped. In many respects she is more favored than the Empire State. In the variety of her soils and seasons, in the mildness of her climate, in the homogeneity of her population and in the varied beauty of her landscape North Carolina stands almost alone.

The writer recently had occasion to take a three thousand mile trip, and everywhere, on the Pullman, in the hotels, at meetings of various national bodies, he heard the State of North Carolina discussed. The State has received an enormous amount of advertising from various sources. It is likely that our vast expenditures on good roads and schools have given us enough favorable publicity to repay the cost. One southern paper stated that North Carolina had spent fifty-five million dollars on roads and had gotten seventy-five million dollar's worth of national publicity. Twenty years ago a Tar Heel away from home kept the state of his nativity a secret. Today he is proud of his homeland, and people who meet him are anx-

ious to hear about the marvelous achievements of the southern giant, who has awakened to his vast powers, who has taken stock of himself and has decided to develop to full maturity his wonderful possibilities. Mr. Seavey in the *New York Times* says: "If ever a commonwealth went head over heels, wholesale and retail, latitudinally and longitudinally, to boom and develop itself, that commonwealth is the Old North State."

It is impossible even to outline in one article half of what there is to say about this State. An attempt will be made to present only a few of the most important facts about the State; to merely outline some of the factors that cause the Tar Heel State to be known as the Empire State of the South.

## POPULATION

North Carolina has the most homogeneous population of any state in the Union. A larger per cent of her people are native born than is to be found in any other state. Few southern states have a larger white ratio. The negroes are about twenty-nine per cent of the total population and are fairly well distributed over the eastern and central parts of the State. They live mainly on farms and are largely responsible for our high rank as a cash crop state.

Although North Carolina is the leading manufacturing state south of Baltimore, the bulk of her people live in rural areas. It is out of these rural areas that our industrial labor has been drawn. The white farm tenants for twenty years have been swarming off the Piedmont and mountain farms into industrial and trade

centers. They are the best textile labor to be found anywhere. And although we have been urbanizing and industrializing at a pace that has attracted national attention and respect, we are still a rural state. Only four states in the Union have more farms than North Carolina. Only four states have a larger ratio of their inhabitants actually living on farms. They are North Dakota, South Carolina, Mississippi, and Arkansas. Our actual farmers and their families are nearly sixty per cent of our total population, and almost three out of every four people live outside of incorporated places.

Our industrial growth will depend largely on our available labor supply. Were labor the only limiting factor there would be no cause to worry. There is still available twice as much white tenant labor alone as is employed in all the industries of the State. Thousands of white tenants are anxiously waiting for a chance to move to town, for a new cotton mill to open its doors, or for other employment. The drift is unmistakable. Almost every county in the western half of the State has lost in the number of her farms during the last ten years. The tenants are on their way to town. It is a wise move for the tenants and perhaps the final result will be a better agriculture based on farm ownership.

However that may be, the rise of North Carolina as an industrial state is very largely due to her abundant supply of adaptable labor, a supply that has scarcely been tapped.

#### AGRICULTURE

North Carolina is a great agricultural state. She is not the agricultural state she should be, not the state she will be within a decade or two. But even today she is the Empire State of the South in agriculture. Texas produces more but Texas is an empire in size, not a state. Only four states have more farms than North Carolina. Only four states have a larger farm population ratio. Only four states produce greater annual crop wealth totals.

We rank first in the Nation in the value of tobacco produced annually.

We rank first in cotton production per acre and high in the total value of the cotton crop.

We lead the Union in soy bean production, and are among the leaders in sweet potatoes and peanuts.

The farmers of this State have an investment in land, buildings, implements, and livestock of one and a quarter billion dollars. This is an enormous amount of wealth taken totally, but on a per farm basis we do not rank so well.

The one weak link in agriculture in this State is the lack of livestock. We are one of the most poorly developed livestock states in the Union. We need to correct this weakness, and live more largely on home grown produce. We have the two best cash crops known to man. These two crops alone are worth to us two hundred million dollars annually. When our farmers live at home and sell these two crops efficiently

through well-developed coöperative organizations, banking a fair share of the sales receipts, there is no legitimate reason why we should be second to any state in the Union as an agricultural state.

In variety of soils and season we stand alone. Our four geographic areas, the Tidewater, Coastal Plains, Piedmont, and Mountain country, possess a greater variety of soils than are to be found in any equal area in the Nation. From the sea to the mountain tops is found a greater variety of plant life than is to be found in the entire continent of Europe. Our rainfall is abundant and well distributed, and our growing seasons are adequate for all needs. This means that this State can become a veritable paradise of variety in farm produce.

We could easily feed ourselves. We could market millions of dollars worth of fruits and truck crops. We could develop into a prime dairy and livestock state, and in addition we have a treasure not possessed by any other state, a combination of two great cash crops worth more than two hundred million dollars annually. When we learn to retain a large part of this wealth, who dares say we will not be the Empire Agricultural State of the Union?

#### MANUFACTURE

Whatever our present status and future outlook as an agricultural state, we have arrived as a manufacturing state. We are the undisputed leader in the South in the field of manufacture. And our position is growing steadily stronger. We are industrializing faster than any other state south of Baltimore. Prosperity reigns in North Carolina because she is a great industrial state. Were it not for our industries we would be in the same position as many other southern states today. We could not put on a stupendous road and educational program. In the support of people ours is a great farm state, but in the creation of wealth and its retention we are a great factory state.

Our 450,000 farm workers produce about 350 million dollars worth of farm wealth. Not all of this is new wealth. For instance we spend 50 million dollars for fertilizer alone. Our 157,700 factory workers turn out a total produce valued at nearly one billion dollars. Nearly a half billion dollars is the value added by manufacture, a far larger amount than the grand total of all farm products, crop and livestock.

Eighty thousand cotton mill operatives turn out 318 million dollars of output. Of this 132 million is created in the process of manufacture.

Fewer than ten thousand workers in one mill in North Carolina turn out a product valued at nearly 200 million dollars, or as much as the entire cotton and tobacco crops of North Carolina will sell for this year! This new wealth, created annually by this one concern, is as much as the total value of our leading cash crop. Its federal tax bill for one year is many times the total taxes received by the State from all taxpayers combined.

Yet we are a great agricultural state. The point



is we are a greater manufacturing state and that manufacture is the basis of our marvelous ability to invest in roads and schools and the like.

A few facts gathered from reliable sources show our present status as a factory state.

We have about 175 knitting mills employing around 18,000 workers. The yearly output of these mills is valued at about 33 million dollars.

We have about 400 cotton mills, capitalized at about 200 million dollars. These mills employ about 65,000 workers and the yearly output is valued at about 285 million dollars.

We have 18 tobacco factories capitalized at about 130 million dollars. These concerns employ about 14,000 workers and the yearly output is valued at about 226 million dollars.

Our 124 furniture factories are capitalized at about 16 million dollars. They employ more than 15,500 workers and the value of the yearly output is about 35 million dollars. This is factory value, not what the consumer pays.

In addition to the above there are about 5,600 miscellaneous establishments which turn out an annual product valued at about 375 million dollars, or more than the total value of all farm produce of the fifth crop state of the Union! The proof is abundant that the economic foundation of North Carolina lies more in manufacture than in agriculture.

Our rise to the 15th manufacturing state of the Union has taken place almost entirely during the last twenty years. During this brief period the capital employed in manufacture has risen from 85 million to 669 million dollars. The value of yearly output has risen from 85 million to 944 million dollars, while the value added by manufacture has risen from 40 million to 417 million dollars.

#### WE ARE FIRST

North Carolina leads the South in the number of factory establishments.

She leads the South in the number of wage earners.

She leads the South in capital employed. Texas, her nearest competitor, is 100 million dollars behind.

She leads the South in the value added in the process of manufacture.

She leads the world in tobacco manufacture as well as in tobacco crop value. Her factories consume nearly a third of all leaf tobacco used in the United States. She pays nearly a third of the national tobacco taxes.

She leads the South in practically every detail of the textile industry and is putting in more new machinery than all other southern states combined. In the opinion of some, she may never forge ahead of Massachusetts, but others say we will assume leadership in the textile world.

Some of the giant industries of the world are located in this State. For instance, we have the largest towel mills in the world at Kannapolis. The largest hosiery mills in the world at Durham. The largest denim

mills in the United States are at Greensboro. Roanoke Rapids has the largest damask mills in the Nation. Winston-Salem has the world's largest tobacco factory, and underwear mills. Gaston county has more cotton mills than any county in the United States. We are also credited with the largest pulp mill at Canton, and the largest aluminum plant at Badin. We are by all odds the leading furniture state of the South.

The primacy of the South, and our world leadership in many items is due mainly to our resources in water power, and human labor, and secondarily to the presence of raw materials at hand. Whether labor or water power is most important, we have an abundance of both for all visible needs for decades to come. In water power, both developed and undeveloped, only New York, of all eastern states surpasses us. In adaptable and available human labor no state is our superior.

We are in the very heart of a vast supply of raw materials, especially for textile mills, tobacco factories, and furniture factories. In these three industries we will always be among the leaders. Perhaps within a decade or two we will reign supreme in all three. We are headed toward leadership in these three essential industries. We are now and will continue to be the Empire manufacturing state of the southeastern third of the United States.

#### AND IN ADDITION

As the playground of the South we acknowledge we are second to none. Where is another state that can boast that it is both a winter and a summer resort? During the winter thousands seek the warm sandhills for a pleasant outdoor life while the north is snow-bound. During the summer hundreds of thousands swarm into our cool mountain areas, the most extensive, the highest and the most beautiful in the eastern half of the Nation.

And our three hundred or more miles of seacoast, and large sounds and rivers, attract scores of thousands of visitors annually. Throughout the summer this eastern strip of land is a vast pleasure resort, mainly for Tar Heels. While it is yet possible the State should purchase at least a part of this sea coast and convert it into one vast state pleasure resort to be preserved and used by our people for all time to come.

#### DEVELOPING A COMMONWEALTH

The greatness of North Carolina is not entirely in her material wealth. Until recently our material wealth was nothing to be proud of. The State has been blessed with an abundance of wise and consecrated leaders, leaders who have spent their entire lives telling the people that a state, like any business enterprise, in order to develop must spend money on itself. The people are now firmly convinced that this is true. And once a Tar Heel is convinced he is a convert for all time. There is no retroaction nor retraction. The *University News Letter* says:

"He knows little about this State who does not know

that the people of North Carolina are bent on building a great commonwealth on public education, public highways, and public health."

We are embarked on one of the greatest good roads construction campaigns ever attempted by any people. Fifty million dollars was voted by the State in 1921 to be spent in two years. During the last five years the counties have voted for this purpose an almost equal amount. The State now has under construction, or has completed nearly 1,400 miles of good roads, about one-third of which is hard surfaced. The program will be continued and we will soon have the greatest network of good roads to be found in any state, with possibly one exception.

North Carolina believes in education strongly enough to pour millions of dollars into schools of every type. During the fiscal year 1921-22 approximately 42 million dollars was spent by the State and counties on education. No southern state is more liberally pouring its wealth into educational channels. Illiteracy and wealth have never been boon companions. An

educated citizenship is the best foundation upon which to build a great commonwealth.

And so the story might run indefinitely. It is sufficient to say that our program of expansion has attracted the entire Nation. Investment capital is looking towards North Carolina. State officials and newspaper editors from all over the east and south are talking and writing about North Carolina. Delegations have come and others are preparing to come to see how North Carolina does it. There is no secret. We have the natural resources. We are a great agricultural state. We are a greater manufacturing state. We have been blessed with wise and inspired leaders in abundance. We have a citizenship which believes in itself and in its native state.

In other words we have more wealth, and more willingness to convert wealth into welfare, than other southern states. Without willingness, wealth is of little value. Wealth and willingness are making North Carolina the Empire State of the South.

## A Modern Yankee Invasion of Carolina

By C. B. COLTON

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**Contrary to Southern custom between the years 1861-65 we now welcome Yankee invasion of our beloved Dixie. They now come "not as friends only, but as fellow members" of a great and united nation. As such we welcome them and bid them tell others to come and get acquainted, for by getting acquainted we come to know and to understand each other; to appreciate and to help each other.**

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"WHY did you come way down here to college when you have so many fine institutions in the North?" This pointed question has been repeatedly hurled at every Northerner at Carolina, and the various answers given reveal a jumble of causes for the seemingly mystifying desertion of the North. A few of the Yanks, bored with the monotonous query, answer evasively or offer weird explanations, somewhat in this vein: "I came here to hide from the Sing Sing authorities," or "I came to Carolina to follow out the work of Lincoln and lift the South from its slough of stagnation." However, the real reasons for choosing Carolina are hardly less absurd.

One Northerner, bearing the name of a famous character who dared to take a chance, states that he was so impressed by the fighting spirit manifested by the Tar Heel eleven against the big Yale bull dog that he decided that if the institution represented by that scrapping team had the same admirable qualities, it should be worthy of consideration. After an investigation, he emulated his noted ancestor, took a chance, and is now well established in the student activities here.

Another Northerner happened to be on a yachting

cruise with his family destined for Florida, when they were forced to land on the North Carolina shore for a few months. He rounded out his high school education at a small North Carolina high school where he learned the University's prestige, and the following year he invaded Chapel Hill. Still another student, fresh from high school, conceived the idea that he would like to receive his college training in the South. He poured over the catalogues of the leading universities, and finally narrowed his choice to three. Unable to make his ultimate decision, he flipped a coin which designated Carolina, and on he came. These pioneer Yankees in Chapel Hill on returning home advertised Carolina's advantages, and interested their friends to such an extent that many of them abandoned their plans to attend Northern institutions and selected Carolina to further their education.

The first impressions of the South and of the University, as described by the members of the Northern Club at their regular meetings, are interesting and reveal the distorted conception of the South held by many Northerners. In general, the average Northerner who has never been below the Mason and Dixon line and whose reading knowledge of the South has been limited to a few daily newspapers, thinks of it as



a remote place, chiefly characterized by cotton, tobacco, and negroes; where the white people are happy, prosperous, and lazy, where hospitality and good cheer are paramount, where the unwritten law is strictly observed, where the black men are held in subjection and are frequently lynched, and where "Damn Yank" is spoken of as one word. However, after a few weeks' stay in the Southland, he begins to realize the error of his vague conceptions. He finds cotton and tobacco in abundance, but learns that the South produces other products as well. It dawns upon him that the Southerners are not all lazy and shiftless, but are blessed with plenty of energy, and their apparent care-free air is the result of their more rational viewpoint of life. He discovers that the negroes are kindly and wisely handled, are contented with their position for the most part, and rarely give trouble. He is disappointed somewhat at not witnessing a lynching or race riot, and learns that these occurrences are gradually passing. Finally, he decides that the Southern hospitality is not exaggerated, that the Civil War is a dead issue, and that while the South is several steps behind the North from a material point of view, on the other hand, leads the North in respect to humanistic qualities.

One member of the Northern Club tells of an amusing incident that for a time strengthened his belief that the negro was persecuted. After alighting from the "Dixie Flyer" in Greensboro, he walked up the street anxious to obtain a first glimpse of a Southern city. He had hardly walked a few steps when a big black nigger accidentally jostled a white woman, and hurried on without excusing himself. As quick as a flash, a raw-boned white man stepped from a drug store, started his huge fist from his knees, described a parabola in the air, and crashed the jaw of the nigger who sank to the gutter in a crumpled heap. A crowd collected, policemen appeared, but no arrest was made. The Northerner continued his way firm in his belief that the South was a "hard country."

Another Northerner, in a Southern city for the first time, somehow conceived the notion that the whites walked on one side of the street and the negroes on the other. Seeing nothing but negroes on his side of the street, he crossed to the other side and was surprised to find a liberal sprinkling of blacks there. Desiring to be cleared up on the matter, he asked a policeman on which side of the street white people were supposed to walk, and was given the "horse laugh" long and lustily.

Practically all the Northerners who have come to Carolina agree that their first impressions of Chapel Hill, and the University were very discouraging, and that they were so disgruntled with everything in general that they longed to pack up and leave for home. To begin with, the last leg of the journey on the Carrboro-University line seemed to be taking the weary Yank to the end of the earth, and scenery along that route was none too inspiring. The town of Carrboro with its mud, "niggers," shabby stores and dwellings, and general unwholesome atmosphere further de-

pressed him to the nth. degree. He found Chapel Hill to be a little more pleasant, but hopelessly small and remote from civilization. Investigation of the main street revealed a few small stores, a post office, a town pump, and for the only source of amusement, a pathetic imitation of a moving picture theatre. On his first tour of the campus, he thought it would compare well for natural beauty with that of the average Northern college, but the dormitories with their drab color and ancient style looked forlorn and forbidding. His room was little better than a prison cell with its bare walls, two wobbly chairs, battered bureau, and small table. The menu served at Swain Hall and the rushing, crowding, and grabbing traits of the diners took the edge off his appetite.

After a few weeks he found his attitude changing, and the tenor of the letters to the boys at home was more optimistic. He had made a legion of firm friendships, and confessed that the Southern student was congenial and easy to get along with. He had joined a literary society and several organizations, and thoroughly enjoyed the program, companionship, and diversion they offered. There seemed to be few attractions in the college, but yet time never hung heavy and he was rarely idle. He received more thrills from attending the show at the "Pick" and caroming a peanut off an uncovered head than from a front seat in Ziegfield's "Follies."

The honor system was a revelation to him, and forced him to put another check in the favorable column of the Southerner's ledger. The friendly relations between the faculty was entirely new to him, but most of all he wondered at the amazing cheapness of everything. The food at Swain Hall grew less repulsive to him, and he learned to relish Southern dishes that had hitherto been distasteful. The little world of Chapel Hill had laid a heavy hand on him, and he realized that he was obtaining advantages that would be impossible at the larger Northern institutions. This, in general, is the reaction experienced by the few Northerners who have risked their college training at Carolina.

The North Carolinian is inclined to scoff at the mention of the democratic spirit at the University, and is less keen to appreciate the benefits of the University, but if he could spend a year at a large Northern institution, he would return realizing that it lacked many of the unique qualities that add to Carolina's attractiveness. The large universities of the North demand special qualifications in a student if he is to attain any appreciable degree of prominence. Unless he has plenty of money, is a capable athlete, a brilliant scholar, or especially competent in some particular line, he is apt to be swallowed up in the vast army of the mediocre class. The large student body deadens the class rivalry and spirit, and hampers the growth of college life. Especially is this true when the college is located in a large city. The heterogeneous population, characteristic of the large Northern institution, is also a handicap for it tends to divide the student body into factions

and to develop social and racial prejudice. The honor system meets with indifferent success in some of the Northern universities, but does not function as smoothly as in the South.

There is a strong barrier between the students and the faculty in the Northern college that is not easily broken down. In the class room the professor allows himself to be approached by the mere student, but outside the class room he maintains an exterior of reserve and aloofness. Added to these disadvantages is the heavy financial burden to be borne by the Northern student, for he must be extremely economical to keep his expenses down to a thousand dollars a year. Thus a student with moderate means and ability is likely to emerge from college with merely a diploma and book knowledge, and feels the lack of the intimate friendships and happy times of the real college life. Such a student has spent four years in a knowledge factory and has missed the better part of a college career.

When the Northerner at Carolina thinks of the many sides of college life he would have missed had he gone to a large Northern institution, he feels well satisfied

with his choice, and believes that he has received something of material value in that he has acquired an understanding of the life and problems of another part of the country. The broadening effect of appreciating the other fellow's viewpoint is perhaps the most significant of the advantages gained by a Northerner at Carolina or at any other first class Southern university. After four years in a Southern institution in which time he has become acquainted with the ideals, customs, and problems in the South he will return to the North, blend the better principles of both sections into a sound philosophy of life, and form a working basis for notable achievement.

There are at present approximately thirty-five Northerners at the University. It is doubtful if this number ever increases to any great extent, for Carolina is essentially for the boys of the "Old North State." However, it is certain that the Northerners at present in the University have been well assimilated, and when the student body joins in the refrain of "I'm a Tar Heel Born," the Northerners will sing with as much gusto and feeling as the rest.

# Journalism and Commonwealth Building

By J. G. GULLICK

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Here is a serious and common sense discussion of the power the press wields in building a great state. All of us are acquainted with the steady progress being made by the State in nearly all lines, but how many of us realize the extent of the power exercised by the press of this State in moulding the progressive attitude the people of the State have assumed?

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THOSE who have watched the present favorite fat movie comedian as he pushed Gloria Swanson to unbelievable heights of stage success in the picture, "Fleur d'Amour," or laughed at him as he transformed Bebe Daniel's prison cell into a luxurious parlor in "The Speed Girl" have not only been highly entertained but have been impressed with something more than the humor of the situation. While this imaginary press agent accomplished the almost impossible and although his success and achievements were exaggerated, still he was doing little more than is being done every day.

This comedian's publicity maneuvers, while designed primarily to entertain, incidentally provoke a certain amount of serious thought and call to our attention the power and importance of a tremendous and growing force in American life.

If you would ask the average citizen the question, "Who does your thinking?" he would undoubtedly tell you where to go and what he thought of you. But if he looked the facts in the face and told the absolute

truth he would admit that his favorite newspaper and magazines do most of it. Most people think they do their own thinking, but as a matter of fact if many of them would trace things back to the beginning they would find that a very large part of their sentiment and opinion came from an editor or some other person through newspaper channels.

All this is just another way of stressing the importance of a factor in modern life that had been of incalculable service in building up the commonwealth of North Carolina and which of necessity must play a still more important role in the future if we develop the potential possibilities of the State. And this must proceed along two general lines.

The foundation of progress in a democracy is a healthy state of mind. This can be attained only by education. Not merely by childhood education, but by life-long education. This education begins in the public schools. It is continued by the press after the individual has left school. How much of the average person's education and information do you suppose



was received in school? Of course everybody learned to read and write, calculate arithmetic, and acquired a little knowledge of history in school, but how much of that education that enables the person to maintain the right attitude on vital questions of the day did the individual receive in school? His sentiment and opinion pertaining to the exercise of his duties and privileges as a citizen were in the great majority of cases moulded by the continuation of impressions received from his newspaper and other periodicals.

Who would think that the great fifty-million-dollar good roads program could have ever been put across without first educating the public to the wisdom of such a step. It succeeded only after the columns of the newspapers had been used to flood the State with good roads literature.

Those responsible for securing the big appropriation for the expansion of the State institutions would not have thought of asking the legislature for the appropriation until they had used the newspapers, large and small, to educate the people to the situation and create an amount of sentiment which the legislators could not resist when the question arose in the legislature.

The *University News Letter* is an example of the educational service that a periodical can render to the State. By preaching better schools, better farming, better community life, better roads and better health facilities this little publication has been responsible to no small extent for the progress made in these and other such matters pertaining to the social, economic, and civic life of the State.

In this way we must make use of this dominant force in modern life to attain the realization of the future possibilities of the State. To secure improvement, reform, and development we must educate the people to the needs and advantages of it and for the accomplishment of this process of education we will have to rely upon the institution of the press.

But this is only one side of the matter. There is another service that journalism must play in building up a bigger and better commonwealth here. This has already been started by men of foresight and the results are here to show for themselves. The service referred is what might be called the advertising of the State.

Here in North Carolina we have all the requirements for a highly developed industrial center. In the Piedmont and western sections of North Carolina we have hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of waterpower going to waste every year. In the earth we have minerals that are waiting to be extracted. We

have hundreds of thousands of acres of land lying idle, inviting cultivation, grazing or lumbering in the case of the wooded land.

In order to develop these resources we must advertise them. We must let the world know of the vast possibilities that lie in the State, of its advantages of situation and climate, the fertility of its soil, and the ideal environment for the manufacture of a diversity of products.

California was quick to see the value of such publicity. California had no more to offer the world than North Carolina has, but there they knew how to advertise and who has not heard all his life of the attractions and advantages of California?

Such publicity work has been started in North Carolina. Many of the first industrial plants of the Piedmont sections of North and South Carolina are the result of the industrial propaganda preached by the late D. A. Tompkins and J. P. Caldwell in their chain of newspapers. These men had foresight and vision enough to see the great industrial possibilities of the State, and by flooding that section with industrial literature they taught the home people how to attain undreamed-of prosperity by developing the unutilized resources around them and also convinced the outside world that North and South Carolina are the places to come to to build a mill or to invest money.

But there is a more recent case which illustrates the point even better. During the past several years several editors of much foresight have come to the realization that the Piedmont section of the South is the best place in the United States to manufacture cotton textiles. They began to preach this to the world and to take advantage of every opportunity to advertise the natural advantages of this section. Already the returns are coming in. The textile industry is already shifting from New England to the South. Many Northern newspapers have been brought to the conclusion that few more textile mills will be built in New England.

This is just an example of the work that we must look to journalism to perform. This education of the outside world as to the advantages of their money here coupled with the education of the people within the State toward improvement in the social, economic, and civic life of the State is what we must use this powerful institution of the press to perform. We have already made considerable progress in this direction; it now remains for us to make a better and fuller use of our press facilities for this purpose.

### Odd Number

*An early issue of the Magazine will be devoted to satirizing customs traditions and institutions of this place. Watch for it. It will contain interesting reading.*

# A Peanut-Shelling

By J. JORDAN BEALE

*To those familiar with peanut-shellings this story needs no introduction.  
To those who have never attended such an event the next best  
thing is to read a good account of one. Here is a vivid  
portrayal of what transpires at such a  
social gathering.*

I WAS walking down the one and only street of my home town when I heard a voice hail me from behind. Without looking around I knew it was "Neighbor Baker," as the boys usually called him. I stopped, watching a farmer trying to coax his mule to pull a cart loaded with guano out of a mud hole, or rather *the* mud hole, for recent rains had made the road almost impassable. Baker came up and we proceeded to the post office, alias dry goods store, alias grocery store, alias drug store, and many other aliases, discussing the weather and the probability of when the land would be "in order" to resume planting.

"By the way," said he, as a way of changing the subject, "I am going to have a pea-popping to-morrow night, and I want you to come."

Now a pea-popping, or peanut-shelling, is an event that is looked forward to by the young people of Bakersville as an occasion of mirth and glee, by the children as a time when all iron-clad rules are laid aside and they may eat to their heart's content, (much to their sorrow later on in the night,) and by the lovers as the *one* chance. The old people, too, delight in being present; sometimes to help make mirth, sometimes to be made mirthful.

I was only too glad to accept Baker's invitation and I told him so. I knew that he was the only farmer around who had not already had his peanuts shelled, and that this would be the last "pea-popping" of the season and probably the best.

"To-morrow night" came around in due time, and not having made a previous engagement, I went with my sister. We arrived early, only the older people and children being ahead of us. But everything was ready. In the middle of the floor were two large bags of peanuts, and near by were boxes and pans of every description—shoe boxes, shirt boxes, collar boxes; wash pans, stew pans, pans large, pans small, anything to hold peanuts.

Already the more industrious ones had begun shelling, and late comers had only to get a box or pan, fill it with peanuts, and "go to." The crowd began to increase until all the boxes and pans were taken, much to the delight of a few stragglers who always come in late on purpose, more to act the clown than to shell peanuts. It looked as though the whole village had turned out at this last event. Farmer Blow was there with his three daughters, Deacon Parker and his beautiful wife, the blacksmith with his noisy children, the postmaster with his violin, and the village dude with

his drawl, "when I was in Noo Yoo-rk." Even Jack Jones, the best story teller in town, was there. All the young people from far and near were present. In one corner sat Bill Edwards and Cornelia Blake, in another was Sam Roberts with his latest "catch." Seated to one side were Kate Jackson and Lloyd Anderson, looking at each other without saying a word, yet appearing to be very much interested in shelling peanuts. Kate and Lloyd were the only "old maid and bachelor" couple the town could boast of, and it did everybody good to see them together, for it was a rare occurrence. All around were couples, some shelling, some pretending to shell. One couple was playing "Jack in the Bush" with the peas they had already shelled. Each one would take a certain number of peas in his hand and the other would have to guess the number. Should the guess be right he got the peas, if wrong he would have to give enough to make it right, as:

"Jack in the bush," says one.

"Cut him down," says another.

"How many licks?"

"Eight."

"Give me two to make it eight."

The shelling was now in full swing. The late comers, or stragglers mentioned above, were going from one couple to another, pretending to help them shell peanuts but with the primary purpose of bothering. Tiring of this they sat down before the fire and began to roast peanuts and sing. Jack soon joined them, and he began to tell stories—ghost stories that made the children seek the side of their mothers, and the ladies grasp the hands of their partners. Frank Turner, the postmaster, was the next to join the fire-side band, and with his violin he played "Little Red Wing," while the other patted their feet and sang the chorus:

"Oh! The moon shines bright, my Little Red Wing,  
For you I'm sighing, for you I'm crying,  
Oh! The moon shines bright, my Little Red Wing,  
For you I'm sighing my heart away."

Next Frank played his violin and sang "Brown Jug":

Went to see my Sal one night,  
Moon was not shining very bright.

Ha! Ha! Ha! you and me,  
Little Brown Jug don't I love thee?



Crossed a creek on a rotten log,  
 Couldn't see for the thickening fog.

Ha! Ha! Ha! you and me,  
 Little Brown Jug don't I love thee?

Log broke and I fell in,  
 And I lost my jug of gin.

Ha! Ha! Ha! you and me,  
 Little Brown Jug don't I love thee?

No one waited now on the other. Some told jokes, others riddles, and some tried to show their "learning" by asking conundrums:

"Two men had the same mother and father, and were Knott brothers."

"Round as a biscuit,  
 Busy as a bee,  
 Prettiest little thing  
 You ever did see."

"Aunt" Mag, we all called her "Aunt," was asked to tell us a story or riddle, and, after much persuasion, she asked us to solve this:

"Once there was a woman who was about to be tried for a very serious crime. Everything seemed to point against her. Before the trial she was told that if she could get up some riddle which no one could solve, she would be saved. And here is what she asked:

'Love I sit, Love I stand,  
 Love I hold fast in my hand.

I loved Love, Love loved me,  
 Love's so blind he can not see.'

"Now," Aunt Mag asked us, "what was the solution?" We did not know. "Well," she said, "it was this: the woman had a little dog named Love. She killed the dog and put a piece of his skin in her shoe, a piece in her hand, and she sat on a piece. And that was the solution." Then the children wanted to know if the woman was saved, and were not satisfied until Aunt Mag told them that she was.

The children were having the time of their lives. Little Roy Baker and the blacksmith's ten-year-old son were trying to see who could eat the most peanuts.

"This one makes me sixty-nine," Roy was heard to say.

"I have already eaten seventy," replied Joseph.

"Bet'cha can't eat seventy-five," challenged Roy.

Joseph accepted the bet and would have proceeded to win had not his mother come to rescue "her lamb" from an inevitable stomach-ache.

"Don't let me see you eat any more peanuts to-night, or—," and she looked threateningly at her son.

The married men were bunched together at one end of the room. They were talking of most everything in general—politics, weather, bragging on the merits of their individual horses, and the like.

"Joyner is in favor of the stock law. I am not going to vote for him," declared Mr. Edwards.

"Have you heard about Sheriff Lassiter having a sun-stroke and falling out of his buggy into the snow?" put in an old farmer. "It's true," he continued, "he had a sun-stroke, and there was six inches of snow on the ground. Sounds fishy, doesn't it?" And they all began to laugh.

"Who was that you were with last Sunday night?" Helen asked Bill. "You can't say that you were not with someone, because I saw her."

"It was only a girl visiting my sister," Bill was trying to get out of the difficulty. "There was no one else to go with her, so I had to go. Why do you ask?"

"You don't care—." The music had stopped. Helen and Bill were both crimson with blushing. Helen tried to save herself by finishing the sentence: "You don't care—for any more peanuts, do you?" Everybody laughed.

By this time all the peanuts were shelled, but the best part of the program had just begun. Neighbor Baker's daughter came in with home-made candy galore. I don't believe there is anyone who can make as good candy as Bruce Baker. That talent alone, not counting her beauty, makes her worthy of any man. Then followed cake, and 'twas tipsy too. (The 18th amendment had not gone into effect at this time.) I wondered how our host had managed to pass by Deacon Parker in passing around the cake, but I found out later that the Deacon got an extra slice after all the others had left.

It was now ten o'clock, bed time for the farmers in that section. We had all had a good time, and Neighbor Baker had his peanuts shelled. Everybody departed, feeling better than when they came: the lover with his sweetheart, the children with their parents, and the "stragglers" together, singing "My Bonnie." Far through the silent night I could hear their voices:

"My Bonnie lies over the ocean,  
 My Bonnie lies over the sea,  
 My Bonnie lies over the ocean,  
 Oh! Bring back my Bonnie to me."

And as the last lines of the chorus died out:

"Bring back, bring back,  
 Oh! Bring back my Bonnie to me,"

I wondered if they had not eaten too much cake. But it was not the cake. The spirit of a peanut-shelling is more intoxicating than tipsy cake, for the cake is only a part of a peanut-shelling.

## Some Poetry Selections

### The Davie Poplar

(In point of residence the author of the poem given below is one of six oldest persons living in Chapel Hill today. He is one of those best qualified to relate the story that centers around the traditional Davie Poplar.)

The long, low shadows of a summer night  
Across the old deserted campus steal,  
And make it seem a realm of elf and sprite  
To bend one's mood to thoughts of things unreal.

Standing alone within a moonlit space  
The ancient ruin of a grand old tree  
Impels the homage of a younger race  
To one who knows what was and is to be.

Do visions stir within this child of Time  
Of those events and men that make withal  
The thing we call our history sublime,  
That bids us answer bravely duty's call?

Do memories of its youth the time portray  
When first the human heart was touched and held  
By that mysterious charm which to this day  
Has gripped the souls of men and love compelled?

A summer's noon; upon the forest trail  
A group of horsemen mount the rocky hill;  
And here the Gods of destiny prevail.  
A halt is called to seek the leader's will.

This leader sits his horse with noble grace  
That marks the soldier, born a child of fate;  
The light of purpose in his sun-browned face  
Portrays the patriot pledged to serve the state.

A noble tree that spreads above a glade,  
A bubbling spring and fragrant bed of mint  
Bid weary travelers rest beneath the shade;  
Of cool refreshment give a gentle hint.

The noon halt o'er, the leader lingers on,  
Soothed by the magic spirit of the place;  
"No fitter spot was e'er of Nature born  
To cradle men of Anglo-Saxon race."

Upon this hill where travelers pause to rest  
A state shall train her sons to win her fame;  
A statesman sees fulfillment of his quest,  
And makes a tree immortal with his name.

The generations pass above its head;  
It sees the state's sons called by war away,  
And desolation o'er the fair hill spread;  
And yet it lives, a monarch of today.

Its branches now in benediction bend  
Each year above the youthful heads of those  
Whom, unafraid, into the strife we send  
To reap life's blessings; to make less its woes.

Our Carolina spirit, strong and true,  
Which to defeat shall never bend the knee,  
But out of wreck and ruin builds anew,  
We hail thy symbol in our grand old tree.

CHARLES STAPLES MANGUM,  
Class of '91.

### Poets Past

(An Ode to Walt Whitman)

Poets of the past! Orators, singers, musicians of the past!

Cloistered, secluded, living aloof from men,  
Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Milton, Tennyson,  
Swinburne and Clough,

Beautiful and inspiring are your lays and pastorals.  
Bryant, Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes  
and Lowell,

Didactic, rhythmic, self-reliant, virtues domestic, human-  
istic, jovialistic and sermonic!

I like you all, but give me the bard,  
Who mingles with the crowd, the humble,  
Who exalts the simple tasks in song,  
Who sees beauty in man as well as in nature,  
Who stands apart from petty conventionalities,  
Who lives what he preaches to others,  
The comrade of comrades in a real and living  
democracy.

Him, I love, I love, I love.

ROY E. BROWN.

### The Shower

The windblown clouds are racing wild,  
And lowering darkness fills the sky.  
Like frostings on a window pane  
The cold far heavens lonely lie.

The mad wind blusters through the trees.  
The saplings bend before its rush,  
A dash of spattered wind and rain,  
And then a damp forboding hush.

The heavens dimly rumble far,  
And streaks of lightning flare around.  
Then on a sudden gusty flaw  
The rattling rain comes pouring down.

How boldly on the sounding roof  
The rain drifts pound and play!  
The tempest now is quite full grown  
And all above is sullen gray.

The slender trees are flung about.  
The torrents now are pouring down.  
The storm god throws a thunder bolt  
And Nature trembles at the sound.

Now suddenly the storm is stopped;  
The parting clouds are blown away.  
The sun peeps forth in merriment,  
"Fooled that time!" it seems to say.

W. DABNEY WHITE.

### To Mother

They say I'm growing older with the winters,  
Though my wrinkles are the children of my smiles.  
They say I've spent my moments gath'ring splinters—  
My collection though contains no polished wiles.  
They say I'll soon forget my childhood pleasures,  
Though their days were mostly sunshine splashed  
with rain.



I've trod my path sometimes to stately measures,  
 And as always there has been a glad refrain.  
 They say that in my mirth there must be sorrow,  
 Which my laughter only softens and beguiles.  
 I wonder if 'twas meant that I should borrow  
 Only wrinkles and pay back infectious smiles?  
 They tell me that my years are but as hours,  
 And my friends are sharers only of my gain.  
 My future though seems bright with scented flowers;  
 E'en my slumbers cease with naught but mimic  
 pain.

I know that long ago an ailing baby  
 Came to live where there were loving hands to  
 care . . . .  
 SHE spent her joys to purchase mine, and maybe  
 That's the reason why my sadness seems so rare.  
 Those eyes of brown from morn till morn were  
 troubled  
 That my blue ones might be spared the blight of  
 pain.  
 Though now her years my own have nearly doubled,  
 She would gladly all my petty cares sustain.  
 A. R. W.

Oh, the waves of the sea are booming again,  
 From a stillness that stalked like a ghoul,  
 And the sky that dips in the sea has grown blue;  
 Has a voice, a depth, and a soul.  
 They cry out in chorus with passionate plea:  
 "Be brave! Come, weather the seas!"  
 There's scorn in their voices for man and his ways,  
 His softness, his sleep, and his ease.

Oh, the waves of the sea are calling again.  
 I think they are calling to me.  
 My soul is mating with the soul of the blue.  
 So calls the sky and the sea!  
 My heart is throbbing to the heart of the sea:  
 A tempest, a turmoil, a storm!  
 And the sky, that's a part of the sea, adds a blessing:  
 Blue depths, vast still, great calm.

Oh, I'm hearing the call of the sea again.  
 Of the great broad sea, and the sky.  
 My heart is lost in the heaving waves,  
 Of the sea, and the wide, blue sky.  
 'Tis given to men to rest content,  
 (For me, I must seek the sea.)  
 Good God! To rest, to lie down and sleep  
 With the call where sky meets sea!

JOSLER.

#### From a Train Window

I saw a face in a window framed  
 Like a wondrous picture drawn  
 Upon the world's great canvas  
 By the light of early dawn.  
 It was only a fleeting glimpse I had  
 As I was past it whirled,  
 But that one glance revealed to me  
 The sorrows of the world.

It knew of all the world's regret  
 And wept for all its sin;  
 It seemed to be a living grave  
 To bury Joy in.

And in these restless days that come  
 Its mem'ry will not die;  
 It fills me with a soulless dread,  
 I can but wonder, Why?

J. E. HAWKINS.

#### Prose

Last night when the blustering winds were still,  
 And the moon slow dropping behind the hill,  
 When the owl's hoot in the forest depth  
 Mocked the moon and the world that slept,

Last night as I sat in my study a-dreaming,  
 With the light from the firelogs around me  
 streaming,  
 Last night as I dreamed a rushing I heard,  
 Like the beating of wings of a mighty bird.

Up sprang I then my heart all afire  
 With stories of fantasy, tragedies dire,  
 And there in the shadows that seemed to play,  
 My spruced up landlady, come for her pay.

W. DABNEY WHITE.

#### Written on a Rainy Afternoon

My heart has been a withered thing,  
 Consumed in a living fire:  
 A red-hot cinder of used-to-be,  
 Crushed by a heart's desire,

Ever since that loathed night  
 When in a bit o' lark  
 My lady closed the door to light  
 And left me in the dark.

I want to be a troglodyte  
 And dwell in stygian cave,  
 A gaping cleft of blackest night:  
 A sort of living grave.

A stranger, there, to light of day,  
 I'd remember not the sun  
 And spend upon damp walls of clay  
 The wrath of a 'cursed one.

Oh, for such a sordid scene  
 To play a sordid role,  
 A domicile of things unclean  
 To house a morbid soul!

The joy of life is gone from me—  
 When may I flee away?  
 Oh God! as well to let me die!  
 I've forgotten how to play!

J. E. HAWKINS.

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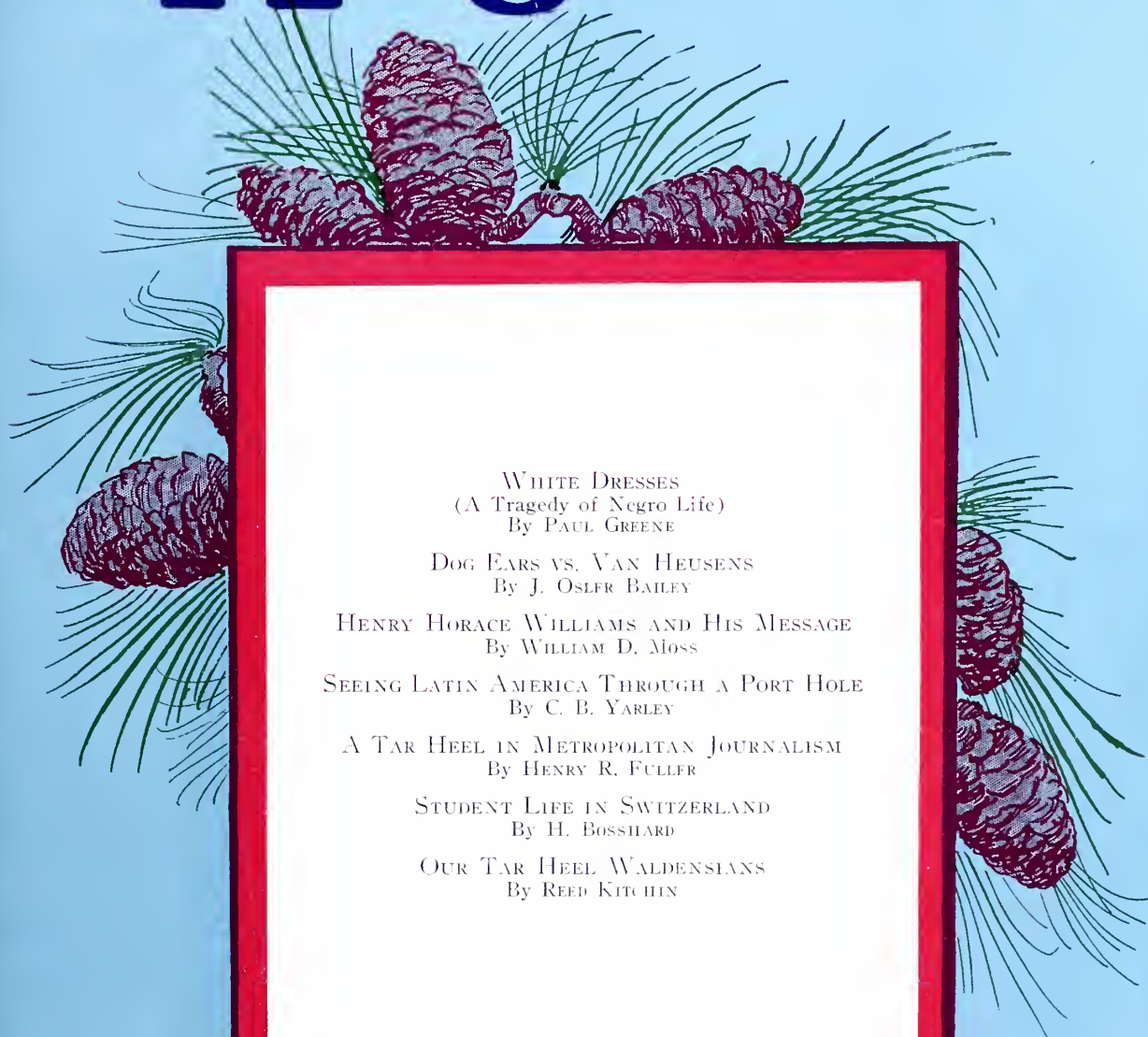
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Pres. N. C. Teachers' Assembly.



# The Merit System

MUCH turmoil and strife was occasioned last spring when the Campus Cabinet submitted the pooled budget proposition to the student body. This proposal called for a blanket fee to cover subscriptions to the Tar Heel, the Yackety Yack, the Magazine and to subsidize the Y. M. C. A. and debating. The student body voted this down.

A counter proposal was then made. The new ballot, which was passed, provided for a union of all campus publications, and directed the officers of the Union to draw up a tentative constitution for approval or rejection by the student body. It further provided that if the constitution, as worked out by the Publications Union, was approved, then the publications would be taken out of the hands of the different organizations which now control them and would become student body publications. This, of course, would be contingent upon the willingness of the organizations concerned to give up their connections with the publications.

At present, the officers of the Publications Union are working on a constitution, and it is thought that it will be ready for submission to the student body before the end of the present quarter.

One of the main reforms the officers of the Union desire is the substitution of the merit system for the political system of editorship elections now in use here.

The political sloppiness, that has been the characterizing feature of too many of the hotly waged campaigns here in the past, is one of the greatest curses on the Carolina campus. Politics is all-right in measurable quantities. We believe college politics to be a great training for those who desire to enter state and national politics in the future. Right here, however, lies the point. If our campus political system is based on rottenness, then the training received here will be based on a foundation of

corruption and not upon good citizenship. Thus the politics of later life will tend to bear the same taint.

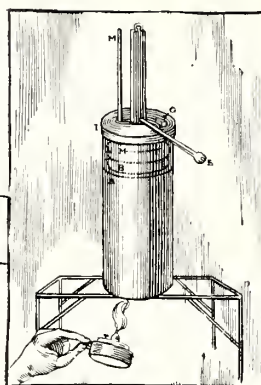
The merit system in the election of editors is a necessary step if the campus publications are to continue to grow in efficiency. The University has outgrown many of the old ways of doing things. It is no longer a small institution. As students continue to come here in ever increasing numbers the old personal contact of student with student will tend to lessen its scope and things will have to be put on a competitive and more efficient basis.

Politics may never be eliminated from certain phases of college life, but it can be eliminated to a large extent in the publications, for a man's journalistic work affords a tangible basis for judgment.

Competition should be the only channel to a place on one of the publication boards. After a man becomes a member of the board he should retain his position only through merit. Promotions should be made on the basis of achievement and not on the basis of political preference. Take for instance the position of editor-in-chief of one of the publications. Would it not be better if he secured his position strictly on the basis of merit? Would this not tend toward a better publication? Merit implies not only ability to handle material, but ability to handle men. In other words, an editor should be a good executive.

The Publications Union will submit some concrete recommendations along this line soon. The purpose of this editorial is to get the student body to thinking about changing from the political to the merit system. We believe that practically every man on this campus will agree that the merit system is the best. Its efficacy has already been demonstrated in our athletic system. And, too, it is democratic, in that it is based on individual merit and initiative and not on political "pull."

DENIS PAPIN'S



STEAM CYLINDER

## They Weighed Air— *and* Charles II Laughed

**S**AMUEL PEPYS says in his diary that Charles II, for all his interest in the Royal Society, laughed uproariously at its members “for spending their time only in weighing of air and doing nothing else since they sat.”

This helps to explain why Charles has come down to us as the “merry monarch.”

The Royal Society was engaged in important research. It was trying to substitute facts for the meaningless phrase “nature abhors a vacuum,” which had long served to explain why water rushes into a syringe—the commonest form of pump—when the piston is pulled out.

Denis Papin had as much to do as anyone with these laughable activities of the Royal Society. Papin turned up in London one day with a cylinder in which a piston could slide. He boiled water in the cylinder. The steam generated pushed the piston out. When the flame was removed, the steam

condensed. A vacuum was formed and the weight of the outer air forced the unresisting piston in.

Out of these researches eventually came the steam engine.

London talked of the scandalous life that King Charles led, and paid scant attention to such physicists as Papin, whose work did so much to change the whole character of industry.

The study of air and air pumps has been continued in spite of Charles's laughter. In the General Electric Company's Research Laboratories, for instance, pumps have been developed which will exhaust all but the last ten-billionth of an atmosphere in a vessel.

This achievement marks the beginning of a new kind of chemistry—a chemistry that concerns itself with the effect of forces on matter in the absence of air, a chemistry that has already enriched the world with invaluable improvements in illumination, radio communication, and roentgenology.

General  Electric  
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.





## Dog Ears vs. Van Heusens

By J. OSLER BAILEY

*The North Carolina Historical Society halls at Raleigh contain some quaint old documents. Here are some intimate "belles lettres" of other days at the University taken from the collections of the Historical Society. Read them and then figure out the reason for the title.*

**A** CONTEMPLATION of the stately images among the older of the pictures that hang upon our Literary Society walls, can lead to but one conclusion. Somehow, they are pictures of a different sort of men from the kind of men we know. They all wore hard collars; most men, nowadays, wear soft.

It was with something of the feeling akin to the awe that stately pictures suggest, and with a half-desire to prove the pictures wrong, and that the men of yesterday were quite as human as the men we know, that I sat down to read those most intimate photographs of the mind, the personal letters, of the men of North Carolina's past.

There is a marvelous collection of letters and intimate historical information to be found treasured in the Historical Association halls at Raleigh. I decided in the beginning to look up the college days of those men "way back," and to see just how nearly they were as we are. And here are some of the things I found:

Chapel Hill, N. C., May 2nd, 1816.

"DEAR JOHN:

"Since our examinations, which occurred about two weeks since, time has hung so heavily on my hands that I have wished myself at Old Nick twenty times. While thus supinely inactive and foolishly sacrificing my time and smoothness of temper on the altar of Envy, your affect. letter reached me. It is an unpardonable outrage on candour to express sentiments which do not exist, and it is an inexcusable sacrifice of good sense to flatter or commend without believing what we say, but there are circumstances which may take place that render silence on such a subject not only culpable but criminal. Such a circumstance has now occurred. During a long acquaintance with you, John, I have persuaded myself that I have discovered traits in your character which in their development must shed glory and well-earned fame on your brow. To acquire or to discover your esteem has been to me a source of great anxiety and solicitude; that you possess my sincerest affection and best wishes, you must be convinced. . . .

"I yesterday returned from a short visit to Raleigh. I had recd. your letter previously to going, and determined as a good opportunity occurred of enquiring into the subject which lies nearest your heart. As I rode into the city the first object which struck my attention, and knocked my under jaw about 3 inches out of its natural position, thereby bringing grievous destruction on many an innocent and unoffending gnat, were an elegant couple very familiarly walking arm in arm. On nearer approach I discovered them to be J. Taylor and E.

Manning. Miss E. very politely invited me to call on her before I left Raleigh, & Mr. T. insisted on my visiting him before I left the city. My inquiry at an end the playful vivacity with which E. anticipated her beau, in every observation, which he wished to make during our short conversation, indicated the ascendancy which she had acquired over him. And the winning smile with which she apologised for her conduct, sufficiently manifested her partiality for him. I trust my dear John you will not experience the slightest mortification on this account; but be animated to nobler exertions, providing to their world by your acquisitions, that if you did not win the prize, you did more, 'you deserved it.'

"E. Chapman has returned from Fayetteville, & Mr. Hatch is transported to the regions of Elysian enjoyment.—I trust, John, that no change in your sentiments respecting the married state may ever take place at the expence of a single man's happiness. But mine I trust are feared.

"You express a wish for the continuance of our correspondence after my return to Va. Change of climate may change my disposition. But I feel convinced that so long as I feel as a man, your friendship will be my proudest boast, and your correspondence will prove a copious source of satisfaction and pleasure—If ever you happen in Va. you will confer the greatest favor by visting your sincere friend,

JOHN T. MASON."

This is a letter written by John T. Mason to his former room-mate, J. H. Bryan, at New Bern, and is treasured among the J. H. Bryan Papers. Mason was a student, as he expressed it, of "the pages of the inimitable Blackstone," at the time. Comment on this would be superfluous: but this one thing. Letters weren't written in a few minutes, stamped, and consigned to the mail-box, in the old days. The post wasn't so frequent, so sure, or so easy. Envelopes hadn't been invented then. All of these old letters, from which I selected a few, were written on good strong sheets of paper, then folded, and sealed with sealing wax, with the name of the recipient written on the outside. Instead of a two-cent stamp, the sender paid the postman in person for taking his letter; the amounts varied.

Chapel Hill, N. C., Aug. 29th, 1818.

"DEAR JOHN:

"I have omitted writing to you for sometime not from any neglect, but because I have had to write letters every week, and have too strictly obeyed the college practice of putting everything off 'till the eleventh hour. And now since I have

begun, there is such a dearth of news among the good folks in this part of the world, that I must either resort to the tedious details of college nonsense or tell a few village occurrences and make my exit. But for the present I will curtail all unseasonable and to you uninteresting circumstances and speak only concerning mutual acquaintances. Mr. Hatch has begun to pray in public. I heard him a few evenings ago, and candidly speaking he far surpassed my expectations, his prayer was fluent, fervent, and upon the whole delivered in a manner to command the attention of his hearers. Old Breeches still continues to deliver highly important and deeply interesting sermons. We have a faculty entirely religious, from the president to the profs. long visaged penitence is stamped upon every countenance. And now since we have such example before us it is hardly probable that Mr. Chaps long wished-for revival should not take place, when it does God save the land and the people themselves for if they are so violent with a few we know not what would be done if the presbyterian society was numerous. I for my part have a very unfavorable opinion of such of the sect as I am acquainted with. Instead of that humbly charity and patience which they preach Mr. Chapman is said to have very little of the two last and Caldwell none of the former . . . excuse the mutilated manner of this letter as too very necessary requisites of writing were wanting, viz. ink and paper of latter thier is none to be had and this is so confounded hard that it with difficulty I write without stoping to blow.

Your sincere friend,

WILLIAM B. SHEPARD."

Whew! Such spelling and punctuation wouldn't be tolerated even in a high school today—but look at his composition! and at his words! They surpass anything that we modern college youths ever indulge in. There really was something majestic about even the habits of thought that those men had. Of course it is all explainable. They didn't have very much of Chemistry, Biology, Engineering, Sociology, and football in their heads in those days—instead, they had the classics; they didn't have *Life*, *Vanity Fair*, *The Literary Digest*, and *The News and Observer*, talking in everyday language of everyday things; they listened to silver-tongued orators swell the breeze with majestic diapasons of thought, tone, and fervor. There is little wonder that we excel them in spelling, punctuation, and exactness, and they surpass us in suggestion, volume, and sublimity of thought. But to proceed. Here is a delightful letter that his cousin Ann sent to John, off at college:

Newbern, August 12, 1813.

"DEAR COUSIN:

"It is with the utmost pleasure I take up my pen to inform you of our state of health which is tolerable at present. No doubt you are very anxious to here in what a situation Newbern is left in as such I shall inform you as near as possible there was a report came up yesterday one thought that the Company of british that entered Portsmouth about a month ago had returned again. there was about 2000 men and 100 horsemen here but the Governor has discharged them all except 200 from Hallifax which they intend to keep untill they here from Portsmouth again. I do assure you Cousin that it has been very distressing times here and the probability is that it will continue for an unlimited time your papa instead of sending his family to the plantation untill it becomes more reasonable. my dear counsin times is gloomy at present I never saw them more so I hope it is better with you. I cannot express my desire to see you but as we are denied that blessing at present

let us not neglect our communication which is very pleasant I received your letter and observed the contents I also shewed it to Julia Ward M Hatch by a long purswasion of them they say they never will forget you altho your absent to eye yet present to the mine they intend to write you by the next post and desires me to send all the love and affection that they have command of particular M.H. Julia says she is willing if you will be diligent to your affections she will forgive your taking her present from Miss E M and shall be welcome to it but she intends to write you a lecture on it and if she don't reveal her love to you it will be because diffidence obstructs it. I assure you that the girls has got you in full remembrance they are all very anxious to see you and all sends their love to you I expect you will receive too letters by the next mail from M. H., J.W Cousin you say you have a great many things to tell me by the first opportunity I will keep all your secrets that you shall feel disposed to trust me with & nothing would give me more pleasure than to receive a letter from you. . . . I hope you will excuse this both writing and spelling as I am in great haste please to commit it to the flames as soon as you read it. . . . All the family sends their love to you brother says he with myself will send you a kiss when he cannot give you one. Nomore at present but ever at all times and places—

remain your

most affectionate

cousin

FRANCES ANN JONES."

And here is another, by John's brother, who followed him to Chapel Hill, to John, somewhat later:

Chapel Hill May 22 1823

"DEAR BROTHER:

"After a lapse of nearly five months during which I have engaged in some of the most difficult studies which the ingenuity of man can produce I have barely this moment as I may say of calm reflection to tell you what I have been about and my future prospects. . . . (He speaks, at some length, of his studies). Your letter in which you announced the birth of your son which my eyes could scarcely teach me to believe as being so much out of the seeming course of events, for a youth of our name and so nearly allied to me gave me great satisfaction and delight. Tell Sister Mary that the letter which she wrote me during your absence did not reach me until this morning & that I was deprived of hearing from Theodore before yours, and likewise to give my thanks to him with a kiss for the present which he sent me. Our examination commences tomorrow & will End on Monday fortnight at which time I have to speak before the wisdom and beauty of our State in the capacity of representative of the Philanthropic Society. The College News will be completed in a short time and our Commencement bids fair to be one of the most splendid that ever was witnessed at this place, and I think from appearances as well as a thorough knowledge of the situation of the institution that if its hitherto unexampled progress is not retarded by some unforeseen events, a few years will have it without a rival in our country. I did not intend before you wrote me to return home this vacation, well knowing that my self gratification would be superseded by the bad consequences attending it and have made up my mind to visit Salem & the Pilot Mountains, if you could make it convenient, but if not you can defer sending me any money until the commencement of the vacation. . . . Give my love to Ma, Sister Mary, Aunt, the children & the little one whom Sister Mary describes with so much maternal affection. Tell Sister Mary I am much obliged to her for her letter and should have answered it if I could have made it convenient, for I am obliged to devote all my spare time to the reviewing of my studies, the Examination being only one day off.

Your affectionate Brother,

J. W. BRYAN."



So much for the very early days. Now let's see about the later times: Here is the Bryan Grimes collection of papers, of date several years before the War Between the States.

Here is an interesting one, by Bryan Grimes to his friend, and late school-mate, at the date of the letter, J. Johnston Pettigrew, Professor of Astronomy, in Washington City, D. C. The difficulty of travel and the really enormous distance away that such a place as Washington was conceived by young Bryan to be, is reflected in the intimation that he might not ever see Pettigrew again. But here is the letter:

Chapel Hill, July 27, 1847.

"MY DEAR JOHNSTON:

"I have returned once more to the Hill of Science, but surely not the same place, enjoyment has been my portion since my admission into College. the pleasures I experienced from the associations that I formed have equalled my most ardent desires. but all these ties to college life for me are rent asunder. I am no longer the happy, indifferent youth I was wont to be. "a change has come over the spirit of my dream" the friendships I formed the ties that bound me to those by who I was surrounded are loosened and I am not competent to wield a pen with sufficient dexterity to give you the slightest idea of the bereavement that I feel, it seems that I did not sufficiently value the happiness that was heaped upon me in my thoughtless moments I forgot that I was soon to part with those whose society I prize beyond all things some my family. friends in whom I could place the most implicit confidence. friends whom I thought (and I trust not vainly) were attached to me and we have parted perhaps forever.

"To no one am I really myself except when occasion calls forth my dormant qualities. I say dormant, but I mean hidden qualities. I conceal my real feelings under a garb of indifference, but beneath that seeming callousness is a heart keenly susceptible to all that concerns me and my friends I have a certain control over my passions which to an unskillful eye appears as a want of affection to all even my most intimate associates included. You cannot imagine the pain I feel when the thought enters my mind that probably we have parted to meet no more You know not the extent of my friendship for you it was more than is conveyed in that simple word it has more the resemblance of what is described to be love, but man cannot love man it was more than friendship and little less than love. few friends have I been blessed with that is what I considered real friends and first among those few I classed you. . . . I was always suspicious in selecting my intimate acquaintances. I never allow myself to be intimate with one until I am thoroughly acquainted with his character and then only consider him a friend when I think he would not desert me whatever misfortune may befall me for whenever I form an attachment my affection is unalterable. . . . I have heard of Miss Livy D. in Raleigh, but she had returned to Halifax before my arrival on account of the illness of her aunt. from all I have been able to hear of her she must be a charming girl and a suitable person to value the love you offer. I wish you success. I saw her father and became familiarly acquainted with her cousin Miss E. Freeman who told me S Iredell was smitten with her far deeper than ever but laughed at his hopeless condition. you must be the favoured boy, so go ahead with a rush. how do you find the Washington girls? do you see any that can eclipse the Southern exotics? I wish you to send me some slight subjects for my senior Speech and tell me from what books I can glean a few ideas upon them for I am in a devil of a quandary. I have a request to make which I hope you will grant. I want your daguerreotype as a memento of by-gone days so if fate decrees that we shall never meet again I can have that to gaze upon and think of our former intimacy.

if you will give it send it on by mail as soon as possible. The portraits of Polk and Mason have not arrived. Shopper will be in Wash. City in a few days

ever your friend

B. GRIMES."

"I have paid no attention to punctuation. I have just received a note from Widow Jennings calling on me in strong terms to defend her character. a pretty corn to pop aint it. I wish you could see the note it is the greatest specimen of letter writing I ever saw."

And here is a letter of Professor Pettigrew's to Bryan Grimes:

Wash. City, Sept. 5th '47.

"MY DEAR BRYAN:

"I received your letter ever so long ago and should have answered it ever so long ago, but for the old impediment in the way of good intentions—want of time. Pleading this excuse, however, has become a matter of course, with me; so much so, that hereafter I shall omit it and when you receive a letter from me, imagine this first sentence to be at the head of it. . . .

"I am very glad to hear from this circumstance that the old Phi. Soc. is rising from its ashes, and spreading its Phenix wings once more. If the officers attached to the Alm. were to pass through the Hill, I could get every one to join and they would be very valuable members, too; for their situation and station put it in their power to present you with many rare specimens from foreign countries. . . . In your last, you mentioned in connexion with the Soc. some friend of mine; I suppose you mean A Wright, or perhaps Hooker. From their conduct the Newies may think that I am their personal enemy. God forbid: Do please tell all new comers, that, I never thought enough of them to have any personal hatred; it was an unfathomable and inexpressible contempt.

"My last letter probably informed you that Astronomizing was by no means pleasant. My feeling on this subject are continually varying. At present, I am as happy as a buck, although sitting up so much makes one extremely weak, at times and gives me awful headaches. I am gradually acquiring the same position among my associates here which I did at C. Hill; have a very agreeable set of female acquaintances, though few in number; plenty of pocket change. &c. The Washington Eves are quite agreeable also, and the city life, the method of dividing the day, eating &c. suit me precisely. Once in three or four week I see an old schoolmate . . . I did not expect to write half so long a letter, considering that I have 6 more, besides two week of my journal to bring up. Tell Buckey Dortch that he is an Elephant. Remember me to everybody. What has become of H. Leacon and my cousin Pig, with various

Yr friend,

J. J. PETTIGR."

"Ask Prof. Phillips, if he has seen the new planet."

There is a lot of human nature in these intimate letters of a former time. Mostly, folks were the same in those days as they are now. But there is a difference. They danced the minuet, and read the classics; we go to the "Pick," read "Vers Libre," and indulge in Bull sessions. They "were happy to" and "expressed regret," we "sure are glad" and "are sorry."

But, somehow, I have faith that for all that we have lost in losing the stately conception of life, we have gained in humor, in the spirit of free investigation, and in sportsmanship. Those men whose portraits hang in silent dignity in the Phi. and Di. halls gave their spirit of purpose to early North Carolina; and I figure that we, nowadays, are just a link in the chain. We are carrying on the good work, even if we do it more joyously, more freely, and with soft collars on.

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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Opinion, Literary Expression and Journalistic Endeavor.

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## SOME VIEWS ON WHAT WE NEED HERE MOST

The MAGAZINE has been trying to find out specifically what Carolina needs most. It is a hard question to answer categorically to the satisfaction of all concerned. Because of this difficulty in getting down to brass tacks in the matter one of the editors of the MAGAZINE, G. Y. Ragsdale, has gone to considerable trouble to collect representative opinions from the faculty and student body.

The matter is a vital one, for if we do not know what we need we are heading in the direction of an unknown objective. We do not necessarily subscribe to all the opinions, but they are interesting as coming from entirely different types of men and we feel that several of those we have should be included here, if only in a very few words. Here they are:

J. O. Harmon, President of the Student Body, believes the students here need to think more. He says "to have proper conduct we must have leaders, and this requires thinking."

V. V. Young, intercollegiate debater, sums up his idea in two words, namely "citizenship responsibility."

C. C. Poindexter, President of the Y. M. C. A., contends for greater "community responsibility." He believes that "a community spirit is the greatest need."

H. F. Comer, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., believes that a social and activity center is needed. Through this as a focusing agency he believes community leadership and responsibility could be fostered.

F. F. Bradshaw, Dean of Students, says that more money and more professors are needed so that there may be closer contact of student and professor.

R. A. Fetzer, Assistant Director of Athletics, believes that more space, an adequate gymnasium and personal responsibility on the part of the student body in helping utilize every possible athletic talent here, are some of the things we need here badly.

Charles T. Woollen, Business Manager of the University, states that we need to get back to the old ideals, and to the loyalty and enthusiasm that characterized the men of ten and twenty years ago. He regrets the limited acquaintance among the students and believes that the best way to remedy this is through physical exercise for the student body as a whole.

Walter J. Matherly, Associate Professor of Business Administration, says that "the greatest need is the unification of the student body."

C. A. Hibbard, Associate Professor of English, wants to deny the privileges of this place to those who refuse to make use of them after a fair trial—"There are, in my opinion, not many of this type, but those few should go where cake and olive oil are more significant than they are here." Thus, in the final round, the knockout blow is administered to the lowly "tea-hound."

This investigation seems to have found that in respect to some phases of campus life, activities and organizations, there is something like a harmony of ideas; in other matters there is great variety. Perhaps all these things are needed and more. Each man in the student body, we dare say, has some pet theory of his own. We have given a few here in the hope that others will generate some and give us the benefit of them.

One striking thing about these quotations is that they deal very little with material aspects of college life. They show a strong reaction to the materialism that besets us on all sides. The conflicting currents of present day Carolina do not satisfy us. In short some of us want to bring back the spirit of campus unity and some of the idealism and college citizenship responsibility that characterized this University in less strenuous, but glorious days of the past. Isn't this a worthy ambition? Why not help attain it?



### OUR POLITICAL LABORATORY

Some one has said that this campus is the greatest political training ground in the State of North Carolina. Whether this is an exaggeration or not, we hold that it contains some elements of truth.

In a few days now campus politics will begin to take on life. In fact, some of the would be office holders are already displaying their wares. And so we will soon be face to face with the old problem of last year. The question is, are we to go ahead in our slap-dash manner of holding elections and allow all sort of unfair election practices, or will there be something done to eliminate some of these obvious evils of our campus life?

Frankly, we want to see a new system of elections on this campus. There was too much unfairness here last spring. Perhaps most of the unfair practices of last year were due to thoughtlessness and not to any conscious spirit of unfairness, but however this may be, it is nevertheless true that in the youthful enthusiasm of the moment some men start off on the wrong track.

If it is true that college life should train for future citizenship, then is it not true that a heavy burden rests upon the successive officials of each college generation to do all in their power to eradicate the evils of the campus electoral system in order that men may grow up here, not in an atmosphere of sordidness, but in an environment of fair play all around? If something is not done, there is excellent chance for a repetition of the happenings of last spring.

The Campus Cabinet is the official organ of campus reform. It is at present engaged in working out a new campus electoral system. We hope that when it is presented to the student body it will meet with the hearty endorsement of every student here.



### LET'S HEAR OUR OWN "PROPHETS"

In the office of the University Extension Division of this University, there is a list of faculty members that are available for popular and serious lectures. These men are called upon frequently to address clubs, and other gatherings, as well as to go to other institutions of higher learning and give the students at such places the benefit of their study or observation. Many of the men on this list have made special studies along the line of their lectures. Many of the lectures are illustrated, and have a wide appeal. Students elsewhere get to hear these men. Students here in the University of North Carolina have heard very few, if any, of them.

Each year much expense is incurred by the University in order to secure men from other places to come here for one or more lectures. This is an excellent practice and we approve of it, but why is it we do not get to hear some of the lectures our own faculty members can give? Is it that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country?"

We don't believe students will stay away from a lecture just because it is delivered by one of the "home folks." In fact, students here will be glad to hear these lectures. We have heard several students remark that they would like to hear "so and so" lecture, and so it goes. Of course, the whole student body would not attend—it never attends anything en masse except an athletic contest—but Gerrard Hall could be easily filled.

Here are a few men who have lectures prepared: A. H. Patterson, "The Story of the Stars," (illustrated); W. D. Toy, "Bismarck," (illustrated); J. G. deR. Hamilton, "Presidential Leadership: Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Wilson;" F. H. Koch, "Shakespeare Today," or "The Drama and Democracy" (illustrated); W. W. Pierson, "The 'New Nationalism' of Roosevelt and the 'New Freedom' of Wilson;" Collier Cobb, lectures on Alaska, the Far East and Tropical Latin America (illustrated); W. F. Prouty, lectures on the origin of the earth and the solar system, and the dawn and the evolution of animals (illustrated); R. D. W. Connor, "Racial Elements in the Population of North Carolina;" J. F. Dashiell, "Fact and Fancy in the Realm of Spooks;" W. S. Bernard, "Masterpieces of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture," (illustrated); W. E. Caldwell, lectures on the ruins of ancient Egypt, (illustrated); E. C. Branson, "Robert E. Lee—Gentleman;" D. D. Carroll, "Bolshevism and Industrial Relations;" W. C. George, "An Episode in Evolution;" C. A. Hibbard, "Concerning the Cartoon," (illustrated); S. E. Leavitt, "Impressions of South America;" W. J. Matherly, "The Latch-String of American Democracy," and others. Most all of the above lectures would interest students here. Why not let's have some of them?



### SHORT STORY PRIZE ANNOUNCEMENT

The Hunter Lee Harris Memorial, a gold medal, is awarded each commencement (and the name of the winner printed on the commencement program) for the best short story, written by a student of the University, that has appeared in the MAGAZINE during the college year. This prize was established in 1893 by Dr. Charles Wyche, of St. Louis, in memory of Hunter Lee Harris of the class of 1889, who was drowned in Lower Little River, July 13, 1893, at the age of 26. Mr. Harris was a young geologist, an artist, musician, poet, editor of the MAGAZINE, instructor in geology in the University, and was engaged in field work for the North Carolina Geological Survey at the time of his death.

The award will be made by a committee of three judges. Dr. Collier Cobb, head of the Department of Geology, is a permanent judge, and selects the other two. One comes from the English Department and the other must be someone not officially connected with the University.

# White Dresses

## A Tragedy of Negro Life

By PAUL GREENE

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of the one act play given below is a member of the class of 1921. He is the present holder of the Graham Kenan Fellowship in Philosophy and is pursuing graduate studies at Cornell University. The play, written while Mr. Greene was in residence here, was recently published by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is one of eighteen contained in a volume edited by B. Rowland Lewis, of the University of Utah. Mr. Greene has the distinction of having his name appear in company with those of August Strindberg, Hermann Sudermann, Anton Chekhov, Percy Mackaye, Sir James M. Barrie, Lady Augusta Gregory and other playwrights. The play is included in this number of the MAGAZINE in order to give to those who have not yet enjoyed it, an opportunity to read one of the best plays yet written by students of dramatic composition in this University. For permission to produce this play, apply to the Carolina Playmakers, Inc., holders of the copyright.)

### CHARACTERS

CANDACE McLEAN.....an old negro woman, Mary's aunt  
MARY McLEAN.....a quadroon girl, niece of Candace  
JIM MATTHEWS.....Mary's lover  
HENRY MORGAN.....the landlord, a white man

### TIME

The evening before Christmas, 1900

### PLACE

The cabin home of Mary and Candace McLean on Henry Morgan's farm in Eastern North Carolina.

### SCENE

The scene is laid in a negro cabin, the home of Candace and Mary McLean in Eastern North Carolina.

In the right corner of the room is a rough bed covered with a ragged counterpane. In the center at the rear is an old bureau with a cracked mirror, to the left of it a door opening to the outside. In the left wall is a window with red curtains. A large chest stands near the front on this side, and above it hang the family clothes, several ragged dresses, an old bonnet and a cape. At the right towards the front is a fireplace in which a small fire is burning. Above and at the sides of the fireplace hang several pots and pans, neatly arranged. Above these is a mantel, covered with a lambrequin of dingy red crepe paper. On the mantel are bottles and a Big Ben clock. A picture of Daniel in the Lion's Den hangs above the mantel. The walls are covered with newspapers to which are pinned several illustrations clipped from popular magazines. A rough table is in the center of the room. A lamp without a chimney is on it. Several chairs are about the room. A rocking-chair with a rag pillow in it stands near the fire. There is an air of cleanliness and poverty about the whole room.

### WHITE DRESSES

\*The rising of the curtain discloses the empty room. The fire is burning dimly. Aunt Candace enters at the rear, carrying several sticks of firewood under one arm. She walks with a stick, and is bent with rheumatism. She is dressed in a flat bonnet which hides her face in its shadow, brogan shoes, a man's rugged coat, a checkered apron, and a dark-colored dress. She mumbles to herself and shakes her head, as she comes in. With great difficulty she puts the wood on the fire, and then takes the poker and examines some potatoes that are cooking in the ashes. She takes out her snuff-box and puts snuff in her lip. As she does this her bonnet is pushed back and in

the firelight her features are discernible—sunken eyes, high cheek bones, and big flat nose. Upon her forehead she wears a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles.

She sits down in a rocking-chair, now and then putting her hand to her head, and groaning as if in pain. She turns and looks expectantly towards the door. After a moment she hobbles to the chest on the right and takes out an old, red crocheted fascinator. Shivering she wraps it around her neck and stands looking down at the chest. She lifts out a little black box and starts to unfasten it, when the door suddenly opens and Mary McLean comes in. Aunt Candace puts the box hastily back into the chest, and hurries to the fire.

Mary McLean has a "turn" of collards in one arm and a paper bundle in the other. She lays the collards on the floor near the window and puts her shawl on the bed. She is a quadroon girl about eighteen years old, with an oval face and a mass of fine dark hair neatly done up. There is something in her bearing that suggests a sort of refinement. Her dress is pitifully shabby, her shoes ragged. But even this cannot hide the lines of an almost perfect figure. For a negro she is pretty. As she comes up to the fire, her pinched lips and the tired expression on her face are plainly visible. Only her eyes betray any signs of excitement.

AUNT CANDACE—Honey, I's been a-waitin' foh you de las' two hours. My haid's been bad off. Chile, whah you been? Miss Mawgin must a had a pow'ful washin' up at 'de big house. (Mary opens her hand and shows her a five-dollar bill.) De Lawd help my life, chile!

MARY—An' look here what Mr. Henry sent you, too. (She unfolds the bundle, revealing several cooked sweet potatoes, sausages, spare-ribs, and some boiled ham.) He said as 'twas Christmas time he sent you this with the collards there. She points towards the collards at the window. Aunt Candace pays little attention to the food as Mary places it in her lap, but continues to look straight into Mary's face. The girl starts to give her the money, but she pushes it away.

AUNT CANDACE (Excitedly)—Whah'd you git dat, honey? Whah'd you git it? Mr. Henry ain't never been dat kind befo'. Dey ain't no past Christmas times he was so free wid 'is money. He ain't de kind o' man foh dat. An' he a-havin' 'is washin' done on Christmas Eve. (Her look is direct and troubled.) Chile, Mr. Hugh didn't give you dat money, did he?

MARY (Still looking in the fire.)—Aunty, I ain't said Mr. Henry sent you this money. Yes'm Mr. Hugh sent it to you. I done some washin' for him. I washed his socks and some shirts—pure silk they was. (She smiles at the remembrance.) An' he give me the money an' tole me to give it to you—said he wished he could give you somethin' more. She hands the money to Aunt Candace, who takes it quickly.

AUNT CANDACE—Help my soul an' body! De boy said dat! Bless 'is soul! He ain't fo'got 'is ol' Aunty, even if he ain't been to see 'er since he come back from school way out yander. De Lawd bless 'im! Allus was a good boy, an' he ain't changed since he grewed up nuther. When I useter nuss 'im he'd never whimper, no suh. Bring me de tin box, honey. An' don't notice what I's been sayin'. I speets I's too pertieler 'bout you. I dunno.

(Mary goes to the bureau and gets a tin box. She puts the money in it, returns it, and lights the lamp. Aunt Candace takes off her bonnet and hangs it behind her on the rocking-chair. Then she begins to eat greedily, now and then licking the grease off her fingers. Suddenly she utters a low scream,



*putting her hands to her head and rocking to and fro. She grasps her stick and begins beating about her as if striking at some thing, crying out in a loud voice.)* Ah-hah, I'll git you! I'll git you! Mary goes to her and pats her on the cheek.

MARY—It's your poor head, ain't it, Auntie? You rest easy, I'll take care of you. *(She continues to rub her cheek and forehead until the spell passes.)* Set still till I git in a turn of light-wood. It's goin' to be a terrible cold night an' looks like snow.

*After a moment Aunt Candace quiets down and begins eating again. Mary goes out and brings in an armful of wood which she throws into the box. She takes a bottle and spoon from the mantel and starts to pour out some medicine.*

AUNT CANDACE—I's better now honey. Put it back up. I ain't gwine take none now. D' ain't no use . . . d' ain't no use in dat. I ain't long foh dis world, ain't long. I's done my las' washin' an' choppin' an' weighed up my las' cotton. Medicine ain't no mo' good.

MARY—You're allus talkin' like that, Auntie. You're goin' to live to be a hundred. An' this medicine. . .

AUNT CANDACE—I ain't gwine take it, I say. No suh, ain't gwine be long. I's done deaf. I's ol' an' hipshot now. No suh, I don't want no medicine. *(Childishly.)* I's got a taste o' dese heah spare ribs an' sausages, an' I ain't gwine take no medicine. *(Mary puts the bottle and spoon back on the mantel and sits down. Aunt Candace stops eating and looks at Mary's dreaming face.)* Honey, what makes you look like dat? *(Excitedly.)* Mr. Henry ain't said . . . he ain't said no mo' 'bout us havin' to leave, has he?

MARY—*Looking up confusedly.* No'm, he . . . no'm, he said . . . he said today that he'd 'bout decided to let us stay right on as long as we please.

AUNT CANDACE—Huh, what's dat?

MARY—He said it might be so we could stay right on as long as we please.

AUNT CANDACE—*Joyously.* Thank de Lawd! Thank de Lawd! I knowed he's gwine do it. I knowed. But I's been pow'ful feared, chile, he's gwine run us off. An' he ain't never liked Mr. Hugh's takin' up foh us. But now I c'n rest in peace. Thank de Lawd, I's gwine rest my bones rat whah I loves to stay till dey calls foh me up yander. *(Stopping.)* Has you et?

MARY—Yes'm. I et up at Mr. Henry's. Mr. Hugh . . . *(Hesitating.)* . . . he said 'twas a shame for me to come off without eatin' nothin' an' so I et.

*Aunt Candace becomes absorbed in her eating. Mary goes to the chest, opens it and takes out a faded cloak and puts it on. Then she goes to the bureau, takes out a piece of white ribbon and ties it on her hair. For a moment she looks at her reflection in the mirror. She goes to the chest and stands looking down in it. She makes a movement to close it. The lid falls with a bang. Aunt Candace turns quickly around.*

AUNT CANDACE—What you want, gal? You ain't botherin' de li'l box, is you?

MARY—*Coming back to the fire.* Bothering that box! Lord no, I don't worry about it no more . . . I'm just dressin' up a little.

AUNT CANDACE—Ah-hah, but you better not be messin' round de chist too much. You quit puttin' you' clothes in dere. I done tol you. What you dressin' up foh? Is Jim comin' 'round tonight? *She wraps up the remainder of her supper and puts it in the chimney corner.*

MARY—*Not noticing the question.* Auntie, don't I look a little bit like a white person?

AUNT CANDACE—*Taking out her snuff-box.* Huh, What's dat?

MARY—I don't look like a common nigger, do I?

AUNT CANDACE—Lawd bless you, chile, you's purty, you is. You's jest' as purty as any white folks. You's lak yo' mammy what's dead an' gone. Yessuh, you's her very spit an' image, 'ceptin' you's whiter. *(Lowering her voice.)* Yes suh, ceptin' you's whiter. *(They both look in the fire.)* 'Bout time for Jim to be comin', ain't it?

MARY—Yes'm, he'll be comin', I reckon. They ain't no gittin' away from him an' his guitar.

AUNT CANDACE—What you got agin' Jim? Dey ain't no better nigger'n Jim. He's gwine treat you white, an' it's time you's gittin' married. I's done nussin' my first chile at yo' age, my li'l Tom, 'twas. Useter sing to 'im *(Pausing.)* Useter sing to 'im de sweetest kin' o' chunes, jes' lak you, honey, jes' lak you. He's done daid an' gone do'. All my babies is. De Marster he call an' tuck 'em. An' 'druther'n let 'em labor an' sweat below, he gi'n 'em a harp an' crown up here. Tuck my ol' man from 'is toil an' trouble, too, an' I's left heah alone now. Ain't gwine be long do', ain't gwine be long. *(Her voice trails off into silence. All is quiet save for the ticking of the clock. Aunt Candace brushed her hand across her face as if breaking the spell of her reverie.)* Yes-suh, I wants you to git married, honey. I told you, an' I told you. We's lived long enough by ourselves. I's lak to nuss yo' li'l uns an' sing to 'em fo' I go. Mind me O' de ol' times.

MARY—*Lost in abstraction, apparently has not been listening.* Auntie, you ought to see him now. He's better to me than he ever was. He's as kind as he can be. An' he wears the finest clothes! *She stares in the fire.*

AUNT CANDACE—Dat he do. Dey ain't no 'sputin' of it. I allus said he's de best lookin' nigger in de country. An' dey ain't nobody kinder 'n Jim. No suh.

MARY—An' today he said 'twas a pity I had to work an' wash like a slave for a livin'. He don't treat me like I was a nigger. He acts like I'm white folks. Auntie, you reckon . . .

AUNT CANDACE—*Gazing at her with a troubled look of astonishment.* I knows it, honey, I knows it. Course dey ain't no better nigger'n Jim an' I wants you to marry Jim. He's a-waitin' an' . . .

MARY—*Vehemently.* I ain't talkin' 'bout Jim. What's Jim? He ain't nothin'.

AUNT CANDACE—*Guessing at the truth, half rises from her seat.* What do you mean? Huh! What you talkin' 'bout?

MARY—*Warily sitting down.* Nothin' Auntie, jes' talkin'.

AUNT CANDACE—Jes' talkin'? Chile . . . Chile . . .

MARY—Auntie, did you ever wish you was white?

AUNT CANDACE—*Troubled.* Lawd a mercy! Huh! White! Wish I's white? Lawdy, no! What I want to be white foh? I's born a nigger, an' I's gwine die a nigger. I ain't one to tear up de work o' de Lawd. He made me an' I ain't gwine try to change it. What's in yo' haid, chile? *(Sadly.)* Po' thing, don't do dat. Yo' po' mammy useter talk lak dat . . . one reason she ain't livin' today. An' I ain't done praying foh 'er nuther. Chile, you git such notions ra't out'n yo' haid. *(She shakes her head, groaning.)* O Lawdy! Lawdy! *(Then, screaming she puts her hands to her head. She grasps her stick and begins striking about her, shrieking.)* Dey's after me! De's after me! *(She continues beating around her.)* Open de do'! Open de do'!

*Mary puts her arms around her and tries to soothe her, but she breaks away from her and continues fighting with her stick. Then Mary runs and opens the door, and Aunt Candace drives the imaginary devils out.*

MARY—They're gone now, they're gone. *She closes the door and leads her back to her seat. Aunt Candace sits down, mumbling and groaning. The spell passes and the wild look dies from her face.*

AUNT CANDACE—*Looking up.* I's had another spell, ain't I, honey?

MARY—Yes'm, but you're al right now. *She pours out some medicine and gives it to her.*

AUNT CANDACE—Some dese days I's gwine be carried off by 'em, chile. I's ol' an' po'ly. Ol' an' po'ly now. Dem deb-bils gwine git me yit. *She mumbles.*

MARY—No, they ain't Aunty. I ain't goin' to let 'em. *There is a knock at the door, and stamping of feet.*

AUNT CANDACE—What's dat?

MARY—Nothin'. Somebody at the door. *(The low strumming of guitar is heard.)* That's Jim. Come in!

*Jim Matthews enters. He is a young negro about twenty-two years old, and as black as his African ancestors. He carries a guitar slung over his shoulders, wears an old derby hat, army shirt with a dark tie, well-worn blue suit, the coat of which comes to his knees, and tan shoes, slashed along the sides to make room for his feet. As he comes in he pulls off his hat and smiles genially showing his white teeth. With better clothes he might call himself a spo't.*

JIM—Good even', ladies. *He lays his derby on the bed.*

AUNT CANDACE—Turning around in her chair. What does he say?

MARY—He says good evenin'.

AUNT CANDACE—Ah-hah! Good even', Jim. Take a seat. I's sho glad you come. Mary's been talkin' 'bout you. *(He smiles complacently.)* We's sho glad you come. *He takes a seat between Aunt Candace and Mary.*

JIM—Yes'm. An' I's sho glad to be wid you all. I's allus glad to be wid de ladies.

AUNT CANDACE—What's he say?

JIM—Louder. I's glad to be wid you all.

AUNT CANDACE—Ah-hah! *(Jim pulls out a large checkered handkerchief from his breast pocket, wipes his forehead and then flips the dust from his shoes. He folds it carefully and puts it back into his pocket.)* Any news, Jim?

JIM—No'm, none 'tall. Any wid you?

AUNT CANDACE—Hah? No, nothin' tall, 'ceptin' Mr. Henry done said . . . said . . . *Here she groans sharply and puts her hand to her head.*

JIM—What's that she's sayin'? *(As Aunt Candace continues groaning.)* Still havin' them spells, is she, Miss Mary?

MARY—Yes, she has 'em about every night. *Making a movement as if to go to Aunt Candace. She stops and stares in the fire.*

AUNT CANDACE—Ne'min' me. I's all right now. An' you chillun go on wid yo' cou'tin'. I's gwine peel my 'taters. *Raking the potatoes from the ashes, she begins peeling them. Then she takes a piece of sausage from the package in the corner. Jim smiles sheepishly and strums his guitar once or twice. He slips his chair nearer to Mary. She moves mechanically from him, still gazing in the fire.*

JIM—Er . . . Miss Mary, you's lookin' 'ceedin' snatchin' wid dat white ribbon an' new cloak. I's glad to see you thought I's comin' 'round. Yes'm. I tells all de gals you got 'em beat a mile. *(He stops, Mary pays no attention to him.)* From here slam to France an' back, I ain't seed no gals lak you. Yes'm, dat's what I tells 'em all, an' I oughta know, kaze I's an ol' road nigger. I's seen de world, I has. But I's tired of 'tall, an' I wants to settle down . . . an' . . . you knows me . . . *(He stops and fidgets in his chair, strums his guitar, feels of his necktie, takes out his handkerchief and wipes his forehead.)* Miss Mary, I's . . .

MARY—Jim, I done tol' you, you needn't come messin' 'round here. I ain't lovin' you. I ain't goin' to marry—nobody, never!

JIM—Taken aback. Now, Miss Mary . . . er . . . honey, I knows jus' how you feels. It's kaze I been a rounder, but you'll hadder forgive me. An' I's gwine 'form, I is. I's

quit all dem tother gals, near 'bout broke dey hearts, but I hadder do it. De's only one fo' me, you know. Today I's talkin' to dat young feller, Hugh Mawgin, an' . . .

MARY—Hugh what! What you sayin', Jim Matthews? *Mr. Hugh, you mean.*

JIM—*Hurriedly.* Yes'm, I said "Mr. Hugh." Didn't you hear me, Miss Mary?

MARY—What'd you say to him?

JIM—I told 'im I's callin' 'round here 'cassionally, an' he said . . . he . . .

MARY—*Looking straight at Jim.* He said what?

JIM—He axed me if I's a-courtin', an' I told 'im I mought er . . . be . . .

MARY—Go on, tell me. Did he say I ought to marry you?

JIM—*Eagerly.* Yes'm . . . *(Mary gasps.)* No'm, not ezzactly . . . He said as how it was a pity you had nobody to take care o' you, an' had to work so hard lak a slave every day. An' he said you's most too purty an' good to do it. An' I tuck from 'is talk dat he meant he thought you's good enough fo' me, an' wanted me to take care o' you, so's you wouldn't hadder work.

MARY—Oh! . . . Yes, I reckon so. *She is silent.*

JIM—He's a eddicated boy, an' he knows. Dey teaches 'im how to know everything out yander at dat college place. He sees my worf', he does. Co'se I ain't braggin', but de gals all do say . . . oh, you know what dey says.

MARY—*Jumping up from her chair.* Jim Matthews, you think I'd marry a . . . oh, I'd . . .

AUNT CANDACE—*Turning around.* What's you sayin', gal?

MARY—*Sitting down.* Oh, Aunty! I . . . I . . . was just askin' Jim to play a piece. *(To Jim in a lower voice.)* For the Lord's sake play somethin' . . . *She hides her face in her apron.*

AUNT CANDACE—Ah-hah . . . Play us a piece on yo' box, Jim.

*Jim, at a loss as to the meaning of Mary's tears, but feeling that they are somehow a further proof of his power with the ladies, smiles knowingly, tunes his guitar, and begins strumming a chord. After playing a few bars, he starts singing in a clear voice, with "Oh's" and "Ah's" thrown in.*

JIM—*Oh, whah you gwine, my lover?*

*Gwine on down de road.*

*Oh whah you gwine, my lover?*

*Gwine on down de road.*

*(Bass) Gwine . . . on . . . gwine on down de road*

*She th'owed her arms aroun' me*

*An' cast me silver an' gold.*

*Said, "Whah you gwine, my lover?"*

*Gwine on down de road.*

*(Bass) Oh, Lawd! . . . Oh, Lawd!*

*Gwine . . . on . . . down . . . de . . . road.*

*(Mary still leans forward with her face in her hands. Jim stops playing and speaks softly.)* Miss Mary, I's sho' sorry I made you cry. Honey, I don't want you to cry 'bout me lak dat . . .

*She remains silent. He smiles in self-gratulation, but utters a mournful sigh for her benefit. Pulling his guitar further up on his lap, he takes out his pocket-knife, fits it between his fingers in imitation of the Hawaiians, clears his throat and strikes another chord.*

AUNT CANDACE—*Noticing the silence, looks at Mary.* What's de trouble wid you, gal? What's de trouble, chile? Oh, Lawdy me! *Passing her hand across her forehead.*

MARY—*Raising her head.* Nothin', nothin'. I'm tickled at Jim. *(To Jim.)* Go on, play her piece about the hearse. Play it!



JIM—*Strums his guitar, tunes it and begins.*  
*Hearse done carried somebody to de graveyard*  
*Laxed, I know my time ain't long.*  
*Hearse done carried somebody to de graveyard.*  
*Laxed, I know my time ain't long.*

(*He sings louder, syncopating with his feet.*)

*Preacher keeps a-preachin' an' people keep a-dyin'*  
*Laxed, I know my time ain't long.*

*Aunt Candace begins swaying rhythmically with the music, clapping her hands, and now and then exclaiming.*

AUNT CANDACE—Jesus! Lawdy, my Lawd! (*She and Jim begin to sing alternately, she the first verse, and Jim the refrain. While this is going on, Mary unobserved, goes to the window, pulls open the curtain and looks out, stretching her clenched hands above her head. She turns to the mirror, smooths back her heavy hair, shakes her head, snatches off the ribbon and throws it on the floor. Then she pulls off her cloak and lays it on the bed. She picks up the ribbon and puts it in the bureau. Meanwhile the music has continued.*) *Hammer keep ringin' on somebody's coffin.*

JIM—*Laxed, I know my time ain't long.*

*They repeat these lines.*

AUNT CANDACE—*Gwine roll 'em up lak leaves in de Judgment.*

JIM—*Laxed, I know my time ain't long.*

(*After these lines have been repeated, Jim, noticing Mary's absence from his side, stops and looks around. Aunt Candace keeps on singing a verse or two. She stops and looks around, sees Mary standing in an attitude of despair. Jim speaks.*)

JIM—Miss Mary!

AUNT CANDACE—What is it, honey?

*There is a stamping of feet outside. Mary raises her head with an expectant look on her face. She runs to the door and opens it. Her expression changes to one of disappointment and fear as Henry Morgan enters. He is a man of powerful build, about fifty years old, rough and overbearing. A week's growth of grizzled beard darkens his face. He wears a felt hat, long black overcoat, ripped at the pockets and buttoned up to his chin, big laced boots, and yarn mittens. In his hand he carries a package which he throws contemptuously on the bed. He keeps his hat on. Mary closes the door and stands with her back to it, clasping the latch string. Aunt Candace and Jim offer their seats. Jim's look is one of servile respect, that of Aunt Candace one of troubled expectancy.*

MORGAN—*In a booming voice.* Dad burn you, Jim. Still a-courtin', eh? Set down, Candace. I ain't goin' to stay long.

AUNT CANDACE—*Querulously.* What's he say?

MARY—*Coming to the center of the room.* He says for you to set down. He ain't goin' to say long.

AUNT CANDACE—*Sitting down.* Ah-hah . . . Oh Lawdy! Lawdy!

MORGAN—*Coming closer to Aunt Candace.* How you gettin' 'long now, Candace?

AUNT CANDACE—*Po'ly, po'ly, Mr. Mawgin.* Ain't got much longer down here, ain't got much longer.

MORGAN—*Laughing.* Aw come on, Candace, cut out your foolin'. You ain't half as bad off as you make out. (*Jim moves his chair to the corner and sits down.*) I understand you. If you'd git up from there an' go to work you'd be well in a week.

AUNT CANDACE—*Oh, Lawd, Mr. Mawgin, I sho' is po'ly!* I hopes you'll never have to suffer lak me. *Mumbling, she shakes her head, rocks to and fro without taking her feet from the floor, punctuating her movements by tapping with her stick. Morgan sees Mary looking at the package.*

MORGAN—That's for you, Mary. I was comin' down this way an' caught up with John. He said he was comin' here to bring it. An' so I took an' brought it, though he acted sort of queer about it like he didn't want me even to save him a long walk. Wonder what that nigger can be givin' you. (*Mary starts towards the bed.*) No, you ain't goin' to see it now, gal. We got a little business to 'tend to first. Did you tell Candace what I said?

MARY—Mr. Morgan, how could I? . . . I couldn't do it, not tonight.

MORGAN—*Uh-huh.* . . . I knowed it. Knowed I'd better come down here an' make sure of it. Durn me, you been cryin', ain't you? (*His voice softens.*) What's the trouble, gal?

MARY—*Nothin', nothin'.* I . . . I been tickled at Jim.

JIM—*Tickled at Jim?*

AUNT CANDACE—*What does he say?*

MORGAN—*Turning to her.* Keep quiet, can't you, Candace. I got a little business with Mary. (*Aunt Candace becomes silent and begins watching the package. She half starts from her chair, then settles back staring hard at the bundle. Morgan speaks to Mary.*) You ain't been cryin' about what I told you this evenin', have you?

MARY—*No, sir.* I was tickled at Jim. It wan't nothin', honest it won't.

MORGAN—*Well, go on lyin' if you want to.*

MARY—Mr. Morgan, I was jes' . . .

MORGAN—*No matter. (Brusquely.)* Well, what you goin' to do about what I said? (*He looks at her squarely. Jim watches them both with open mouth. Aunt Candace keeps staring at the bundle on the bed, now and then glancing around to see if anyone is watching her. She is oblivious of the conversation. Mary stands with bowed head.*) Well what about it? I've done told you you got to get out at the first of the year if you ain't a mind to marry Jim. (*Jim straightens up.*) At least you've got to marry somebody that can come here and work. I told you to tell Candace to look out for it. Why didn't you tell her like I said?

MARY—I couldn't do it. It'd kill her to leave here. You know it. She's been good to me all my life. Oh, I can't do it.

*Aunt Candace stealthily slips across the room and picks up the package from the bed, unseen by anyone but Jim.*

MORGAN—*Can't do it?* Well, what you want me to do? Lose money on you till the end of time! You ain't earned enough to keep you in clothes for the last three years since Candace got down, an' . . .

*A terrible cry rings out. Aunt Candace stands by the bed holding a white dress up before her. Morgan looks perplexed. Suddenly he starts back in astonishment.*

MARY—*Starting forward.* It's for me! (*Joyously.*) It's mine!

MORGAN—*Catching Mary by the arm.* What—what is it? . . . Heigh! Don't you move, gal! Wait a minute! *He pulls her back. Aunt Candace looks at Morgan. Gradually he lowers his head.*

AUNT CANDACE—I's a-feared on it. I knowed it . . . I knowed it. (*She throws the dress back on the bed and hobbles to the fire, groaning.*) Oh, Lawdy! Oh, Lawdy! My po' li'l gal! My po' li'l gal! *She rocks to and fro. Morgan's hand falls from Mary's shoulder, and she runs to the bed.*

MARY—*He sent it to me! He sent it to me!* I knowed he wouldn't forget. *She hugs the dress to her.*

MORGAN—*Turning to her.* Well, and what nigger's sending you presents now? (*With suspicion fully aroused.*) Who give you that, Mary?

MARY—*He did!*

MORGAN—*Sternly.* Who?

MARY—*Impetuously.* It was him! An' I don't care if you do know it!

MORGAN—Who! You don't mean . . .

MARY—I do too—an' . . .

MORGAN—God A'mighty, My . . . It can't be so.

MARY—*Mary goes to the mirror and holds the dress in front of her. It is too. Mr. Hugh sent it to me. (Morgan groans.)* He told me today he's sorry for me. I knowed he'd remember me; I knowed it. An' after all I ain't been workin' the whole year for nothin'. He's got a heart if nobody else ain't.

MORGAN—What in the devil! I wonder . . . Lord!

(*Aunt Candace still looks in the fire. For a moment Morgan stands lost in abstraction, then he speaks fiercely.*) Mary, put them damned things up. Put 'em up, I say. (*He goes towards her. She shrinks back, holding the dress to her. He snatches it from her and throws it on the bed, then he pushed her out in the middle of the floor. She wipes the tears from her eyes with her apron.*) You listen here, gal. We're goin' to settle it right here and now, once and for all. You're goin' to marry Jim?

MARY—Mr. Morgan . . . oh . . . I can't marry him. I can't! I won't! Let me stay. Don't drive her out, she'll die. I'll work, I'll hoe and wash, day an' night. I'll do anything, I'll . . .

MORGAN—*Fiercely.* You've told me that a thousand times, an' you've got to say one or the other right now. Right now! Do you hear! Marry Jim, I tell you and it'll be all right. He's smart and he'll take care of you. . .

MARY—I can't do it. I tell you. I can't. I'd rather die. Look at me. Ain't I almost white? Look at him. He's black and I hate him. I can't marry no nigger. Oh, don't make me do it.

MORGAN—White! What's that got to do with your marryin'? Ain't you a . . . ? You don't think you can marry a white man, do you? I tell you you've got to decide tonight. I've been after you now for two years and, gal, you've got to do it!

MARY—Don't make me do it! I hate him. I ain't black. Oh, Lord. . .

MORGAN—*Desperately.* Candace!

MARY—*Clutching his arm.* Don't tell her. I ain't goin' to see her drove out in the cold from her home. Don't tell her.

*Aunt Candace still looks in the fire. Jim sits lost in amazement, idly strumming his guitar.*

MORGAN—Well?

MARY—*Looking wildly around as if seeking help.* Oh! . . .

MORGAN—*Wiping his face.* Gal, I don't want to be too hard on you. But use common sense. I've been good to you. They ain't another man in the county that would have kept you for the last three years an' losin' money on you every year. I'm done of it, gal, I'm done. Marry Jim.

MARY—He wouldn't let you do it if he was here. He wouldn't.

MORGAN—Who? Who you talkin' about?

MARY—Mr. Hugh, your boy. He's got feelin's, he has. If he was here . . .

MORGAN—*Hoarsely.* I know it. I know it. Don't you see? He's all I got. I can't run the risk of his . . . Oh, Mary, I can't tell you. For God's sake marry Jim. Can't you see? You've got to marry him! Hugh's gone off for a week, an' I'm goin' to settle it before he ever gets back. And when he gets back, you and Candace will be clean out of this country, if you don't marry Jim. They ain't nobody else 'round here will take you in, and keep you like I have.

MARY—Where . . . where's he gone?

MORGAN—He's gone to see his gal. The one he's going to marry. And by God, you've got to marry Jim.

MARY—*Half sobbing.* They ain't no use tryin' to change it. I've tried and tried but they ain't no use. I jus' as well do it. Yes, yes, I'll marry him. I'll marry him. They ain't no way to be white. I got to be a nigger. I'll marry him, yes. I'll marry him, an' work an' hoe an' wash an' raise more children to go through it all like me, maybe other children that'll want to be white an' can't. They ain't nobody can help me. But look at him. (*Pointing to Jim.*) He's a nigger an' . . . yes . . . I'm a nigger too. *She throws her arms out letting them fall at her side.*

MORGAN—*Almost gently.* All right, Mary . . . I'll send for the preacher and the license in the morning and have him marry you and Jim right here. You needn't think about leavin' any more. And you and Jim can live here as long as you please. Is that all right, Jim?

JIM—*Uncertainly.* Yes-suh, yes-suh, Mr. Mawgin! An' I thanks you 'specially.

MORGAN—*Going up to Aunt Candace.* Mary and Jim are going to be married tomorrow, Candace. It'll be a lucky day for you. (*She makes no answer but continues her trance-like stare in the fire. Morgan comes to Mary and offers his hand. She fails to see it.*) Child, what I've had to do tonight has hurt me a whole lot worse'n you. . . Good night, Mary. *He stands a moment looking at the floor, then goes quietly out.*

JIM—*Coming up to Mary.* Miss Mary, don't look lak dat. I's gwine do better, I's . . . (*Mary keeps her head muffled in her apron.*) Honey, I's sho' gwine make you a good man.

(*Mary pays no attention to him. In his embarrassment he strums his guitar, clears his throat, props his foot up on a chair rung and begins singing in a low voice.*)

*Lyin' in the jail house,  
A-peepin' though de bars . . .*

AUNT CANDACE—*Waking from her reverie.* Bring me de li'l black box, gal. Bring me de box! (*Mary drops her apron and stares dully at the floor.*) Bring me de box! (*Half-screaming.*) Bring me de box, I say! (*Trembling and groaning, she stands up. Mary goes to the chest and brings her the black box. Aunt Candace drops her stick and chutes it.*) I's gwine tell you de secret o' dis li'l box. Yo' mammy told me to tell you if de time ever come, an' it's come. She seed trouble an' our Mammy befo' us. (*She takes a key, tied by a string around her neck, and unlocks the box, pulling out a wrinkled white dress, yellowed with age, of the style of the last generation. Jim sits down, overcome with astonishment, staring at the old woman with open mouth.*) Look heah, chile. I's gwine tell you now. Nineteen years ago come dis Christmas dey's a white man gi'n you mammy this heah, an' dat white man is kin to you, an' he don't live fur off nuther. Gimme dat dress dere on de bed. (*Mary gets it and holds it tightly to her breast. Aunt Candace snatches at it, but Mary elings to it.*) Gimme dat dress!

MARY—It's mine!

AUNT CANDACE—Gimme! (*She jerks the dress from Mary. Hobbling to the fireplace, she lays both of them carefully on the flames. Jim makes a movement as if to save them, but she waves him back with her stick.*) Git back, nigger! Git back! Dis night I's gwine wipe out some o' de traces o' sin. (*Mary sits in her chair sobbing. As the dress's burn, Aunt Candace comes to her and lays her hand upon her head.*) I knows yo' feelin's, chile. But yo's got to smother 'em in. You's got to smother 'em in.

CURTAIN



# A Tar Heel in Metropolitan Journalism

By HENRY R. FULLER

Here is the story of a graduate of this University who has made good in New York journalism. Since the writing of this article, Mr. Graves has resigned the Sunday editorship of the New York Times to go with the Doubleday-Page Company, publishers, to take charge of a syndicate which distributes stories, articles, books in serial form, and other features. The story of the journalistic career of this son of Carolina makes very interesting reading.

THUS was a certain birth chronicled in a North Carolina newspaper in the summer of 1878: "A new professor at the University.

"He arrived Thursday morning. His ancestors to the fifth generation have been officers in the University of North Carolina. His father is now a professor. His paternal grandfather was a professor. His maternal grandfather is now a professor. His mother's maternal grandfather, his own great-grandfather was steward. His maternal grandmother's paternal grandfather (by marriage), was the first President of the University. He has been represented in the faculty by his father, his two grandfathers, two great grandfathers, and one great-great-grandfather. His great-great-great-grandfather signed the Declaration of Independence in 1776, and his great-grandfather was present at the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876. At present he is in the department of literature, his specialty being elementary sounds. Weight, ten pounds."

The name of the boy was Ralph Henry Graves. But he was not to continue the family tradition. Teaching in Chapel Hill was not for him. Service as reporter and then as editor-in-chief of the *Tar Heel* confirmed his taste for journalism, and a brief visit to New York convinced him that was where he wanted to live. He is now Sunday editor of the New York Times.

The *Hellenian*, which was the college annual before the *Yackety Yack* came into existence, has a long and varied list of activities following his name. He helped to organize and for two years was vice-president of the tennis association. He was throughout his college career one of the two or three best players on the campus. In his senior year he played on his class football team.

He was one of the organizers of the Dramatic Club, and took a woman's part in "The Little Rebel," the first play given here. Later he displayed his histrionic skill in "She Stoops to Conquer" and "London Assurance." It was largely due to his interest and vigor that the Dramatic Club became a success. He played the mandolin and was manager of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs. He was a member of the German Club, the Phi Society, the Historical Society, Zeta Psi, the Gorgon's

Head, and the honor society, Alpha Theta Phi, which has since become a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

Receiving his A.B. in 1897, Mr. Graves remained here as a graduate and took his M.A. He was librarian from 1897 to 1899.

In 1899, when he was 21 years old, he went to New York and became a reporter on the New York Times. The Times was at that time just recovering from a state of bankruptcy. Mr. Graves went through his period of apprenticeship on a low salary. He has recounted to friends that for a day or so preceding pay day, funds being nearly gone, he subsisted mostly on bananas.

At first he did general reporting. For a while he was on "emergency," staying at the office until the paper went to press at 2 a. m., ready to cover anything that might turn up. Following this he was employed intermittently as copy reader and general reporter, and then was promoted to assistant city editor.

In his early career on the Times, Graves reported the great fire which destroyed the North German Lloyd steamers, in which several hundred lives were lost. His narrative of this disaster was acclaimed at the time as one of the best pieces of reporting ever done in New York.

Growing tired of night work, he went to the New York Evening Post, on which his hours were about those of an ordinary business man. While working here he won renown in newspaper circles by his reports of the insurance investigation of 1904. The witnesses in this investigation were famous financial leaders, and the proceedings excited nation-wide interest. Reporting them for an afternoon paper was a high-pressure job.

The following years saw Mr. Graves back with the Times as assistant Sunday editor, back with the Post as city editor, and finally back with the Times, where he has remained ever since. He served as assistant managing editor, and then as city editor. In 1917 the owner of the paper wished to expand the Sunday Times and picked Ralph Graves as the man to do it.

As digressions from his Sunday editorship, special missions are often given to Mr. Graves. For instance,

he was in charge of the *Times* staff covering both the Republican and Democratic national conventions at Chicago and San Francisco in 1920. He supervised with notable success the reporting of these conventions.



RALPH HENRY GRAVES

He had an opportunity to show his resourcefulness at the San Francisco convention, when telephone connection with New York was cut. In less than an hour he was in touch with the manager of the Canadian telephone system and arranged for a through wire from San Francisco to the New York *Times* office by way of Canada. Just before the presses started each night, the latest bulletins came into the *Times* office by way of Vancouver, the Canadian Rockies and Montreal.

One of Mr. Graves' most recent special assignments was a trip to Europe in connection with the purchase of the Kaiser's memoirs. It was he who read the manuscript for the *Times* and later he brought part of it back in his handbag.

During the latter part of the world war he was editor of the *Red Cross Magazine*.

In addition to his editorial labors, Mr. Graves has for some time held a lectureship in the School of Journalism of Columbia University. He lectures there once a week on the writing of feature stories for newspapers.

In 1916 Mr. Graves married Miss Frances Morgan Griffith, of Charlotte, who at that time was living in New York.

"Who's who in America" reveals that he belongs to the Century Club, the Dutch Treat Club, and the Coffee House Club, all of which are frequented by writing people.

Members of the present University faculty who were fellow students of Mr. Graves are R. D. W. Connor, Archibald Henderson, William S. Bernard, and Henry W. Wagstaff. Among the North Carolinians who were his closest friends during his six years as undergraduate and graduate were Darius Eatman, Edward Kidder Graham, and Samuel Selden Lamb.

### THE CAROLINAS IN SONG

Carolina Chansons, by Dubose Heyward and Hervey Allen, (New York, Macmillan, 1922, pp. 130, \$1.25).

According to a well-known story, a certain Tar Heel, replying to a question as to which was his home state, answered simply, "Carolina." When questioned further as to whether it was North or South Carolina, he ejaculated: "North, by God, Carolina."

No matter how emphatically the reader of *Carolina Chansons* may pronounce his loyalty to the Old North State he will find much to welcome in this volume of poetry from Charleston. In the first place, the subject matter belongs often enough almost as much to one state as to the other. Stede Bonnet, Blackbeard, Theodosia Burr; sea-islands, the marshes, magnolias—this is the stuff from which North Carolinians, too, must weave a legendry and art. And surely crap, with its colorful jargon (the subject of *Gamesters All* by Dubose Heyward) is not to be conceded more intimate a part of life in South Carolina than it is here!

But the fact that these verses are, in a sense, of our own flesh and bone is not their highest recommendation. More significant than that is their authentic value as poetry. Space is not available here to make tempting quotations in support of this assertion; the reviewer must content himself by merely calling attention to such bits as *The Priest and the Pirate*, *Dusk*, *Eclipse*, *The Last Crew*, and *Carolina Spring Song*.

To readers of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, the volume should have one special significance—the understanding which it affords of the method by which creative art works. Here are legends and places with which we are all more or less acquainted; they are as familiar to citizens of this region as Davie Poplār, the Old Well, or "the judge" to students on the campus. But they have been touched with the magic of the poet, the creator, and they come forth, not sand dunes, or swamps, or magnolia gardens—but art. And that is justification enough for such a book.



# Our Tar Heel Waldensians

By REED KITCHIN

In the Western part of the State, at the little town called Valdese, there is a colony of an ancient and interesting people. Living there since 1892, these people have established themselves and prospered to such an extent that they are classed as among the most worthy and industrious citizens of this State. And this, too, in the face of a past filled with misery, poverty, and persecution. Mr. Kitchin tells us in an interesting way just why these people came to settle in North Carolina.

PERHAPS few of us know that since 1892, down in Burke County, near Morganton, a colony of thrifty, industrious Italians have thrived and set the pace for modern citizenship. Yet such is the case, for in the 31 years they have resided in their little village of Valdese, law breaking has rarely taken place among them. Only two cases where Waldensians have been hailed before the courts are on record, one happened when an American called one of them "a damn Wop" and the Waldensian was up on a charge of "assault and battery." Another case was for intoxication, but not on their native wine, but here again through American contamination for it was "moonshine" that did the dirty work.

Yet these most law abiding, industrious people have a record behind them that a Chicago packing house slaughter pen boss would envy. For of brutality, tyranny, and sheer cruelty their history is a complete record.

At the foot of the Alps in Northern Italy lies the Italian state, Piedmont, and in this country, in a small area, surrounded by the Alpine Mountains, had lived the Waldensians from time beyond recall. As far back as the ninth century they are found in opposition to the Pope, sticking strongly to their own religious tenets, and receiving the consequent oppression that was always the aftermath of such opposition.

But in 1160 their cause was given a great stimulus by the joining in their ranks of Peter Waldo, a great Protestant of his time. And many attribute their name as descending from him, although others say that it comes from the "Vallies" which they inhabited. Whatever it came from didn't protect them from the punishments of heresy, and the work of complete annihilation went jogging along down through the centuries. So inhuman, bloody and cruel was one of these anti-Waldensian crusades in 1655 that Cromwell protested in strong terms to the Piedmontese government of the time, and Milton wrote his ode "on the late massacre in Piedmont" expressing in equally vehement terms his disapproval. But, nevertheless the work of the slaughter pen went forward, and at another time, 14,000 were slaughtered and a remaining 3,000 exiled to Switzerland, but these later returned to their beloved native valleys of Northern Italy. And it was not until 1848 that these persecuted, famine ridden,

pestilence stricken people were let alone by their officious, meddling neighbors. But never during the most trying of these years of suffering did the Waldensians weaken in their moral heroism or physical courage. Half-fed, half-armed, badly disciplined as they were, they were always on the spot when it came to fighting trained, well cared for French and Piedmontese armies.

And thus through all the persecution they tenaciously stuck to their native valleys, and yet with the dawn of peace and freedom from oppression, why is it that this ancient and interesting people migrate to America, and to North Carolina at that? Here's the answer: during all those years of persecution the increase in population had been counterbalanced by famine, pestilence, and other spectres of war; but when peace and civil and religious liberty at last came, the population of their valleys began to grow out of all bounds, and in their valleys, so small was the cultivatable land that a majority of their small lots were artificially built up on the barren and rocky mountain sides, and so precious was this land that when a landslide occurred and sent the little land plot sprawling into the valley, the careful farmer would descend and bring the bits back in a basket. So it is easily seen that with the population continually growing it became a necessity to find new homes for many of the population. It was a case of necessity.

So, in 1892 the Reverend Teofilo Goa, a Waldensian pastor, traveling in America struck up an acquaintance with a Northern capitalist, who was possessed of much, to him, useless barren land, in Burke County, North Carolina. This speculator suggested to Reverend Teofilo, that he locate some of his fast growing flock on this North Carolina land. The idea took favorably with the pastor, and on his return to the Vaudois Valleys, communicated the offer to his people, and two Waldensian farmers were sent over to inspect the land and report. The report was favorable, and in the fall of 1892, twenty families emigrated to "the land of promise." In the spring of 1893 thirty families followed. When all had arrived they numbered close to two hundred and fifty persons, one-third of whom were children under ten years of age.

After arriving, they found that too much real estate had become theirs, and they asked the persons from whom it was bought if they wouldn't take some of the

land back. This was promptly agreed to, but the land sharks who sold the land, doubled the price for the remainder, determined not to lose a red copper on these poor, gullible Italians. Thus was incurred a standing debt to begin a new life with.

But, nothing discouraged, the colony incorporated itself under North Carolina rules of law. Their charter called for a board of nine directors. But this communistic style of living was soon dissolved and the charter revoked, as it was seen that better, and surer success comes through private ownership of property. So the lands purchased were divided proportionately, each family taking its share and assuming the debt for that share.

So smoothly were things thought to be running that the Rev. Carlo Alberto Tron, who had acted as their leader during emigration, and the only interpreter the colony possessed, left for Italy.

The new pastor, Reverend Vinaille, although an excellent man and learned churchman, was no match for the American shrewdness he had to deal with, and much annoyance and heart burning resulted. A period of utter despair and much actual suffering and distress set in on the unfortunate colonists.

The initial gorging with too much land was caused by the scarcity of land in their own country, and just like a starving person, when they did get a chance to purchase land for little or nothing they bit off more than they could chew, and most of the families were poor and had spent most of their funds in reaching North Carolina, so that they had little to pay for the land they owned. Then, too, the Waldensians had been taught by the Reverend Tron to believe that all Americans were square dealing fellows, and it took some costly disillusionment to rid them of this idea. While they were overcoming all these distresses a knitting mill was established, and due to mismanagement, utterly failed.

But better times were ahead, and with the arrival in 1894 of Reverend Soulier, better days dawned. Soulier was a practical business man, and possessed of a thorough knowledge of English. During the past period of suffering the population decreased nearly one half, but soon these hardy Waldensians had mastered American farming methods, and now in many cases surpassed the American farmers. Substantial houses were built and the once barren and almost worthless Burke County hillsides were touched up in the fall of the year with the purple of grape clusters, for these people are inveterate grape growers and wine producers.

Such excellent pruners are the Waldensians that the Americans around about employ them to prune their grape vines, and here they have their distinctive methods, so much so that it is said, that on one occasion, one of the colonists had pruned an American vineyard and the owner on seeing the work declared his vineyard had been cut to pieces and ruined, but

contrary to his expectations, the next yield was more bountiful than ever.

In 1895, their handsome stone church was dedicated, the work being done by the colonists themselves. The Waldensian church is under the jurisdiction of the Concord Presbytery, and its minister is supported by the North Carolina Presbyterian Synod.

The old people still cling to their antiquated national costumes, and speak English with difficulty. They have to have their wine at each meal, though since 1918, they have not been able to sell their chief product. Their hills are covered with vineyards, and they are planning a grape juice plant.

A coöperative bakery, producing 1600 loaves per day, has supplanted the old fashioned stone ovens. This bread finds a ready market on the tables of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York.

Most every industry is run on the coöperative basis. There is a coöperative insurance company, on the Farmer's Federation plan, and a Waldensian bank is a near reality.

The Waldensian Hosiery Mills, from a beginning of \$200, now employs 150 workers, and with one half dozen branches in nearby towns is now controlled by Francis Garrou and his three nephews, John, Albert and Henry. This family was the original instigator of the system. Then there are the Valdese Cotton Mills, No. 1 and No. 2, owned by the same family. And a unique industry is the "Swiss Embroidery Co.," a lace factory, the only plant of its kind in the South. This industry employs a number of interested workers, and manufactures patterns of difficult embroidery and excellent quality, which find a ready market. The owners, two men who know their business thoroughly, and have faith in it, make their own patterns, and are constantly broadening the business. Also a macaroni industry is in Valdese and a shoe factory contemplated.

A very few of the younger generation have drifted away from the colony. Education is well looked after, and many of the Waldensians attend the higher institutions, some to Johns Hopkins and others to the University. Many marry into American families and adopt American ways, though it is rather difficult for the old people to adopt new ways of living, and the majority prefer to remain in their typical little Italian rock houses and go on their way.

These Waldensian colonists are an interesting race. In appearance they are low, heavy and dark featured. They speak, especially the old people, French, Italian, and a Vaudois patois. The patois is not a written language, but the ordinary discourse is held in it, while French and Italian is used in the church. The younger generation, however, speak English fluently.

The little town, Valdese, in which they live is typical of the Piedmont portion of the State. The town is governed by the aldermanic form of municipal government. Religion is emphasized, and the people are



always careful to attend church. Progressive moves are heartily seconded by the people, and under the leadership of their able mayor, Francis Garrou, are fast attaining a high place in American municipal government.

Coming through the test of long centuries of persecution, retaining the earnestness, sincereness and intelligence which makes for stable, conservative government, North Carolina is proud to harbor such a worthy and industrious citizenry.

## *Henry Horace Williams and His Message*

By WILLIAM D. MOSS

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**This article is not to entertain you. Its purpose is to provoke thought. It is an interpretation of the teaching of a philosopher by one of his students. We hope it will help the reader to understand the remarkable influence Professor Williams has had in the State.**

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THE Editor has asked the writer for this interpretation of Henry Horace Williams who administers the department of philosophy in the University of North Carolina. If an interpreter values his life he will be careful not to employ his art on a contemporary, especially if the latter is near at hand. But, having rushed in where angels and other wise folk would have taken to the woods, he must be a good sport and see the thing through.

Real power lies in Self Activity. Professor Williams has wielded real power and it is because he has had a clear vision of Self Activity. Philosophy, today, is sectarian. It is at the stage of pragmatism—a sort of philosophic Holy Roller movement. Philosophy, to Professor Williams, is the task of exposing the steps by which the mind consciously arrives at Self Activity. The teacher of philosophy is obliged to be an outstanding force if he sees and successfully applies himself to this problem. Professor Williams is one of the very few men who has both had the vision and translated it to others. The result is that those who wait on his ministry receive a baptism of power. Their minds, in other words, flame into a blaze—unless, as Mr. Williams would say, the powder in the mind is wet.

Most teachers of philosophy are concerned with the history of the subject, not with its problem. Their work is thus descriptive, not vital; horizontal, not perpendicular. They are at the book stage of exposition. After the student is through with a degree to his name he wonders what it has all been about. Mr. Williams knows what it is all about; and while he works horizontally and “covers the field” he also works perpendicularly, turning up the subsoil. In other words, he has, not a mere discursive familiarity with, but a concept of philosophy; and a concept is a mighty living thing.

America has had three teachers who take first rank in the field of philosophy: William T. Harris, first Commissioner of Education; Charles C. Everett, late of Harvard; and “Horace” Williams, as he is affec-

tionately known by those who have come under the sway of his inspiration. It could be shown that Mr. Williams has gone beyond both these men not only in his insight into the philosophical problem but also in his unique method of exposition.

As logic lies at the basis of all activity from the making of a cake to the building of a civilization, Mr. Williams finds his chief interest here; and in his hands logic is raised to the dignity of Ontology. Namely, to know the logical movement is to see it illustrated in the world and life.

Logic is the story of the mind's life. It is morphology in the sphere of mind similar to the morphology unfolded in the biological laboratory—the tools in each case being different. It searches the mind's activity for reality; and Mr. Williams stoutly claims that it uncovers Self Activity. But that is a long and rocky road to travel and the writer disclaims anything here but a superficial account. He will be gratified if he has succeeded in simply showing that the road is there.

There have been two logics. Mr. Williams has been unfolding a third.

Aristotle found that every little object had in it what is ideal, fundamental. That ideal or fundamental is the object's own self. The oak—that fundamental in the acorn—is the acorn. The object has power to realize that fundamental, to objectify it. The acorn is an oak and has power to realize itself in the form, the individual thing that the eye sees. It has power to realize itself, namely, in its opposite. Thus arises a contradiction. Which is the reality—the form (the individual, namely) or the fundamental? Aristotle said that when you had a contradiction one side of the antithesis had to yield. So, to him the fact, the form, the individual, was nothing. The fundamental was everything.

In the human object he found that the fundamental was Reason. Reason works in a man. It puts forth an idea, a fundamental: the government ownership of railways. But instantly, it puts forth its opposite:

private ownership of railways. Both cannot be true. So one must go. How attend to that? Aristotle worked out there the rules of the syllogism. He worked out a system by which you could find your way to truth; and you got truth through that system by proving that the other man was wrong. You therefore became an imperialist. It was formal logic. He failed to see that the mind is the unit of two opposites; that truth is the synthesis of a contradiction; that private ownership, for example, can go with government supervision; that truth is therefore the reciprocity of the two elements in every contradiction.

As the human being has an imperial side to him Aristotle opened the gates to people of imperial bias who got an idea they wanted to make prevail. They found the Aristotelian system the thing they were looking for and so his logic became the instrument of absolutism in civic life, of the institution, the hierarchy and the theological school in religion. Civilization stood on that ground for centuries and has not recovered itself yet. It was truth standardized, thinking reduced to a formula—a sort of Greek pharisaical movement.

Two things, however, Aristotle did: he established the ideal, the fundamental in its opposite—the individual; and in doing so, he implied, although he failed to show that the individual had to be noticed.

Right in there came, later, the second logic. For the individual came to himself one day and stood up for his rights. "If there is a standard," he said, "that standard should show itself as in and of me. It should be constitutional. Let us purge our minds of this fundamentalizing, idealizing business and get down to brass tacks. Let us begin with the individual, the fact, the object, and permit it to tell its own story. If it reveals ideals, well and good. If it does not, let us be content with what it reveals."

This logic, however, cannot give and has never given a full exposure of facts. As an ultimate explanation of things, it is like the dog running round after his tail—that fact—which he never catches. He is unable to catch the tail because he has not the necessary equipment for the task. This inductive method gives an account, not of facts but of what works in facts and is other than facts; and when it applies itself to the complex life and problems of the human being it utterly breaks down. Society, namely, can never be placed on a sure foundation with the scientific kit of tools. It gives the technique of Reality but not Reality, the technique of civilization but not civilization. Society on the basis of science would be like the musical instrument played, not musically but correctly. It would be kultur.

This logic is the tool of the understanding as the former was of the institution. It is intellectual only and abstract. It ends up like Dr. Fosdick's recent twelve tests of character or Dr. Frank Crane's celebrated fourteen marks of a gentleman. One is left wondering what character or a gentleman is. It gives

knowledge, not of an object but of the type to which the object belongs—the laws that govern it, the environment, namely, in which it is set. Water, for instance, discloses itself to this method as  $H_2O$  type of reality. It is in and of that system. Nature is explored everywhere and reveals itself as a region of types. On the basis of this logic the human being is lost in the system. Industrially, he is, not a self active spirit but a Labor Union product, an exponent of Capital or a herald of the Messianic hope of socialism. Religiously, he thinks, not for himself but in terms of a statement of truth once delivered. Education at this stage centers in the school, not in the individual studying there—the school with its credits, its curriculum, its degrees, its system; and the educated man therefore represents a type, the intellectual and efficient type of culture. Education, namely, like religion, is less interested in men than in its system. Civilization, today, illustrates this logic. It is at the type stage. A type of civilized life sought recently to make itself prevail over the earth.

International life? It won't work. So let the type go on its way. Let America hold to a Monroe doctrine and France exact her reparations. Truth? The human being can have no absolute standard of truth. He can only be a pragmatist. Truth is a type of truth. It is what works. Dr. Dewey affirms that the attempt to reach an ultimate standard of truth is but a pleasant and harmless estheticism. Men, he declares, think seriously only when they get into trouble. Then they improvise. Well, they practiced this pragmatism on Jesus and Socrates. Truth is what works. Hence the cross and the gibbet. Something worked there. What was it? Mr. Dewey, though, proposes to be thorough and, speaking of civics, he says that something must be devised that will work a long time. Still, it is a "what works," not an ultimate.

Morals? You cannot find the ultimate standard of right. Then improvise one, create a moral type that will work—the strap, for example, for the child.

We are in a Bergsonian world of "Creative Evolution." Each age casts up to the surface its own standards. There is a "what works" at the centre of the world—a "pousse," as Bergson informs us. It pushes everything and everything pushes everything else. Ordered liberty! Scientific determinism! A man, at this stage, is judged by his action—as at the former stage he was judged in terms of his obedience to a static standard; and it is not Self Activity but activity driven by environment, driven by the type.

But types go down in the struggle. The Mastodon is gone. Ancient Greece—that fair type—is gone. The "Sixteen to One" type went into the hands of a receiver. The  $H_2O$  type, according to the physicist, dissipates into a formula of motion and that formula yields to the biologist's formula of life. In other words, there is an essence, an organizing principle in the organization, a force in the type that commands it. The H and O could not do anything if the force



were not there to bring and keep them together in the H<sub>2</sub>O compact. The constitution would not work without the agent who enforces it. So, the world turns out to be a world of force—all things in a whirl at the beck and call of their master. That is the environment men are in—force—and a man, it is said, is the product of his environment. Environment is everything, he is nothing.

Can the step be taken, logically, beyond force? The usual way here, is to take a trip in the airplane with Paley. Herbert Spencer refused to budge from where he was. Immanuel Kant said that the human mind could not know what this force was in itself but that it communicated itself to the feeling as Truth, Goodness and Beauty and through the feeling commanded the will.

The third logic begins where this is, the second, leaves off, gathers up the other two and holds them as moments in its life. Professor James said that this logic gave him wheels. But, bless his heart, he has left us the precious heritage of his letters and so he should be left off.

A man, it is declared, is the product of his environment. The environment is everything, the individual nothing. But even objects in nature tell a different story. The environment of rain and sunshine comes in on the grain of wheat but that grain acts on its environment, assimilating it to itself. There is a something in there more than grain and environment. The refined lady said to her husband: "Shut up or I'll break my arm across your mouth." "Where I be?" he replied. The environment there was the lady. The object was the man but there was something in the man that brought something of his very own to his environment and something in the environment kin to him that he could assimilate and direct—or that he thought he could and was ready to try out. Every object is itself and its environment and the power in it to bring something of its own to and assimilate the forces that play upon it, because the forces playing on it are kin to its own forces. The forces of nature could not grow a grain of wheat if it were rotten.

Reciprocity, therefore, takes the place of environment. The object is a little democracy. In other words, it is a citizen with inalienable rights and a voter as well as an object with an environment. It and its environment are one life. It is subject, an "I am," as well as object. It is therefore director of its state as well as at the call of its state. The call its state makes upon it is *its* call, not a military mandate. The object is therefore an organism. It is, therefore, a Self Activity. It owns and controls its type.

Objects in nature do not expose, although they hint at Self Activity. The environment in them is the main item. The man object, however, lays bare the Self Activity implied in other objects. He is the centre of the universe. One part of him is the part he calls and enjoys as his very self. The other is his environ-

ment of varied nature from a breath of wind to a Sistine Madonna; and he has in him a power not his own, yet his very own, that can assimilate his environment, turning it to the uses of the sweet, divine mind within him. He, his environment and that power in him are one. It's a family compact.

That power in him is the power to think. That is the real "what" in "what works." The environment, namely, that force in the world the chemist calls elements and the physicist something else, turns out to be a mind force, a thinking, a spiritual force. In that force the human being shares and in his capacity to think he is a self determining agent, he is free in his environment. Any man who will give himself a chance to use the mind's set of tools can find out the truth to be put to work in his religious, moral, social, civic and economic situations. He can do so at least twice out of three times and that is good enough battling to win the game. He can do so because in his activity he draws on the Absolute Source of power that guides him along. For his situations are not over against him. They are in and of his life, his own situations. He can see them as such; and they yield to the touch of thought.

Give that man power in a community, county, state or nation and he will lift his fellows up to the very level of life itself. For reality is to him not what works in any situation for a brief, Bergsonian, pragmatic hour, but what works right, fundamentally, for all time. Grow a race like that and civilization will begin to take on hope.

Once in history that man, here set forth, arrived. He was the Eternal Logos, the Eternal Reason—implicit in the world—finding a local habitation and name. He didn't write a logic. He didn't unfold the mind's life in conscious thought forms. He did better. He lived logic. He was, as has been said of him, the Logos, the Spirit of Truth and Goodness and Beauty whose judgments were ultimate, whose character sustained the absolute test of right and who went about continually doing good.

It is the approach to that man Mr. Williams seeks to release to the State. Socrates said that he himself was an accoucheur to, a liberator of the mind. Mr. Williams has been a liberating force in men. He has caused them to see the mind's wealth not merely in the Galilean and Plato, in Augustine, Spinoza and the others but also in themselves. He has taken his logic out of the classroom and tested it in the great movements of civilization all the way from the ancient Brahminism to the Carolina Student Council. All the way the search is for Reality and the test is Self Activity; and at every step the student is gradually coming to himself in his Father's house in strength and peace and being grown to take a man's place in life. He is being grown to be a one in his world of the many; not a solitary one, therefore, not an individualist, but a one that circulates freely in his world, maintaining himself in all his relations—social, moral, re-

ligious, economic—and yet sustaining those relations. He is a spiritual presence—the vital unit of all contradictions.

An educator from another university once quoted to a Carolina audience what seemed to him an informing statement of the function of philosophy. The statement was to the effect that this ancient and reverent exercise of the mind was like the search by a blind man in a dark room for a black cat that wasn't

there. "Everybody to his taste," the old lady said as she kissed the cow. Professor Williams has exposed the capacity of the mind to function along absolute lines and would say that the mission of philosophy was to aid the mind to the full use of its powers. This is the logic of which he has seen the necessity for our modern life with its vision of democracy and its sad failure to bring democracy to pass by the easy, improvizing method of pragmatism.

## *Student Life in Switzerland*

By H. BOSSHARD

The writer of the article given below has been in this country only three years. He is at present an instructor in German in this University. Next year he expects to teach in some western university. His sojourn at any one place in America is a brief one, as he is making a tour of the entire country, studying American systems of education and American life in general, before returning to his native country. His description of student life in Switzerland and its contrast with American student life makes intensely interesting reading. Read the article and contrast it with student life here at Carolina and note the many differences.

"DO Swiss students play baseball, football and basketball?" is a question American students have asked me. No; they do not. "What do they do then for exercise and recreation?" As a rule they study more. They read more. And they do a number of things which, they believe, are as attractive and as recreational as these American games.

Our country has almost four millions of inhabitants in twenty-five rather independent states, the cantons. The federal government maintains a technical university and the Polytechnic School, in Zurich. Seven cantons, including the canton of Zurich, have a "state" university each.

I am a Zurich man, and shall chiefly describe the life in the vicinity of Zurich. No two cantons are exactly alike, and consequently no university is the double of another. I shall set forth those features which are typical of most Swiss universities.

The two main buildings of the cantonal university and the Federal Polytechnic School tower above the city. Each is the center of many buildings scattered among the houses of the city.

You find no dormitories, no fraternity and university club houses near the university. The rooms of the students are scattered all over the city. Societies and clubs meet in reserved rooms of public and private houses. In the vicinity of the university, shields with bright colors and twisted initials meet the eyes of strangers and children. Each one indicates that a *burschenschaft* has its home in that building. But there are dozens of other student meeting places throughout the city which have no such conspicuous signs. Besides, there are a great many gymnasiums

and rooms of public schools, and city and private tennis courts partly occupied and used by students.

This diffusion of the university buildings is symbolic of student life in Europe.

The university proper is a working place for men and women, a complex of graduate and professional schools. Swiss students usually go six years to the public primary school, then seven and a half years to the "Gymnasium," or to the "Oberrealschule," or to the Normal school, all of which have compulsory curricula. From these schools the students enter directly into the university.

The university offers lecture courses. The students register, and then go and listen, take notes, as they please, usually write down in a few words what the professor said and suggested for private reading and study. They enjoy an almost unlimited freedom. They have no reports, no mid-term, no quarterly, nor semi-annual examinations. They have only final state examinations, or doctor's theses and examinations. We have no bachelor's, nor master's degree, but final state examinations and diplomas in professional schools, particularly for physicians, lawyers, primary and secondary school teachers. Students of medicine, dentistry, veterinary and natural science, and the students of the Polytechnic School have preliminary examinations and are not so free as others.

There are also seminar and laboratory courses which appear much like those in America. In fact these courses have more or less an international character.

It is difficult for a stranger to get a view into the social and extra-curricula activities of Swiss and European students in general. This part of the stu-



dent life easily escapes observation, if you are not a student yourself.

There are the *burschen*. They contrast with the common students. They wear conspicuous stiff student caps, which are red, blue, yellow, white, or black. They are bordered by two or three ribbons of contrasting colors and have a black sharp peak. They are likely to give the impression that they are "the students."

People are, therefore, more familiar with the *burschen* activities than with the student life in general. The *burschen* as a rule study hard certain hours of the day, but spend the remaining hours with their "brothers." They teach the young members, the "foxes," good and chivalrous manners. They keep up the habit of fencing, and many do excellent gymnastic work. A few *burschenschaften* arrange regularly student duels, where the *burschen* get cuts in the faces. Besides, they are well known for singing, for speaking and sometimes—for drinking.

The *burschenschaften* of Zurich still have a prominent position in university celebrations; torch-light processions are almost entirely the business of their own. But otherwise they are of minor importance in the university life. Only a small number of students belong to these *burschenschaften*. These organizations are also restricted to the German speaking section of Switzerland. They are indeed of German origin and have little background in the Swiss tradition.

All the rest of the students, by far the large majority, are called the *Freistudenten*, the free students.

The *Freistudenten* are usually not so much interested in fencing and gymnastics as the *burschen* are. Baseball is unknown in Switzerland; football, the English game and basketball are well known in our country, but are neglected by the students for the most part.

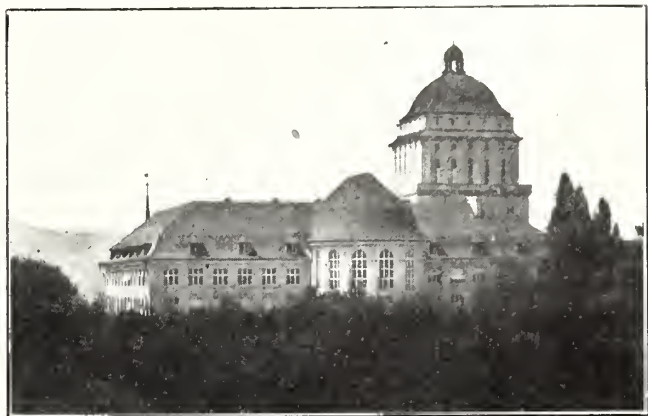
But almost all Swiss students love to tramp. The country is full of pretty little valleys, chains of hills, and brooks and lakes. In Zurich the students like to climb on the Uetliberg, an elevation scarcely to be called a mountain. It is a wonderful point towering above the city, the lake, and valleys in the vicinity of Zurich, offering a splendid view of the snow-crested northern chain of the Alps. In the winter time the students are skiing on the hills all over the canton, or skating on various ponds and lakes.

A great number of the students are in love with the mountains. They either belong to temporary groups, or to student mountain clubs, or still oftener the Swiss Alpine Club.

On Saturday morning, or usually in the afternoon, the students, each one charged with a heavy *rucksack*, a cooking apparatus, an ice-axe, and one or two of them with a rope, take the train running up into the canton of Glaris and into the valley of Walensee. They ascend about four to eight hours to reach one of the Alpine Club cabins, and climb on Sunday to one of the many peaks around this station. This sport, however, is not as popular as football and baseball in America. But it affords excellent opportunity for

teamwork. A careless or an awkward step exposes the life of many to danger. And one with a commanding voice may save the group. This is an excellent school for austere and civil discipline and for unofficial leadership.

Every healthy young Swiss is compelled to serve in



THE EAST FACADE OF THE NEW MAIN BUILDING, UNIVERSITY OF THE CANTON OF ZURICH

the militia for ten weeks when he is twenty years of age, and for two weeks annually for several years thereafter. Students who become officers usually serve one or two ten week periods extra. This service is valuable physical training, but it is gradually losing the sympathy of the youth. On the other hand there is a constantly growing movement in Switzerland to turn this unproductive army into a civil and constructive organization, which sometime will tame the avalanches and torrents and turn them into useful forces, and will open isolated valleys and release the toilers from their humiliating and oppressive burden.

Many students play tennis, a great many row, and others bicycle. Swiss students, as Continental European students in general, do not carry on as much athletics as the American students. But they have opportunities to excel in other activities.

Practically every student sees often the masterpieces of drama, hears classical music and knows the art gallery well. Zurich and most other university cities are attractive places for art-lovers.

The city has two good theaters. Many of the most famous actors of the German race started their careers in Zurich and come periodically back to our city. Many well known composers and symphony conductors live in Zurich. Companies and orchestras from the French speaking part of Switzerland, and sometimes companies from Italy come to our city. Students have considerable reductions on the prices of good seats in two theaters and in the concert hall, and also privileges in the art gallery.

Besides, they usually read much. The German and French classics, Shakespeare, and many German philosophers are familiar to all good standing students.

There are numerous student organizations for fostering art, and a great many students outside the university belong to these societies.



Swiss citizens, I believe, have a greater political interest than most other nationalities. They consider politics as their most intimate affair. The students are often criticised for their relative passivity. But their political interest, however, is remarkable as compared with that of American students. We not only find all political parties represented in student organizations, but many students participate in political meetings, and frequently take an active part in guidance and propaganda before elections and at votings.

Before I left for America I observed some important political activity of the students. In May, 1920, Switzerland had to decide by ballot whether she would join the League of Nations or not. Student organizations arranged meetings, invited prominent and competent men to speak to them, and appointed speakers of their own. They certainly helped many people to vote intelligently.

In the last two decades the students have taken an active part in guiding and governing the university community. The *Freistudentenschaft*, a confederating organization of all the students not organized in the *burschenschaften*, arranged public lectures, and started petitions to the senate of the university. About five years ago the *Freistudentenschaft* of Zurich achieved the building up of an effective self-government. This government, consisting of a central student council and assembly, and school councils and assemblies, keeps up discipline, decides about university celebrations, and has practically unlimited advisory functions in the university. Other universities have similar institutions.

In brief, Swiss universities are state institutions. They diffuse into the city. Not only the buildings are scattered among the houses of the city, but the students also participate in the city life. The universities offer facilities for graduate and professional study. As a rule they enjoy great freedom. The *burschenschaften*, though they are conspicuous in the university community, are losing their importance gradually. The *Freistudentenschaft*, including all the rest of the students, are more and more determining the spirit of the university. Swiss students are not fond of athletics in the American sense, but enjoy other popular outdoor activities, such as walking, rowing, skating, skiing, and mountain climbing. Every healthy Swiss student does military service, and usually becomes an officer. We hope that the militia will gradually turn into a productive organization.

Swiss students are interested in art; they have privileges in theaters and concert halls and art galleries and visit them frequently. They are, as the Swiss in general, interested in national, and international problems. They consider politics as an affair of their own. In some cities they have built up effective systems of student government.

I am sure many American students, particularly those in languages, science, and medicine would find profit and much enjoyment in spending a year in one of the Swiss universities—under one condition—that they forgive the country for being small and having a long, long tradition that keeps many things alive which have ceased to be valuable from a rational, or business standpoint.



DAVIE HALL FROM THE ARBORETUM



# Seeing Latin America Through a Port Hole

By C. B. YARLEY

*Here is a description of what transpired on a trip the author took last summer to Central and South America. To read the story is to enjoy it, but to know the author and to read the story is to doubly enjoy it.*

The night was dark, stars were few  
Down the alley a villain flew  
From his breast a dagger drew,  
And stuck it in an oyster stew.

I HAVE always been requested in the imperative mood to do two things, first, when school is out come home, and second, do likewise when the party gets rough, if its only midnight. But like David of old, we are apt to vary from the straight and narrow path.

I want to say right here that this narrative is not intended to display any mark of literary genius. Far be it from me to vary from the facts for literary purposes. I will tell it to you just as it happened. So what the critic doesn't slide his blue pencil through you will get.

The following is my story: Like a steed keyed for a long race, the 15th of June found me eager and ready to go. I reached Norfolk with thirty cents and thousands of miles to go. The game starts when my enthusiasm began to simmer as I shoved myself into the office of Captain Young.

"Well, young fellow, what for you?"

I braced myself and told him I wanted to catch a boat to somewhere besides the U. S.

"I am very sorry, my dear boy, but we have just quit using college boys in any capacity on ships."

After apologizing for ever seeing college and after showing him how utterly different my case was from ordinary students, he scratched his head and in a fatherly manner advised me that a ship was no place for me. I tried to put over the idea that it was my sole ambition in life to make my mark in the world as captain on a boat. I thought I had it about cinched until some rough neck grumbled: "He'll worry us to death if we don't, just as well let him go, you can't tell him anything." So he pulled out a long contract looking piece of paper with enough seals and law on it to make Germany and France recognize each other's rights. He mumbled something about "six months," "desertion," and "failure to do duty," etc., and concluded by saying, "Sign here, your ship leaves tomorrow morning for Colon as first stop."

I sorter wished I hadn't been so hasty. But that afternoon at 4:30 I was on the boat. Upon wandering around on the ship I soon grew thirsty, and with no intention of intruding, I casually walked into the Captain's quarters, and drank from what I learned later to be his personal, private, individual and only

drinking cup. What he told me you will never see in print. Suffice it to say, he told me that hired help was to stay beyond certain lines, and of course, since I was going that way I casually walked briskly across the said line. Pretty soon I eased up to a salty looking old sailor that I felt safe in conversing with, and asked him if he knew what time our boat was to leave. He grumbled something and told me he knew nothing about it and that I would have to see the "Skipper" for that information. But he did emphatically state what seaport town he didn't care if it did land in. His accent was purely Bolshevistic with mustache to match. As I sat in a chair and started to read day-before-yesterday's paper, a man whose stride told me he was accustomed to authority and command asked me if I realized that I was using chairs that had hitherto never been used by people of my status. This marked the decline of my reclining in chairs.

As 5:30 o'clock I was invited in to shake hands with the knife and fork. I must say it was quite a good meal for the shape it was in. I thought I was lucky, though, when a sailor told me about the "dirty plate" route. It was so named from nailing tin plates to a board to keep men from carrying them away. Each man was provided with a cloth to wipe out his plate after each meal, before it got cold.

After listening to sailors exchange happenings and mishappenings, I tried to sleep and rest my weary bones, but couldn't do much sleeping for thinking about leaving at 4 o'clock next morning. I must have dozed, for after a series of interruptions like Lady Macbeth witnessed a certain night, the next thing I knew I heard lots of people hurrying up and down the deck, murmuring out something. Some were standing in the forecabin, smoking and talking low. There was heavy clanking of machinery, some one shouting out, and a reply, "All is well, sir." Then I felt the ship make an uneasy motion. When I heard the bass whistle sound for about 30 seconds I knew we were off. I partly dressed and rushed up to get my last glimpse of the land of Volsteads and Pussy-foot Johnstons.

Three days at sea found us fast approaching the torrid zone. Each day the thermometer went up 12 degrees, and exposure to the engine room made me feel like I was undergoing a continuous Turkish bath. It was on the morning of the fourth day that I awoke feeling like I did when I smoked my first cigar, and I walked like I had visited too frequently the saloon deck. After feeding a score or more of fish, and

casting a scornful glance at the morning meal, I attempted to ascend to the engine room but something said, "Not yet." And again I fed the fish, doubtless more than before. And never until this good hour have I visited the engine room again. On the afternoon of the following day the good ship failed to rock violently, but never shall I forget how vividly the parable of walking on the sea came to me in those hours.

At the orders of the captain I wobbled out and managed to stagger to the officer's quarters where I was informed that I was now to play a new role, that of saloon-keeper. Henceforth joy was unrefined. I busied myself all day sharpening corkscrews and keeping a fire in the ice-box. Every morning the captain came in for his eye-opener but in case there were too many thirsty souls ahead of him he would drink his bath and go back to bed.

Faces began to regain their original color. People began collecting their hats and inquiring about baggage. We were told that we were approaching land. At sight of the pilot, the saloon-keepers wiped off the marble bar, threw the bung-starter in the barrel, rang up the "no sale" slip and began to count the change. Soon all were out on deck to get their first glimpse of the promised land. The city of Colon, with its low red top buildings gave the photographers plenty of business.

As the gang-plank was thrown down there was an onrush of men to see who would get to land first. I couldn't be bothered. Some caught jitneys, some were pedestrians, but all went up town to behold the sights. We found the Panama women more skillful in handling men than American women. For instance, they used half-swinging doors to their homes like those to saloons so their husbands never knew when they were liable to come home.

We had the promise of several days ashore, and most of the boys wanted to be certain that they tucked away a little change for Saturday night, for Sunday afternoon we were scheduled to leave. Everybody seemed to try to suggest some place of amusement, but all agreed on spending a little while in a cabaret Saturday night, which was the liveliest night of the week. In that city Venus, Bacchus and Fortuna still ruled. The clink of silver dollars mingled with the blare of the trombone, and girls meet strangers with a "buy me a drink, honey." The nationalities are as mixed as hades itself. Reformers go there to study the last relic of iniquity. Tourists flock there and later on regale respectable friends at home with accounts of things that never happened.

It was Saturday night when we started out to the famous cabaret known as "Satan's Den." Things were lively, everybody was dressed in their best, and the lights shown brilliantly.

It was getting late when we started to ascend the wide stairs that led up to the cabaret. Joe, the Portuguese steward, was left at the foot of the stairs under

a palm tree talking to what he called a friend he used to know. This was the last time I saw Joe alive.

As we entered we were greeted by the manager, who was short, fat, and fifty. His mustache curled at the ends, and he chewed a black cigar. The great hall was filled with men and girls. The seating capacity was exhausted and others were standing around under palm trees and flowers. The crowd, apparently jovial, was listening to "Red," a Canadian polo player, sing. I don't know who induced him to sing or who persuaded him to refrain, but joy went on unrefined.

At the rear of the hall separated by highly colored curtains was the refreshment department, operated by La Belle Helene, the manager's wife, better known as Madame Double-chin. She was always found sitting behind the cash register. Although Madame Double-chin is not respectable, she is very wise. Her form is portly and perfumed, and whether you are fifteen or fifty she smiles as you pay your check and murmurs, "thank you, dearie." Her aim is to please. She will gladly tell you the hour of morning mass and write you a passport to the "Devil's Garden," only a block away.

It was here that Americans seemed to feed fat their revenge. Amid gin fizz, sparkling like morning dew, those thirsty souls poured sparkling wine into clear crystal glasses and down parched throats it rolled. At the end of the first drink the boys separated.

With a crash the music starts. Girls in butterfly skirts rose as simultaneously as if the pipe organ had started playing "doxology" on Sunday morning. Everybody began to slip and slide about on the smooth floor with sparkling eye and eager step. A few minutes later I saw "Red" for the last time when he called an officer and said, "Chief, hey, Chief, who said life wasn't worth while." The mellow wines and narcotic smokes with the wail of the saxophone had got the best of him. "Senor Sap" could make the saxophone laugh or weep in nine languages. One drink of "Red's" famous Tequila, has been known to eat the bottom out of a platinum dish in two minutes by the watch. He hailed one drink sufficient to make him rich as "John D.," strong as "Jack," and as good looking as "Rodolph." Yet "Red" wasn't an unusual character in that assembly.

Now this is a bad place to bring in a new character, but it is really where her part begins. In their midst was a particular girl named Chæna. To be right technically correct I will say a certain girl. For the record doesn't exactly say that she was rigidly righteous. Anyway she far excelled other girls in popularity. Chæna was to stage an exhibition dance. The first glimpse at that bunch of creoles with their palm-olive complexion convinced me that any one could fill that bill. Most were girls fresh from school. But we will have to hand it to shimmy-shaking Chæna. She was an exception. That symmetrical, swan-like creamy-chocolate creature turned her pleading eyes to the piano as she made her way to the polished dance



floor. Don was at the piano. His huge ungainly body swayed passionately as he clutched a crashing chord. Chæna wore scarcely more than a smile and every move was a beautiful motion. She squirmed, dipped and swayed as Don's fingers flew over the key-board; now playing loudly, now softly, but always sensuously. Here was the dance superb. Spectators were hog-tied silent. It ended amid tremendous approval.

As Chæna entered the limelight again she was met in the center by the famous, celebrated, professional dancer—Juan Lopez. He was a man who had seen much of the world. A pale yellow face, tight clothes, a professional gambler and a pistol eye, that was Juan. His name had gone up in electric lights and full newspaper advertisements were used to bring pleasure seekers to his performances.

The tomtomy bangs—Easily, gently and almost without motion Chæna floated into his arms. At first their arms began to assume a pump-like motion, that faded into a few wild whirlwind flings. It was his famous performance, his "Dance with the Soul." For several minutes they madly whirled each other around. When the dance was over the music never stopped, but all joined in and jazz, supreme and irresistible, reigned.

It seemed that the grand jubilee gave promise to end in a wild orgy. Until the wee hours the pajama and B. V. D. stages ensued, which would make Belshazzar's feast look like a convention of the world's purity federation.

It was at the crack of dawn that the last of the crowd began filing out. It was the other end of a perfect day. The rich man climbed in his twin-six and was hauled home, while the poor man waddled out and started home to his six twins. Thus was the end of the worship at the shrine of His Satanic Majesty, Mephistopheles. Those demoniacal boys began making inquiries as to the whereabouts of the ship and of the welfare of their partners. The morning meal was being served when they began coming in. Breakfast, however, was not what enticed them to

come to the ship, for most of them went directly to their rooms. Danskey, the assistant cook, that morning was steward, cook, waiter and everything. So breakfast was served a la "Piggly Wiggly."

Old Joe, the famous old ex-cook and steward pro tem, never returned. Now personally, he was no favorite of mine. It was probably because I occasionally cast a casual glance at the handling of the food; or maybe you have to cultivate a taste for him. Anyway, Joe had a tremendous "boot" on the officers. He was one guy who was supposed to know how to get drunk and attend to his own business. But Joe didn't come back for breakfast that morning. It was after 10 o'clock on Sunday morning when they found him. He was lying on his face in a bunch of weeds in an old lot with a broken skull and a knife in his back—bare of raiment. "Red" never came back either. I hope he is still singing in the cabaret.

At 3 o'clock the warning signal was sounded, and within one hour the ropes were drawn in. We were off for Rio de Janeiro. Everybody looked like they were on their way to a funeral, sick at heart, head and stomach. That afternoon everyone wanted to know who they brought in or who brought them in. If the truth were known everybody tried to bring everybody else in.

Due to my oath, taken when I became a member of the society for the prevention of prodigality, I can't conscientiously give any account of the happenings in Rio de Janeiro.

As we crossed the three mile limit coming back to the States the captain gave orders to throw all empty barrels, kegs and bottles overboard, and lock up the saloon. We were going into "dry-dock."

Parenthetically, I want to express my deep sense of gratitude and appreciation in memory of "Old Joe." For had it not been for his death this article would have been impossible. And no less thanks and recognition is given to the society for the prevention of prodigality for special permission to let me publish these facts.

## A Carolina Credo

*What does the Legislature think of Carolina students? Has the average legislator a good or bad opinion of the average Carolina man? If you want to know the answer, you can find it in a skit, entitled "A Carolina Credo," that will appear in the next issue of the MAGAZINE.*

# *Where Go to College?*

## There Are Three Major Considerations

That Determine the Greatness, or the Potential  
Greatness of an Educational Institution:

1. The Plant, including grounds, library, classrooms, laboratories, and apparatus.
2. The Faculty.
3. The Student Body and its democratic standards.

In addition to the twenty-seven buildings already on the campus, the State of North Carolina is this year putting \$1,490,000 into new buildings and equipment. The library of 108,000 volumes is spending \$24,000 annually for books and periodicals. Eight thousand volumes were received in 1921-22, and one thousand and five magazines and learned journals were received on subscription.

The Faculty numbers 115 of the country's best scholars.

Speaking of the student body of the University, Mr. Sherwood Eddy, of Yale University, who has spent the major portion of his life studying in four continents, said, that with one exception, it was the most seriously thoughtful and democratic group of students he had ever known.

Registration for fall quarter, September 26-27, 1922.

For further information address,

THE SECRETARY  
THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA  
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.



# *The* Carolina Magazine



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT

March, 1923

*Price 25 Cents*

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# An Open Letter to University Students

By RAYMOND W. ADAMS

I WANT to broach a perennial subject, knowing that what I may say about it will, in all probability, be received in silence and sunk without trace. I want to send one more messenger of protest to that bourne from which no messenger returns. I want to send words into your consciousness, which has never responded to appeals of this nature, and stimulate you to thought. I do not expect a hearty response now; but, lest you fall into a deep content, and sink with a full belly into a sound slumber, I want to remind you that thousands of students, dozens of buildings, undefeated teams, and millions of dollars do not complete a university. Nor is a collection of books, nor a collection of teachers enough to make a school complete. There is a thing called beauty that finds its expression in art which ought to come near to you while you are in college.

You ought not to be satisfied with the facts that will help you to make money, nor with the mere size of the school, nor with the spiciness with which you are entertained while in college. You ought to demand and provide art in your college experience. You have just as much right to expect the æsthetic side of your life to be developed here as to expect your intellects to be massaged. You have every right to go from here a whole man, and you will not be a whole man if you go out knowing a chemical compound from a physical mixture and not knowing a good painting from mere daubs of paint on canvas. What will you do about it?

I ask, "What will you do about it?" because it seems to be up to you. A legislature cannot be expected to appropriate money for art when it cannot find money for dormitories. The people who might do something are you and the individuals in the State who are anxious that you shall get everything here that will make you better citizens.

I do not know that you can do much more than indicate that you hunger for these things. That is not a negligible thing to do. The fact that you demanded higher education in no uncertain terms has erected eight buildings on the campus in two years, and the fact that enough people in enough counties wanted to be pulled out of the mud has thrown a web of hard-surface roads over the state. It will not be so easy to get art as to get buildings or

roads. Anyone who can drive a team of mules will be in favor of good roads, but not everyone will so easily appreciate the value of an art collection in Chapel Hill. Good roads have much to do with mules; a good statue really has little effect on an ass.

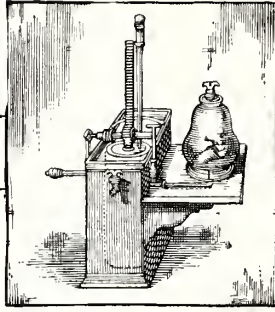
You may be able to do something tangible when you become alumni. The present alumni may be able to do something now. There is need for a building adequate and beautiful enough to house the collections of art that may be offered. From time to time fine collections have been offered to this University that have had to be refused because there was no place for them. The most telling thing that you can do now is to conceive so deep a desire for beauty that others more able to provide the beauty will heed you.

That in itself is no easy nor short task; it is not a matter to be consummated during your four years in college. You, personally, may be disappointed in your desire. The valuable thing about a university is that its spirit is cumulative and endures; so, because this college generation desires beauty, some future generation may have it. You must object to lawns cut up by dozens of paths, you must object to the daubing of class numerals on every building, you must object to churches with tin facades, you must object to the driving and parking of automobiles anywhere on the campus. If you object to these little things, you may expect to return sometime to a beautiful campus and to a university that is dedicated to intellect, to higher vocational training, and to culture and beauty.

It will be a long time (I cannot repeat that too often.) Think how long Yale, for example, contented herself with a variety of mediocre buildings before the vision of a Harkness Memorial Quadrangle developed. You cannot create beauty nor an appreciation of beauty in a few days nor a few years. You can, and in America we must, consciously and gradually evolve such an appreciation.

Here is a challenge that far surpasses any football challenge of Virginia or State. So far you have refused it. But it will not down, because all universities are judged finally by the steadfastness with which they cleave to culture and to art, the things that are vital because they are life translated.

ROBERT BOYLE'S



AIR ~ PUMP

## The “*PRACTICAL*” Alchemist and “*THEORETICAL*” Robert Boyle

**T**HE alchemists wrote vaguely of “fluids” and “principles.” Copper was potentially silver. Rid it of its red color and the “principle” of silver would assert itself, so that silver would remain. With a certain amount of philosopher’s stone (itself a mysterious “principle”) a base metal could be converted into a quantity of gold a million times as great.

This all sounded so “practical” that Kings listened credulously, but the only tangible result was that they were enriched with much bogus gold.

Scientific theorists like Robert Boyle (1627-1691) proved more “practical” by testing matter, discovering its composition and then drawing scientific conclusions that could thereafter be usefully and honestly applied. Alchemists conjectured and died; he experimented and lived.

Using the air pump Boyle undertook a “theoretical” but sci-

entific experimental study of the atmosphere and discovered that it had a “spring” in it, or in other words that it could expand. He also established the connection between the boiling point of water and atmospheric pressure, a very “theoretical” discovery in his day but one which every steam engineer now applies.

He was the first to use the term “analysis” in the modern chemical sense, the first to define an element as a body which cannot be subdivided and from which compounds can be reconstituted.

Boyle’s work has not ended. Today in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company it is being continued. Much light has there been shed on the chemical reactions that occur in a vessel in which a nearly perfect vacuum has been produced. One practical result of this work is the vacuum tube which plays an essential part in radio work and roentgenology.

General  Electric  
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.





# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

March, 1923



## Poor Clarence

(Produced by the Carolina Playfakers)

By C. B. COLTON

### CHARACTERS

MEMBERS OF STUDENT COUNCIL AND CLARENCE FOX

### TIME

A NIGHT IN JANUARY

### SCENE

CABINET ROOM OF Y. M. C. A.

*Curtain rises revealing an untidy room with bare walls and two broken windows; the furniture consists of a long wobbly table and several battered chairs. The faded green carpet is littered with cigarette stubs and scraps of paper. Five members of the council are sprawled in chairs, their feet resting placidly on the table. Two members are reading the "Whizz Bang" and chuckling loudly at intervals, while the three others, in care-free attitude, are blowing volumes of blue smoke into the air. Harmon paces the floor restlessly, now and then looking at the members of the council, his face showing anger and disgust. He gazes at his watch, pulls out a plug of tobacco, cuts off a liberal slice, tucks it in check, and continues his pacing. After looking at watch again, he pounds the table with a huge fist and bellows in a fog-horn voice:*

All right, fellows, snap out of it. Where do you think you are, at a seance? We've got an important case on tonight. Where's Mule and Squatty?

*The Councilmen reluctantly come to a sitting posture. Ambler puts "Whizz Bang" in pocket and yawns.*

AMBLER—They're down at Patterson's.

HARMON—Don't they know that there's a meeting tonight? Did you send out the cards, Holshauser?

HOLSHAUSER—I think I did.

HARMON—Think you did!

HOLSHAUSER—I'm sure I did.

HARMON—Well go get 'em and hurry back.

HOLSHAUSER—We can get along without them, John Obie. They've been petrified all year.

HARMON—I know it, but for that matter I can get along without all of you. If you want to know the truth, I'm the student council; you birds are onlookers!

*(Holshauser walks out leisurely muttering under his breath.)*

### LAPSE OF HALF HOUR

*(Shirley, Thomas, and Holshauser enter the room briskly. Thomas slaps Harmon in friendly fashion on the shoulder.)*

THOMAS—Hello John Obie! What's on deck for tonight?

HARMON—*(Whirling around, his face purple with rage.)* So you're here at last? A fine Student Council this is! The campus couldn't have picked a lazier, more indifferent, slovenly, worthless bunch of idlers in seventeen colleges. Every time we call a meeting we have to canvass the drug stores, frat houses, and the "Pic," and then you act as though you were doing me a favor to come here. You birds don't know what responsibility is. We've been waiting here for two hours. Where've you been?

THOMAS *(Apologetically)*—I'm sorry, John Obie. I meant to get here on time, but I've been collecting class dues.

SHIRLEY—I've been reading psychology and was so absorbed I forgot all about the meeting and—

HARMON—That's enough; you're both good liars. Well, let's run this case off, I've got to get some sleep tonight. We've got a freshman up for playing poker. Is that right, Mule?

SHIRLEY—Yup.

HARMON—Now I'm going to do the talking tonight; I want that understood. You fellows made a mess out of that last case, so lay off the bull and let me do the quizzing. I'll have him at my mercy in five minutes. You birds sit tight and try to look as intelligent and dignified as possible. Are you ready?

THOMAS *(rubbing hands)*—Sure, we're all set. Let's go!

HARMON—Ambler, bring the culprit in.

*Harmon seats himself at the head of the table. The others sit erect and assume solemn expressions. Ambler opens door, and a short, stocky youth enters, nonchalantly smoking a cigarette, dressed flashily, a soft hat pulled down over one eye.*

YOUTH—Good evening, gentlemen. How are you all?

HARMON *(Arising from chair and blurting out in a booming voice)*—Young man, do you realize you are in the presence of the Student Council?

YOUTH *(Flippantly)*—Sure.

HARMON—Then remove your hat, put out that cigarette, sit down, and respect the dignity of the Council.

*Youth tosses the cigarette through the broken panes, and sits down at the other end of the table.*

HARMON—What's your name?

YOUTH—Clarence Fox.

HARMON—What class?

FOX—Freshman.

HARMON *(Turning to Holshauser)*—Mr. Holshauser, record all these statements. You are the secretary, you know. *(Glares at Fox)* Fox, you're charged with a serious transgression of campus conduct. We have been watching you all year, and I warn you that we, the Student Council, are in no frame of mind to deal lightly with you tonight. The Student Council has faithfully endeavored to keep the campus spotlessly clean, and I don't feel as though I'm boasting when I say that I, backed up by my worthy men, have succeeded far better than any other council in the history of this glorious institution. However, it is the fellows of your stamp, breaking rules continually, whom we are after, and when we get the goods on you we intend to crush you! *(Pauses for effect and wipes his brow. Parker opens one of the windows.)* You are charged with playing poker, and we have accumulated damaging evidence against you. According to our knowledge of this affair, on January the 9th at eleven o'clock, Mule—Mr. Shirley, while walking through the corridors of Smith building heard boisterous laughter and the clanking of chips issuing from room x. True to his duty, he peered through the key hole, but could not distinguish the players. He then banged on the door and demanded admittance which was refused him, even though he told them he was a member of the Student Council. Then, using his head, he battered down the door. In the meantime, four of your play-mates had jumped out the window and you were ready to leap out when Mule—Mr. Shirley grabbed you

by the heels and pulled you in. You offered resistance and Mr. Shirley finally overcame you. Is that true, Fox?

FOX (*Feeling bruises on his cheek ruefully*)—It is. Only too true.

HARMON—After an investigation, Mr. Shirley found a mess of chips on the table and a pack of cards scattered all over the floor. Clear evidence that—

FOX—He also found a good fat pot on the table.

(*Harmon shows surprise. The other Councilmen appear interested. Shirley tries to look indifferent.*)

HARMON—Mr. Shirley did you find any money on the table? If so, how much?

SHIRLEY—Er—Yes. I kept it as evidence.

HARMON—How much was it?

SHIRLEY—I'm not exactly sure. I think it was about five dollars in change.

FOX—It was fifteen dollars.

SHIRLEY—You're a liar!

FOX—You're another!

HARMON (*Rising up*)—Order!

BATTLE—Mr. President, I claim Mr. Shirley had no legal right to take this money. Under the provision "Status Penuria Quo Postum," it says—

AMBLER—What do you know about law?

BATTLE—I'm in the Law School. (*Loud laughter from Council.*)

HOLSHAUSER—Let Mr. Battle continue.

SHIRLEY—I move we continue with the case. The amount of money has nothing to do with it.

HARMON—Gentlemen, we must preserve order! Fox, you claim there was fifteen dollars on the table. How do you know?

FOX—How do I know? I had just won the pot and counted the money when Shirley broke the party up. There was five dollars in change and a ten dollar bill.

HARMON—Address him as Mr. Shirley hereafter.

SHIRLEY—He's crazy. I know there—

HARMON—We'll bring this matter up later. Mr. Shirley, hand the money over to me to-morrow, I'll take care of it. To continue with the case where we left off: Mr. Shirley saw you playing cards through the key hole. When he burst through the door, you betrayed your guilt by trying to escape. Furthermore you resisted Mr. Shirley, a member of the Student Council. Money and cards were found on the table. In fact, Fox, all the evidence points out that you were unlawfully playing cards for money. Were you aware on the night you were apprehended that gambling is a shipping offense?

FOX—No.

HARMON—What! You mean to say that you did not know gambling is forbidden here?

FOX—You heard me.

HARMON—Did you hear my speech in Memorial Hall last fall when I set forth the aims, principles, and ideals of the Student Council to the new men?

FOX—I heard all I wanted to.

HARMON (*Walking over to Fox and pointing his finger in Fox's face*)—Don't you throw off on my speeches. I can make a more eloquent speech than anyone in Orange County when I get worked up. (*Uproarious laughter from the Council members.*)

HARMON—Shut up! This is a trial, not a burlesque show. Now, Fox, whether you heard my speech or not, the fact remains that gambling is a shipping offense which you should have known.

FOX—But I wasn't gambling. I was playing poker.

HARMON—Is not poker gambling?

FOX—No.

HARMON (*Turning to others*)—Gentlemen, what is your opinion of this? Is poker gambling?

COUNCILMEN (*In unison*)—It is.

HARMON (*Triumphantly*)—There! You see I'm right.

BATTLE—The defendant has the right to have the statement proved.

HARMON—But we proved it.

BATTLE—Technically, not legally.

HARMON—How can we prove it legally?

BATTLE—We'll look up the word "poker" in a dictionary. I have one. (*Reads:*) "Poker, a card game, a form of gambling."

HARMON (*Smiling with satisfaction*)—The last wrinkle has been ironed out. You yourself have confessed to your guilt. You admit that you were playing poker, which is a form of gambling, and gambling is forbidden by the Council. Can anything be clearer? I wormed a confession from you, Fox, without your knowing it, and you stand guilty before us.

FOX—What are you going to do about it?

HARMON—Gentlemen, is there anything you wish to ask Fox? I think I have covered the ground pretty well and have completed every link in the chain, but there might possibly be something that has been overlooked.

AMBLER—How about the fellows who escaped?

THOMAS—Good stuff, John!

HARMON—That's right, we must have the names of your colleagues. Who were they?

FOX—I refuse to tell.

HOLSHAUSER—Let me warn you that you are cutting your own throat by concealing their names. On the other hand, if you confess, we might let you off easy.

FOX—Nothing doing.

HOLSHAUSER—Is it because of your love and loyalty to your friends? Remember that you owe a greater duty to the University. You are on your honor, and in order to live up to the system you must confess their names.

FOX—It isn't on account of love for my friends, you can bet on that.

HARMON—Why do you with-hold their names then?

FOX—Because they'd beat me up if I told.

HOLSHAUSER—That shouldn't—

HARMON—You've said enough, Holshauser, I'm conducting this case. You refuse to reveal their names then?

FOX—Yes.

HARMON—This about decides the issue, gentlemen. We have proved him guilty, and furthermore he defies the demands of the Student Council. Fox, your case is hopeless. I might as well tell you now that you will be packing your trunk to-morrow. We have yet to vote on you, but gaze on the hardened faces of these Councilmen and try in vain to detect the slightest trace of pity. They are just men, honorable men, but you have defied us, and therefore, you must look for no salvation. You'll be expelled, disgraced, scorned by your friends, and you'll drag the honored name of the University into the slime. Think of the shame you will cause your mother when you return to her with drooping head and downcast eye and say: "Mother, I was caught playing poker at college and was shipped by the Student Council." Young man, do you realize the error of your ways? . . . (*The high pitch of Harmon's voice dies down to a more normal tone.*) Have you anything to say before we pass sentence on you?

FOX—(*Stands in silence for several seconds as though undergoing a strong emotion. Wipes his eyes with his handkerchief and begins to speak in a husky voice.*) No, Mr. Harmon, I haven't—much to say. I'm guilty all right. But I would like to explain why I've been playing cards so much.

HARMON—Out with it then.

FOX—When I entered college last fall I didn't have any money, but I was determined to have a college education. When I came here last spring on my high school debating team, and heard Dean Bradshaw speak I made up my mind to come to Chapel Hill at all costs. But my family is very poor—I have no father. Besides my mother there are nine boys and two girls in my family and it was up to me to support them. Not wishing to give up college, I decided to pay my own expenses here and support my brothers and sisters also.



My oldest sister always wanted to go to Elon, and as I didn't want to disappoint her life long ambition I offered to pay her way. (*Fox studies the faces of the Council members to see if they are affected. Encouraged, he continues in a more sobbing voice.*)

As soon as I came here I did all kinds of work, hard work. I washed dishes at Swain, shined shoes, raked yards, sold sandwiches; in fact, I did everything possible to earn money honestly. If I had only myself to look out for I would have been all right, but there were the folks at home to provide for and my sister kept sending for money. As hard as I worked I couldn't make enough. I became desperate but I couldn't think of leaving college. Then I got to playing poker, and as I'm a pretty good player I found it easy to win a few dollars from the boys in Smith building. As this seemed to be the only solution to my problem, I played more and more. I forced an acquaintance with several wealthy fraternity boys, and using them as suckers I won plenty of money, for the students in Smith wouldn't sit in with me any more. I won enough money, in fact, to pay off the mortgage on the farm, send my eight little brothers to school, and pay my sister's expenses at Elon.

Even though I knew I was violating the honor system, and that I'd be caught sooner or later, I couldn't resist. The call of my family was stronger than the call of honor. That's all I have to say, gentlemen. I'm sorry for it all. I suppose I'll be shipped and I don't know what will become of my family. They . . . (*breaks down sobbing pitcously.*)

(*A death-like silence falls on the room broken only by Fox's sobbing. Harmon stands in front of window for several minutes as though in deep contemplation, and then walks over to Fox and pats him on the shoulder gently.*)

HARMON—Brace up, Fox. You should have told us this before; it throws an entirely different light on the matter. You had better leave the room now while we confer. I'll do all I can for you. Cheer up.

FOX—Thank you, sir. (*Withdraws slowly.*) (*Harmon faces the Council members whose expressions show sorrow and sympathy.*)

HARMON—(*Gently*) Well, fellows, you've heard him. Let's decide his case as soon as possible. My opinion is that the boy is sincere; his voice and tears showed that. Of course

he's been doing wrong but it was for a noble cause, a fact which we must consider fully. And after all, poker is not such a heinous crime. I've played it myself in my freshman year.

SHIRLEY—So have I.

HOLSHAUSER—And I.

THOMAS—So have we all.

HARMON—Well, I am in favor of giving the boy another chance. What say you?

SHIRLEY—Check.

THOMAS—Check.

HOLSHAUSER—Ditto.

BATTLE—Pass.

HOWARD—Pass.

PARKER—Check.

HARMON—And you Ambler?

(*All members focus their attention on Ambler who deliberates a few seconds.*)

AMBLER—If it's all right with you, it's all right with me.

HARMON—Good! Bring him in John.

(*Fox enters. His face is pale and his eyes bleary. Harmon puts his arm around him in a fatherly fashion.*)

HARMON—My boy, we've decided to overlook your wrongdoing, and will let you have another chance providing you'll agree to one thing, and that is never to play poker again. Do you solemnly promise this?

FOX—(*His face lighting up with joy.*) Oh, yes sir! I'll never play poker again. I-I thank you all for your kindness.

HARMON—Gentlemen, the meeting is dismissed.

(*All leave the room except Shirley who lingers behind. When he sees an opportunity he glides by Fox and slips the ten dollar bill in his hand.*)

SHIRLEY—Take it, kid. You need it more than I do. (*Departs.*)

(*As Fox stands alone in the room, the chorus of the Student Council refrain is faintly heard:*

*We are the Student Council,*

*Honest men are we,*

*Messengers of peace and love,*

*And goodly charity.*

*Fox pockets the bill and chuckles softly to himself.*

CURTAIN.



A SCENE FROM THE ARBORETUM

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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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## EDUCATIONAL ARISTOCRACY

Recent educational tendency, if the speeches of some educators are indicative, is along the line of exclusion for the purpose of formulating an intellectual aristocracy in this country that will rival the aristocracies of birth and wealth of less progressive days of the past.

One educator says that the present day problem of education is not what to teach, but whom to teach. He endeavors to solve the problem by saying that educators must select only the fit intellectually, and totally ignores the fact that education involves not only the intellect, but the moral, physical, æsthetic, and spiritual sides of man's being.

This educator says that selection of supermen intellectually may involve the choice of the few, and the relegation of the residue to a lesser degree and kind of educational opportunity. He admits, however, that some individuals may not get justice, but that such persons cannot be thwarted if they possess the indwelling spirit that refuses defeat. Such an experience, he says, can only accelerate development.

To us, such a thwarting of opportunity utterly condemns such a system. Such a scheme is utterly at variance with modern liberal thought along educational lines, as far as we are able to ascertain. It may be best from the standpoint of economy and efficiency to educate the few and relegate the residue to a lower plane of existence, but education, to us, is not a matter of efficiency or of economy from the standpoint of the institutions concerned. Colleges and universities are not founded for money making purposes. Such a material viewpoint does not coincide with what little educational philosophy we have.

We may be old fogies along this line, but our idea is that every individual should be educated. At least, we want everybody to have a chance to get an education. If there is to be an educational aristocracy, let

it be, not an artificial, man-made one, but as a result of nature's inevitable laws.

Of course, all men are not equal, but we take it this intellectual class, that this ultra-modern educator advocates, will endeavor to eliminate what little equality there is in educational opportunity. We submit that the doors of colleges and universities should bear the welcome sign. We do not want to see men relegated to the educational scrap-heap through artificial means. We want every man to have a chance to develop his powers. Let our educational institutions act, not as oppressive walls hindering the full development of the human spirit, but as tremendous liberating forces. For this we contend!

Whatever the final settlement, our policy must be other than a discriminating exclusion which is destructive to American customs, traditions and ideals.



## WHO'S WHO MEN

How many members of the class of '23 will be "Who's Who" men? Will the majority come from the so-called campus activities men, or from the scholars of the class? You can answer these two questions as well as we can, for we haven't the answer. Such questions, however, serve to bring sharply to our minds the old problem of studies versus activities.

Now, we are great champions of the activities theory, but we do believe we see merit in the other side of the proposition. On this campus there is a prevalent notion that participation in student activities is an excellent training for future leadership: that it is well for common mortals to bone away on their books, but those who would be real leaders of tomorrow must learn today to "deal with people," through participation in the life of the campus.



Let us see if this view is correct. Just what is essential to leadership? One must have the elements of leadership to be sure, but it seems to us that what is more important is a complete command of a particular field of endeavor. Shall the leaders of the future be of the type of Harding, gifted with a tremendous capacity to mix with people, but with hardly any other gifts that we know of, or shall they be like such men as Elihu Root, Herbert Hoover, Associate Justice Holmes, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and a few others?

Our point is this: college men should first obtain that which will give them a right to lead, and then, if they are made of the stuff from which leaders come, they will find leadership inevitably thrust upon them. On the other hand, one may have all the elements of leadership, and then not have a sufficient background of reserve and hard work to draw upon. Inverting the pyramid in this manner is apt to compel the potential leader to "blush unseen, and waste his fragrance on the desert air."



### OUR ONE-SIDED ATHLETIC SYSTEM

We hereby wish to register an emphatic kick. We are aware of the fact that the University authorities have many perplexing problems on their hands and that they are striving nobly to solve them, but the fact remains that one of the most vital problems on this campus is not being solved.

We contend that the grievous faults in our present athletic system should be remedied. It is true that we turn out many fine championship teams. These teams win victories and the student body is jubilant. Yet all this does the average man little good as far as physical development is concerned.

The purpose of college athletics is fundamentally for the development of the body and for recreational purposes. Athletics primarily are not for the glory of the University. Athletics are to keep men healthy.

It is true that the men on the 'varsity teams get plenty of exercise. Some of them get too much for the good of their scholastic work. On the other hand, the men who sit in the stadium and shout, according to the dictates of Froneberger, get only vocal training and exercise afforded through gesticulations of ecstasy whenever Casey Morris knocks out a home-run.

About 1500 of the students here do not get adequate exercise. The "gym" is too small. It is true that the University is out in the wide, open spaces, and that the woods surround us on all sides, but it is also true that very few students take advantage of the opportunities thus afforded.

We plead here, not for less glory for the University in our victories over Virginia and other institutions, but for athletics for all. We need mass athletics badly. The student body needs to be brought together and unified. We believe one of the most effective methods of accomplishing this is through physical exercise for the student body as a whole. At least, let's have something that will protect the health of all the students.

### A HIGH HANDED PROCEDURE!

Glory be! The *Tar Heel*, awakening from a long winter's lethargy, let loose an awful one upon our unsuspecting heads the other day. It devoted an entire issue, with great glaring headlines, with the word "extra" standing out in bold faced type, to romping on the co-eds in no uncertain terms. We have no doubts but that the lowly co-ed is now hanging her head in shame, for lo!, the *Tar Heel*, the mighty organ that defends all righteous causes, has spoken and the death knell of co-education has sounded. Co-education is now relegated to the things that were or might have been had not the mighty gods of Mt. Olympus spoken and sent out the edict that the co-ed was not to be within the sacred walls of Alma Mater. The gods cannot be refuted. They are always right. Everybody else is wrong!

We feel ashamed of the student body of this institution. To those men responsible for the excellent propaganda sheet that appeared on the campus, we give our whole hearted admiration, for they have accomplished a great feat. They deserve our admiration for being able to cram down the throats of college men such statements as printed. They deserve our admiration for being able to make practically every man here swallow enthusiastically a ballot that for downright outrageousness and unfairness has never before seen its equal. Nothing like it has ever before been perpetrated upon the innocent heads of our campus body politic.

We used to have an idea that Carolina students were distinguished as men who thought for themselves. In fact, that is part of the reputation this institution has among persons elsewhere. It seems, however, that most men here prefer to let others do their thinking for them. Now, we hold no brief for having a tremendous bunch of co-eds here, although we believe they have a right to come here, if they so desire, just as much as we have a right to come here, if we want to, but when we have thrust into our face such a ballot as used for voting upon the co-ed question here the other day, why then we straightway vote for the co-ed dormitory. Our belief that co-eds have a right here was strengthened into the belief that they should have a dormitory, by such high handed procedure and obviously unfair tactics as used by the opponents of co-education.

Furthermore, we don't believe the *Tar Heel* Board had any right, whatsoever, in using one whole issue of the *Tar Heel* as a propaganda sheet. Our idea of the *Tar Heel* is that it should be a newspaper giving all the news in an impartial manner, reserving opinion for the editorial columns of the paper.

We hope that the student body here will never again be as easily led around by the nose as upon this co-ed question. If the co-ed incident is indicative of the character and quality of the suffrage as exercised by the student body in questions of citizenship, then all we have to say is, God help the North Carolina of the future!

# The *Zenith* of North Carolina

By DR. JOHN M. BOOKER

*"Liberty, Frugality, and Paternity!" is the slogan of the Faculty of the University of North Carolina, according to Dr. Booker. In a vein gently satirical, he describes Chapel Hill as the Zenith of North Carolina.*

AS a realtor I want to make this statement: if George F. Babbitt hit our town he would find that when it comes to growing, his *Zenith*, the Zip City, has nothing on Chapel Hill. *Zenith* is a bigger town, of course. But I'm not talking about bigness; I'm talking about rate of growth. Yes, sir: when it comes to per capita expanding and expending, this little old burg has *Zenith* pushed over the horizon.

Expanding: well, I should say. When I came here in 1909, I wasn't driven up from the station; I was trundled up by Tank Hunter in a cross between a landau and a barouche that was afterwards added to the properties of a passing Wild West Show called "Across the Plains." (No, "Across the Plains" didn't get Tank; he's selling automobiles.) To-day there are jitneys everywhere: three regular lines of them to Durham, in addition to the C. H. & D. busses. Nearly everybody has bought a car, and somebody paid for one.

You ought to have seen our shopping district of the nineteen-hundreds. All in all, the most striking display was made by a gabled frame-structure that carried a line of clothing, dry-goods, and notions. There were certain articles in that emporium that would have made Tut-ankh-Amen's underwear look modern. It was run by a merchant who was generally liked and highly respected. If you passed at the rush hour, you could see him tilted back against the east counter facing his clerk tilted back against the west counter. For thirty years and without apparent interruption, they had thus envisaged each other and a business future that was, at least, certain.

In those days, let me tell you, merchants conducted their business with dignity and deliberation. Why, once a customer intruded while one of them was chatting with a friend in the rear of his store. The friend called attention to the presence of the intruder up front. Did Mr. Merchant hop up and hustle down to make a sale? Not much. "Don't pay any attention to him, he said; 'maybe he'll go out again.'"

No more frame stores now. Brick. Tapestry brick, at that. Plate-glass and mahogany show-windows; refracting transoms; brass spittoons. Business sites—four hundred and fifty dollars a front foot. One real estate owner recently asked four hundred and seventy-five, remarking at the time that "they aren't making any more land in Chapel Hill." Right-o! "Realty and Reality" is our motto.

Naturally new ways of getting to such a rapidly developing center are opening up. There's the re-

cently laid hard-surface National Highway to Durham. American to the last section of it, representing aspiration as well as attainment. Its five per cent county grade drives right through our fair city over hills and valleys that the Lord had graded some time ago, before He had the opportunity of consulting the highway engineers. This monumental building achievement is the outer world's chief means of access to us. Some day we hope to silt up so we can gain access to it.

Even the Southern Railway is improving its service. You may not recall dear old Jumbo, the engine that used to haul us on and off the branch line from University Junction. But I do. I remember when Jumbo breathed his last. He had just completed his afternoon "run" to University Junction and was standing on the main line waiting to be side-tracked, so No. 22 could pass. At that moment I little knew the old Iron Hero was nearing his end. Suddenly he just sighed and collapsed. They didn't have to scrap him. A porter stepped down from 22 and brushed the remains off the track.

Now the branch line from University Junction runs right into the heart of the campus, and a modern engine has replaced Jumbo. No express engine, of course; but a powerful and incessant shifter, with a bright, cheery whistle. Everytime it blows, work in the classrooms stops.

Public services are keeping step. There's a new graded school, with a motor bus that plucks the country lads and lassies from the ploughs and the milk pails and lands them where they learn a little of everything, from plane and solid geometry to plain and solid bread-making. Oh, yes; the foundations of national life are safe in this section. America was built on indigestion; it, alone, could inspire the divine restlessness that conquered our vast wilderness, replaced the Indian trail with railroads, and highways, and fenced them in with bill-boards.

Believe me, this is no mean city. Why, the whole municipal plant is new. A new town-hall, with a room for the aldermen conveniently adjoining the cage for the gaol-birds. (I've never been an alderman, myself.) A new post-office, which cost \$60,000.00 and has been outgrown in five years. Handsome edifice, outside and in—when you can get in. A new La France fire-engine and new fire-plugs. A city manager. And just to make sure of our being well-managed, we got a married man for the job. Expansion—



expansion along every line. Look at our police force: he's expanding, too. Let Winston-Salem boast the biggest tobacco output; and High Point, the biggest furniture output; and Gastonia the biggest towel output. Let 'em roar! Haven't we got the biggest per capita tax rate?

Following up that little thought, I'd like to call attention to one item of peculiar significance. You hear of the man power of this section and the water power of that section and the still power of the other section. But there's one power that's more powerful than all of 'em and has 'em all buffaloeed. And that's the Parson-power. "Oh, for a forty-parson power," says Byron. Look at our churches! New churches in every stage of building. A new Presbyterian church already built—lounge, dining-room, kitchen, and all the modern conveniences of hotel life complete. A new Baptist church almost built. In fact the exterior is finished except for the stone work on the iron pillars and cornices. A new Methodist church about is to be built. When this church was proposed, if I remember correctly, the plans included the little refinement of hospital accommodations in the annex. Which means some punch in the pulpit. I don't know whether or not this happy idea is to be carried out. It certainly was a Christian thought. Anyway, there is to be a steeple that will rear 210 feet above where the sleepers sink to rest in the library. Some day we'll grow to it. The next Strowd building may look down on it if rents keep their present level. And the Episcopal church, which started the parish-house innovation, has bought ground east and west, with the obvious intention of growing from the center out, according to the best Episcopal tradition.

Bakery, curb-market, cafeteria that serves real food, hot-dog wagons that serves real dogs—these things mean more and better food; and more food means more expansion "in a very real sense," as statesmen and educators say.

We're speeding up all along the line of progress. It's a rare occurrence when the Western Union fails to deliver a telegram the day it arrives. Uniformed messenger boy, too. And yet I miss the man who handled the W. U. when I came here. He took a per-

sonal interest in you, put his own interpretation on your messages, and often shed considerable light upon them. One or two crabs complained that he didn't always get exactly what was sent. What of it? His messages were more interesting than any we could compose. And for speed—he was the first to introduce the motorcycle. He had all his various successors beaten at the start. In fact the start was the easy part. It was stopping that bothered him—at least, until he got the hang of it. But the first message he delivered by motor—that was before he learned how to shut off the juice—he made the circuit of the town five times; and he might have been going still if he hadn't run his machine up a telegraph pole. His route on that notable occasion was Franklin street to the Raleigh road, to Cameron avenue, to Columbia avenue, to Franklin street—about a mile and a half. He made it in 56 seconds four times running. Of course, he had a clear track. The passers-by stopped, lined the roadways, and waited for him, cheering lustily every time he came around.

Those were days in which high-power vehicles meant something. Why, after Professor Howell drove and pushed the first auto through the streets of Chapel Hill, the ladies had to telephone him and make sure he wasn't going for a spin before they could risk taking out any horse in town.

Fast as our town grows, it can't keep up with the University, which is its chief pride and reason for high taxes. In the past year attendance on classes increased two hundred and thirty-nine—say, about thirty-nine students. And corresponding increases in the faculty—day by day, in every way. One of my old profs said to those of us who were going into professoring, "Young men, the first thing to do is to take the Oath of Academic Celebacy." Never! The faculty of the University of North Carolina challenges that sentiment. In such matters its slogan is "Liberty, Frugality, and Paternity!"

But I haven't time to do justice to the University's expansion right now. Only nine minutes to make a dinner of The Boosters' Club, where I'm down for a four minute talk of half an hour on "Our Mother's Tongue in Business."

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*One of the most talked of men in North Carolina today is Chief Justice Walter Clark of the North Carolina Supreme Court. A sketch of this interesting personality will appear in the next issue of the MAGAZINE.*

# *The University 100 Years From Now*

## THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA RECORD

THE CATALOGUE  
2023-2024

ANNOUNCEMENTS  
2024-2025

### PART ONE

#### OFFICERS OF ADMINISTRATION

THE REVEREND COLONEL WILLIE HORNER, III, D.Ph., R.S.V.P.  
Y. M. C. A., President.

GABRIEL EZEKIAH PLAYTHING, Secretary of the Faculty.

MAJOR CHARLES TOM COTTON, Business Manager.

PERCIVAL ALGERNON BARON, Treasurer and Bursar.

THOMAS JAMES WILSON, VII, S.K., Registrar.

FRANCIS FOSTER HAWKSHAW, Dean of Students.

FETZER BROS., LTD., Directors of Athletics.

#### OFFICERS OF INSTRUCTION

(All pages torn out except a piece of one on which the following appears:)

HAPPY GOHOLIGAN SMITH, X.Y.Z., Ph.D., Professor of Sociology.

Auburn Reform School, 2001-2004; Tuscaloosa Jail, 2004-2007; Texas Penitentiary, 2007-2011 X. Y. Z. Ibid, 2011; Traveling Hobo, 2011-2013, Reformed and Converted 2014; Student at Harvard, 2014-2020, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., Ibid, 2020; Professor, University of North Carolina, 2020.

### PART TWO

#### SITUATION AND GENERAL ADVANTAGES

The University is situated at Chapel Hill, about 500 miles from New York and about 13,000 miles from Tokyo. It may be reached by plane from London, Paris or Rio de Janeiro. The site of the University is on a promontory of granite which has been gradually worn down by the footsteps of several generations of students until the Hill for which the town derived its historical name has almost completely disappeared. The Chapel part of the name had disappeared long before the catalogue of 1923, now in our museum, was printed. This chapel was somewhere in the vicinity of an old postoffice and a building of which a piece has been found with the inscription "Strowd."

#### NEW BUILDING PROGRAM

The general appropriation of one billion, four hundred and ninety million dollars for permanent improvements made by the General Assembly in 2022, has made it possible to begin work on the Far South campus near Pittsboro. There are under construction forty dormitories capable of housing ten thousand students and also a large building for the Department of History of the Harding Administration and the Later

Stone Age. If another such generous appropriation can be obtained, it is expected that a new gymnasium will be erected. The need for this was expressed by President Harry W. Chase as early as the year 1922.

#### THE COLLEGE YEAR

The college year is divided into Fall, Winter, Spring and Summer quarters of 13 weeks each. There are no vacations except when the night shift changes to the day shift when one day is allowed.

#### GENERAL CULTURE

Chapel exercises are conducted in Memorial Hall with the reading of scripture and singing every weekday morning at 11:15 o'clock. Attendance is required of all, not even super-post-graduates being exempt. At the same hour timely talks are given by different members of the Faculty. Bible classes for young men are conducted in each of the fifty churches of the metropolis every Sunday.

#### DISCIPLINE

The University endeavors to adjust the psychopathic differences of young men to their spiritual environment and to eliminate the cultural lags. The Faculty may at their discretion confine students to the psychopathic wards for neglect of duty.

#### PHYSICAL TRAINING

Hearty encouragement is given to all athletic sports and to all kinds of physical culture. Three tennis courts are still located on the campus although the new building program will soon require them to be broken up. Exercise is required once a week of all students; in relays the men will be required to struggle to get in and out of the Bynum gymnasium. This is the test of the survival of the fittest which all must undergo. The survivors will find their flat chests expanded, their spines straightened out and their congenital paralysis entirely cured in the melee, for the test is one that will either kill or cure.

#### GROUNDS

The University campus contains 48,000 acres of land. The Duke tobacco laboratory is on one edge of the campus.

#### ADMISSION

Candidates for admission to the University must possess a Ph.D. degree from Harvard or Columbia.

#### FEES

The same as the income tax of the father of the student.



## PECUNIARY AID

Waiterships at Swain Hall. Managerships of college publications. Working for the Book Exchange.

## MEDALS AND PRIZES

For highest I. Q.'s (intelligence quotients) determined by psychopathic examination, the knighthood is conferred. This gives the right of psychoanalysis, the most valuable privilege of our democracy, next to the dukedom.

For extroverted, stable personalities of low I. Q.'s, the dukedom is granted. This gives the right to sell anything from peanuts to life insurance against the will of the victim.

## REGISTRATION

Registration is by radio made by father after birth registration.

## ARRANGEMENT OF COURSES

All courses are prescribed for the student by the General Psychopathic Board.

## CONDUCT

By order of the Board of Trustees the Faculty is directed to confine to the psychopathic ward of the University any student who loses more than the law of averages allows at the game of poker, or who shows inability to absorb the kind and quality of liquor customarily and satisfactorily assimilated by the majority of the student body.

## EXAMINATIONS

Examinations are by the new purple X-ray process and are obtained by an instantaneous photograph of the student's brain. They are to be held while the student is asleep.

## STANDING

Grade 1, 150-up I. Q.; Grade 2, 140-150 I. Q.; Grade 3, 130-140 I. Q.; Grade 4, 120-130 I. Q.; Grade 5, 100-120 I. Q.; Grade 6, 100-down I. Q.

## ATHLETICS

All except intra-mural athletics abolished as a result of Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest. Virginia, State and Trinity were the hindmost and the devil got them.

## UNIVERSITY ORGANIZATIONS

French, German, Spanish, Italian, Esperanto, Turkish, Greek, Syrian and other clubs with names printed in their own language are to be found listed in the official index and directory of clubs.

The Playmakers continue to give plays of the post-jazz period mingled with delightful love melodramas of our own Sack-Cloth and Ashes period.

Y. M. C. A., Y. M. H. A., Y. W. C. A., Y. M. M. A., and others.

## THE ASSOCIATION OF THE ALUMNI

Parent association in the United States with local branches in India, Persia, China, Japan, and other places.

## PART THREE

## THE SUPER-GRADUATE SCHOOL: ONE AND INDIVISIBLE

The list of courses is given in the 100 volume University of North Carolina Course Book. The names of the courses are given alphabetically and they are also numbered. After a photographic purple X-ray entrance examination the student will be furnished with a mosaic of figures which with the key furnished by the instructor will give him the names of the courses he must take and the order in which he must take them during his ten year residence period. At the conclusion of the ten year period, the student must write a 100,000 word super doctor's thesis.

Each thesis must be written in a dead language, and contain at least 20 footnotes to the page in Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, French, German, Arabic, and English referring to authorities and sources of materials. Thesis subjects are too intricate to be understood until the end of the ten year period. To indicate the great progress that has been made in the last 100 years, the following list of doctoral dissertations for the year 1924, has just been unearthed near the ruins of the old Alumni Building!

The theory of Carolina humor, past, present, and future. (A comparative study of the *Tar Baby*, the *Laundryette*, and the *Boll Weevil*.)

The correlation between the velocity of circulation of basket balls and the number of field goals.

Movie morals as seen at Hollywood and at the "Pick."

The economic relation between the value of currency and the marriage rate.

The inflation of your own personality and the deflation of other personalities—the psychological main springs of success.

Magic love philters—past and present.

The choicest spirits of Carolina—in a gaseous, solid and liquid form.

The influence of Omar Khayyam upon the opposition to the Volstead Act.

Professor's jokes—age, laugh-producing power and correlation with grades.

Booting and Cedar Birds or selfishness vs. altruism.

The angle of arching a basket ball shot.

The K. P. (Killing Power) of various wood alcohols.

The competition of a shrill voice yelling "Raleigh Times" as a basis for lowering Chapel Hill telephone rates.

The Carolina Navy and its functions—the Baptists and the Shipping Board.

The effect of repeated victories over Virginia upon Chapel Hill fire insurance rates.

The English games of Beaver, the American game of Zitz and the taxation of beards in Russia.

"Hon. s" and Gladstreets—a rating of Flappers and Debutantes for use of Carolina boys.

The value of the preservation of historical relics—the maintenance of the Trinity "coop" for the purpose of playing one basketball game a year with Carolina.

Competitive armaments and competitive church building in Chapel Hill.

The immigration movement—the biennial ebb and flow of

football fans at Virginia games and minor fluctuations in the week-end volume of students.

The three-ring circus—the Carolina gymnasium at the peak load period.

The extreme variations in heights and weights at Carolina—the jump from Gattis to Nathan.

The effect of humor upon the volume of singing lessons and how to stretch your elastic vocal power without snapping it.

Coue applied to athletics: both vocal and muscular improving every day in every way; raising batting averages from 0 to 1,000; increasing drop-kicking power from nil to ability to kick 110 yards; how runts can be trained to make a touchdown every time they get the ball; and how professors with frog-like voices can become Carusos.

A critical examination into the origin of the humorous quali-

ties of cheese, spaghetti, garlic, grape fruit and custard pies.

A guide to the gems of literature in the Library.

The quantity of welfare working power required to lift a man, his wife and eight children from a lower to a higher cultural plane.

The number of adverbs in Hamlet.

An analysis of the best means of filling empty shelves in new libraries—how to increase the output of theses on the foregoing subjects without increasing the number of hemorrhages of the brain.

Anyone who handed in a 50,000 word thesis on any of the above subjects in the decade following 1924, was given a royal goatskin and was lassoed with a purple gunny-sack.

By HOMER HOYT.

## *The Carolina Credo*

(An Analysis of the Opinion Held By Our State Legislature,  
With Apologies to Vanity Fair)

By ERNEST THOMPSON

THAT the students now are much more dissipated than they were twenty-five years ago.

That all Carolina students are snobs.

That all a man learns the first year are the social amenities and a complete line of shady jokes.

That a Carolina man always judges a person by his clothes.

That professors are all right in their line of work, but outside of that know nothing and are decided bores.

That the Carolina Spirit is singular and not plural.

That the road to Durham should not have been paved because it connects the University with the outside world.

That Durham is the place to have a good time.

That the loafing place of all the students is around the well.

That only seniors are loafers, well deserving it after four long years of solid work.

That all Carolina students drink heavily and play poker.

That drinking and playing poker are not expulsatory offenses.

That Phi Beta Kappa men never succeed after leaving college.

That fraternities are undemocratic and should be abolished.

That fraternities help relieve the congested conditions in the dormitories.

That constant association with the co-eds tends to make the Carolina student somewhat effeminate.

That eating clubs help relieve the crowded conditions in Swain Hall.

That the dances are another sign of the demoralization of student life and character.

That the Dukes should give all that money to the University instead of to Trinity.

That all men are elected to offices by reasons of sheer merit and unusual ability in that particular line.

That the old time religion is being supplanted by a belief in monkeys.

That only presidents of literary societies are qualified to succeed later as politicians.

That each student receives no less than a half-dozen letters every day from girls of the state in other schools.

That the Playmakers are a useless expense.

That publications are run by the students for the students, at a minimum cost.

That if the *Boll Weevil* was after popularity it selected a heluva name.

That all athletic stars are paid enormous salaries out of the money appropriated for buildings and improvements.

That Old South constantly reminds one of all the ancient and honorable traditions of the University.

That chorus girls from Durham pay daily visits to the students.

That the cafeteria is a good thing because it makes the boys work for what they eat, and that is what they don't want to do.

That a college education isn't really necessary, after all.



# The Fight for Culture

By W. H. ATKINSON

(From an old Pantasocracian manuscript, concerning the fight for culture that was waged by the lower classes, during the reign of Pursuodotus X.)

IT was the night of the Literary Festival, and the Grand Library shone resplendent in the light of its ten thousand candles. All the learned men of the great city were gathered there to read and discuss the ponderous questions of the day. Over their cordials and pipes they expounded their doctrines, and laid down learned precepts for the bettering of the present state of affairs.

Soon a great rabble, the very scum of the city, collected in the great square in front of the Grand Library. It was a turbulent mob and the noise of their shouts penetrated the depths of the large building. Attendants were ordered to bar the doors and windows so that the rabble could not enter and do violence.

In a short space of time the multitude increased until it filled the great square, and their shouts of "We want culture," and, "Give us learned books," could be distinctly heard within the building. It interrupted

the learned discussions, and the keeper of the Library sent his aide to pacify the rabble. Soon he returned, and announced that this unseemly mob could be quieted only by giving them the most learned works in the Library.

"If we have not books that they comprehend, give them the essays of the recent savants," cried the Great Grammarian. So in great haste, these learned documents were collected to be thrown to the rabble, even as meat to starving wolves. The learned men were exceedingly sad to see these documents perish in such a way, and wept many bitter tears.

Just as the keeper and his aide were preparing to throw these manuscripts to the crowd, shots were heard at the far end of the great square, and the Chancellor's dragoons dashed through the rabble, killing and wounding many of them. Soon they retreated, and thus the Grand Library, with its wealth of learned volumes and documents was saved from the merciless hands of that monster—the uncouth rabble.

## Johnson of Mythical '70

By REED KITCHIN

*In which a mythical negro student of the 70's enjoys the campus activities of today, which have been imaginatively relegated to the days of Reconstruction for that purpose. Read and enjoy the story of G. P. R. Johnson.*

AMONG the light-hearted mob of coal-black faces arriving in Carrboro, by way of that time ridiculed line, the "dinky" line, was George Patrick Rastus Johnson, fresh from the alluvial sun-baked soil of a Southern state. Rastus had learned from reports, filtering from various and sundry sources into his warm, tediously warm country, that he was entering an institution traditionally strong and a place where honors were to be had for the asking. This thought fired the mind of this simple black stude, even as it set the goal for the enshrined Zebulon Baird Vance and his kith. Rastus was ambitious; there was no denying that, and he knew that among the "high brown" plutocrats, denizens of the college hill, he must seek to acquire a just portion of college honors and dishonors.

Our hero hastened to join the sweating striving throng of young bucks like unto himself who were taking seats for the anticipatory drive to the Hill. Before many minutes he was entering that little burg, famous for its dismal weather and muddy thoroughfares, inadvertently containing the seat of learning in the state and incidentally called Chapel Hill.

A happiness, defying description, surged through the marrow of G. P. R. Johnson. He was now pass-

ing down the main street of the hamlet, the sidewalks on each side of which were crowded with hurrying and sophisticated studes.

"Landlord" Warren had selected an ideal and altogether delightful "joint" for the site of Rastus' future labors. This was no other spot than No. 2 Mary Anne, that kennel of black "hell hounds," let loose from all sections of the State. Entering his room, Rastus was pleased to meet his future roommate, "Lasses" Jones, a descendant of a pre-historic colored gentleman by the name of Jones. Mr. Jones carried in his physiognomy the typical traits of many of his fellow students; low forehead, strong prominent jaw, and large shifty eyes.

A mutual agreement was entered into between the roommates that all Colts and Mausers were to play a silent role in their section of Mary Anne.

Only three units were required for admittance to Carolina without examination, and these Rastus had with considerable difficulty at last mustered at the Squash Center public school from which he hailed. Reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic were the sum total unit work required. The registration scheduled presented trouble galore to the not overburdened mentality of our hero. For instead of the familiar public school

subjects, the three standard subjects required for quittance now were Sanscrit, Runes, and Steeple-Jacking. But he must have his maid's degree, so there was nothing left but to "buck up" to the task.

Soon Rastus was discovering the whys and wherefores of campus activities and declivities. The "Carolina spirit" haunted him each night in the shape of the "bloody sophs." "Landlord" Warren insisted that he purchase the campus, or so he thought, until he was duly reminded that the small sum desired was but the first call for tuition money, et cetera.

Kappa Beta Phi among the gentlemen of color was a prized and much besought honor. To attain its vaunted lock for breast decoration, the dusky student must formally and mechanically "cut" three somersaults each year for three years to the complete satisfaction of the faculty and its advisors. All the student body tried the stunt each year, but a precious few "turned," to the satisfaction of aforesaid faculty, et cet. Hence the scarcity of the K. B. P. lock, and the demand therefor. Rastus worked with a vim at his sanscrit and at the end of three years constant practice at last succeeded in "turning" to the faculty's satisfaction the "flips" required for reward.

Again, G. P. R. Johnson assayed his dramatic and imitative ability and succeeded in having one of his folk songs acted by the myrmidons of the compiler of "Carolina Folk plays for the tots." The folk song bore the title "John, one ob dem po' white trash," and being highly lauded by the author of "Off Nag's Head" was played in Burlington and other places "throughout the state," with such signal success and amateurish glee that the "state wide" audiences went wild and many aged samples of "hen-fruit" encored the performances.

The "Di" and "Phi" Societies, those unwieldy remnants of a forgotten age, Rastus hailed as a means of political advancement, and promptly joined the "Di" Society, the benefits whereof echoed of that time hallowed year 1795, A. D. Also if one were selected for treasurer a sound knowledge was vouchsafed in business.

It proved a gigantic breast heaver for "Ras," as he later was known, to have been admitted to membership in the Tappa Keg, whose only rival was the Theta Thi, also of great reputation among the "high brown" students. As a residence, Mary Anne was permanently abandoned and the Tappa Keg house became the center of Ras' orbit. He was now the envy and object of corrosive hate among the "jet blacks" of old Mary Anne. But he gloried in his new brothers and they in him.

The distinguishing characteristic of "Ras" and his brothers in Tappa Keg was the presence of a gold filled tooth in the upper left molar row. Also one eye brow swerved slightly to the right.

At the occasional "knock me down and pick me up" affairs held by the "Booloo Klub" at the sanitary "gym," all the dark town strutters were in attendance, and of these Rastus was rankest of the rank. In that

classic phrase, "his stuff strutted itself." The dusky belles of nearby hamlets and the very, very dark-skinned brunettes of "Stagger Out" were present to enliven the passing hours. Members of the "Booloo Klub" were pledged to attend these "Buzzard lopes," razorless, and razors were always checked at the door, yet somehow a great many carving tournaments spiced the gaily passing hours.

Coming as a crown to a kinky head, came the election of G. P. R. Johnson to the Senior Order, the "Yaller Dogs." Rastus had slowly but surely made his mark in the college world, and especially in the literary kingdom was he prominent. So the "Yaller Dogs" dared not disregard him in their bayings.

As editor-in-chief of the "Pitch Toe," and also of the "Hook Worm" the crown had been won, even though his pen had watered at times for a pungent, juicy editorial, wherewith to entertain his gluttonous readers, and his board had all gone to bed with paralysis and palsy.

But it was as an all rounded hero that "Ras" shone. It was in this capacity that he joyed, for at football he had captained his team of hairy blacksmiths over the black wall of the Chapel Hill Tigers and the "high yellow" wall of the Potter Memorial Institute, to overwhelming victory. At basketball Wake Forest and Elon College were slaughtered through the prowess of our hero; at polo he played wonderfully, and walloped the Atlantic Christian College.

Nor was our polysided hero to be slighted in the orator's field of endeavor. Intercollegiate debates were glad to be spoken by the tongue of this gifted Demosthenes. South Carolina and Oglethorpe received him in their arms and left him bare of further endeavors in this field of statistics and the "Student's Idol."

Soon our hero discovered that his chosen field was in the Y. M. I. work. He soon began in this field as a worker among the neighboring "po' white trash." He had taught them how to marvel sufficiently at his college "line," when the labor began to pall on his hands, and Rastus deserted this field for one of richer clover.

By dint of much subtlety, "Banker" Woollen was at last persuaded that "Ras" was the man for the job. And that job was manager of the "Banker's Exchange Robbery," located in the Y. M. I. building. The essence of this robbery was profit-shearing, with motto, in letters of gold, "What the Banker doesn't get, I will." But the business began to be such a burden on our hero's conscience that on the advice of "Parson" Moss he gave it up.

But such a hopeful young buck should never go jobless, so he was offered the sinecure office of Dean of Students. His duties consisted in orating to the miserable freshmen every morn at Chapel. The grateful things took in this "hot line" delivered by our friend as a cat does milk. In fact, the "Frosh" refused to leave their seats on the ending of the chapel period. But the ambitious nature of Rastus Johnson became



ashamed of the sinecure because of the unnecessary amount of the unmitigated "stuff" that must be wasted each morn in chapel.

As Alumni Secretary "Ras" at last found a permanent resting ground. All he had to do was to be a good and proficient genealogist and be able to trace the whereabouts of all the Rastuses and "Lasseses" that had ever aspired to a college education in his Alma Mater, and to travel about making mushy pleas for

"Love Feasts" among the Alumni of the past generations.

And thus we have the life all "balled up," as it were, of an ambitious young Southern colored gentleman, a student at a white man's college, with all the white man's traditions and institutions during the reign of a black regime.

So endeth the chronicle of G. P. R. Johnson, class of mythical '70.

# The Penitent Satan

By R. S. PICKENS

## CHARACTERS

SATAN.

THE MOTHER.

THE FATHER.

THE SON.

THE MUSIC.

TIME—Tomorrow.

PLACE—The World.

SATAN—*A silent part.*

THE MOTHER—*To be played by a woman as she sees fit.*

THE FATHER—*An old man without beard.*

THE SON—*A young man, tall, but not handsome.*

## COSTUMES

*Descriptions given in text. To be worn in spirit with the play.*

## MUSIC

*Scores to be furnished by a musician. Music will be entirely off stage and under the direction of a competent musician. The music shall play a role in the play.*

## SCENE I

Curtain rises disclosing Satan, an angel, beautifully clad, sans wings, sans sandals, sitting high above the stage floor. He shall be in full view of the entire audience throughout the play. He shall have his face toward the audience, behind him shall be distant sky dimly lit by pale, sickly, stars. A blue light shall be thrown upon the Satan, from off stage. A red light shall be softly thrown from above, giving the atmosphere a bluish green haze. The audience shall be protected from Satan by some thin material which shall also make the scene seem distant and remote. In his hands, which are beautiful and white, Satan holds a skein of silken cords, each cord coming from out a heavy knot which he holds in his right hand. The cords are manipulated by Satan's left hand.

SATAN'S face is white with hard and bitter lines. His eyes are afire. His robe is entirely white and appears to have been made of unlimited material, like white clouds.

A thin wall separates Satan from two-thirds of the stage. This two-thirds is lit by yellow light, like late sunlight reflected from windows of tall buildings. The lights shall appear warm. Satan can peer through the thin wall but those outside the wall cannot see him. The background of the stage is a mass of moving shadows that contrasts strongly with the satanic background of pale and sickly stars. Satan selects a purple cord from out the silken skein and slowly, with left hand, pulls same.

Music starts off stage. A sad church hymn, filled with piety, but no pathos. The instrument is a violin.

SATAN gives ear for a moment to the music, then with a terrible frozen leans forwards and jerks the music cord. The music ceases with a long dismal wail. Satan sits frowning

intently. He gives the appearance of deep thought, devilish thought.

He chuckles silently, his robes quivering with his mirth.

He pulls another cord and the Mother appears on the stage.

The Mother is just a plain woman, her face expressionless. She hums lightly through the tune just recently played off stage. The Mother goes off stage, appears again carrying in her arms a large bunch of flowers, which she begins to arrange, sitting on the floor.

SATAN leans forward to watch her. His face is hard.

The woman continues to sort the flowers. She comes to a huge lily. It is as white as Satan's garments.

SATAN leans at the woman through his screen. The woman looks at the lily and suddenly casts it aside. Satan chuckles silently.

As the woman picks up the lily the violin plays, Satan having fingered the music cord. As she casts it aside the music ceases.

SATAN fingers another cord and leans eagerly toward the stage to watch the effect.

The Father enters. He is an old man without beard. His face is the face of a philosopher, gentle and kind. He is dressed in the garments of tomorrow.

He enters from the right and regards the woman.

THE FATHER—What are you doing, wife?

The Mother starts, her expressionless face lighting up. She smiles gently.

THE MOTHER—I am arranging the flowers, husband. (The Father walks forward to where she is sitting. He discovers the discarded lily. He picks it up.)

THE FATHER—Why do you leave this one out, mother. (The Mother regards the lily with a light of fear in her eyes.)

THE MOTHER—It is the flower of death, husband, cast it away. We want no death to enter in with beauty.

THE FATHER—(Smiling tolerantly, casts its back among the shadows.) All right, mother.

They sit silently by, the Mother arranging the flowers, the Father idly fingering the stem of a flower.

THE FATHER—(Getting back to his feet.) The son went to the city today. He says he is going to join the army. Wife, he will look well in a uniform.

THE MOTHER—(A look of trouble in her eyes.) I would that he could stay with us here. We are happy, and everything is beautiful.

THE FATHER—(Standing erect and proud.) Yes, wife, it is beautiful here, and son is beautiful, but he must go from us. All things must go, wife. You and I must go some day.

The Father leaves the stage. The Mother finishes the flowers, and sits silently with hands folded.

SATAN watches the scene with interest. He chuckles as the troubled look comes back into the face of the mother. Satan fingers another silken cord and the Son comes on stage.

He is dressed in a magnificent uniform of many colors. He rushes on stage and lifts the Mother to her feet. The Mother's

face lights up at the sight of him, but when she notices the uniform she recoils with fear in her eyes. The Son fails to see the fear in the Mother's eyes, and with his foot disarranges the flowers.

THE SON—(Standing proudly before her.) Mother, I am a soldier now. Look, is not the uniform magnificent. (His face lights with childish pleasure at his own magnificence.)

THE MOTHER—(Touching the waving plume in his hat.) Yes, son, it looks beautiful.

The Father enters. He discovers his son in uniform.

THE FATHER—(Speaking proudly.) Son!

THE SON—(Turning quickly, grasps his hand.) Good evening, father, is not my uniform beautiful?

THE FATHER—Yes, my son, it is.

SATAN watches scene with interest. He fingers another cord and the music starts again. A sombre, foreboding score that seems to chill the mother, causes Satan to chuckle silently but Father and Son, examining a rifle which Son goes off stage to get, seem not to feel the threat that floats around them.

THE FATHER—How far does it shoot, son?

THE SON—(Placing rifle near door.) Five miles, Father. It will kill even at seven miles. It is a wonderful gun, father.

THE FATHER—Yes, it is wonderful.

The Mother sits again and starts rearranging the flowers. The Son turns, picks up the discarded lily, puts it against the red of his uniform coat and walks, soldier like, off the stage. The Father follows his son.

The Mother sits silently for a moment and then buries her face in the flowers, weeping bitterly, but silently.

The Devil chuckles.

Curtain shows lapse of time.

## SCENE II

Curtain rises disclosing same scene as in Scene One. Shadows continue a spasmodic play in the background. Satan sits fondling the great knot of silken cords. Music in the distance is like the threat of an approaching storm. The stage is still a warm glow of yellow light.

SATAN is watching intently the stage entrance, as if expecting something unexpected to happen. His face has lost the look of ennui.

He plays with the strands of silken cord, plays with them lovingly. The music continues to threaten.

The Mother, the Father, and the Son enter in the order named. The Mother laughs softly at something she is thinking of. The Son is still conscious of his uniform, and the Father looks admiringly now and then at the Son. They each have flowers, blossoms of every description.

THE MOTHER—(Advancing to middle of stage, while music continues to threaten.) We will now arrange the flowers. Son, sit by your mother. Husband, sit here. (Indicating her left.)

They settle themselves on the floor to arrange the flowers. They sit silently for several moments busily handling the choice blossoms.

THE MOTHER—The gardens are very beautiful in the summer.

THE FATHER—(After a pause.) Yes, but winter must always come, mother. It seems that even the flowers must have their rest. All things are for the best though, mother.

THE MOTHER—Yes, husband, but I do love the beauty and peace of the gardens, and the flowers.

THE SON—(Holding forth a lily.) Look mother. Here is a perfect bloom; white, as white as an angel's wing.

(Satan laughs silently, glancing down at his white garments.)

THE MOTHER—(The look of trouble returning to her face.) I don't like the lilies.

THE SON—But why, mother? They are very beautiful.

THE MOTHER—Yes, son, they are beautiful, but so cold. They remind me of death. Death is white. They are cold and white, white like—like snow—and—death.

THE SON—(Pinning the lily against the scarlet of his uniform.) That, mother, is foolish.

THE FATHER—Yes, mother, it is foolish. Death and beauty never go together. They are opposites. The fragrance of the lily once in the air is never at an end.

THE MOTHER—I know father, that I am foolish, but I don't like them. They are like great white tombstones. The fragrance is the fragrance of a burial day.

They sit for a moment in silence. Satan has chuckled over the lily incident. The music has stopped and the silence is deadly.

SATAN frowns. He touches a cord. The low roll of a drum is heard, from distant, like thunder whispering to mountain peaks.

SATAN chuckles.

THE FATHER—They talk of war in the city.

THE MOTHER—(Her face a moving portrayal of trouble, doubtful trouble.) It cannot be, husband. (A pause.) There is too much beauty in the world for war to come.

THE SON—(Eagerly.) But it is true, mother. Our command here is ready at any time to answer the call. Do you not love the call of the bugles, mother. They are very beautiful on the night air.

THE MOTHER—But it is not always night, son. In the day the calls are harsh and hard.

THE SON—But, mother, you have never seen the soldiers on parade. The flash of many bayonets in the late sun of a dying day, the mass of color flashing by in long lines. It is magnificent, mother.

THE MOTHER—But son, will not uniforms become muddy? Even the scarlet coat you have on could be made more scarlet with blood.

THE SON—(Impatiently.) Oh, mother, you always see the dark side.

SATAN chuckles and leers again at the three. He laughs silently at the words: "The dark side."

In the distance there is the roll of drums again. Satan reaches for a blood red cord. It is the furthestmost from him. He fingers it for a moment then jerks it.

There is a clear bugle call—Assembly. The Son listens intently. The Mother starts. Satan laughs silently, hatefully. His joke is on. The call is repeated. The roll of drums becomes more distinct. The darkness in the background turns slowly to a grey and then to a light blue. A cold steel color. Satan turns his head to watch the lighting change. The call sounds again. The music becomes more warlike. The son arises, a light of eager anticipation on his face. The Father moves swiftly to the door, reaches out and brings to the Son his gun. He hands the gun to the Son. The Mother involuntarily reaches forward as if to prevent the exchange. The music softens. It has a note of pathos. The drums continue to roll. The music has in it the tears of a million mothers. The Son takes the Mother in his arms, holds her for a moment, appearing to listen eagerly to the silence for another call to arms. The butt of the rifle as it swings in the hands of the soldier scatters the flowers on the floor. The Son, kisses the Mother, grasps the hand of his Father, dons his plumed hat, and without a look back swings out.

THE SON—Farewell Mother, farewell Father.

THE FATHER—(Proudly.) Farewell, my son.

The Mother tries to speak her farewell but bursts into heavy weeping as the Son goes jauntily out the door. Both Father and Mother sink back to the floor.

THE FATHER—Do not weep, Mother. It is only winter. The flowers will return.

SATAN chuckles. He fingers the scarlet cord. His face is filled with satanic glee.

The lights turn from blue to light red. Shadows like marching men move through the background. The light becomes red, like new fire. The shadows move faster. The music, martial and louder is in keeping. The Devil watches the lights of fire. Satan's joke is being played. The music rises in its quality. The red becomes redder, like blood. The shadows move more swiftly like armies hurrying to the fields



of battle. The music rises. The Mother weeps. The Father paces the floor nervously, as if realizing that war is bloodshed. He drops again to the floor beside the Mother. They both sway with dread as the music increases. The red of the lights center in one spot as the music begins to rise in a crescendo. The Mother and Father sway with dread. The music rises—rises, the drums rolling fiercely. Brass instruments crash through the measure, the lights flash and flare.

The music ends in a crash. The lights flare as high as the stars.

SATAN laughs aloud. It is a wild shriek of hellish amusement.

The Mother falls forward on her face with convulsive weeping. The Father with hands clenched, throws arms into the air in inexpressible pain and grief. Satan continues to laugh.

### SCENE III

Same as Scene One and Two. Satan is laughing silently. He appears satisfied.

The background is black and still. The light is blue and cold. It is winter. The air seems to shiver with a chill.

The Father enters. He is broken and old. He uses a cane. He walks slowly to the center of the stage. Satan seems surprised to see him, looks at him in wonder. He no longer laughs.

The Mother enters. Satan starts. The Mother carries in her arms the uniform of the Son. The Father goes to meet her. They advance to center of stage, and sit upon the floor.

The Mother spreads the uniform over her knees. The Father fingers an empty sleeve.

The uniform is torn and bloody. It is spotted with blood and reeks with an odor of rotting human flesh.

THE FATHER—(Swaying slightly with grief.) Oh God! Oh God!

The Mother weeps silently.

SATAN looks at his work in immortal wonder. He shifts his position as if uncomfortable. The music is soft, sad. It is filled with the weeping of a million mothers and the question-and prayers of a million fathers. Satan's face softens. He watches the Father and the Mother.

THE MOTHER—He is gone, gone forever. He looked so magnificent in his uniform. But now he is gone—gone forever and forever.

THE FATHER—Oh why—why?

SATAN's face is filled with pity. He bows his head before human sorrow and grief. He raises it again. The lights become softer on the stage, back to a glow of warm yellow. Satan's face works. He throws back his head and then plunges it forward into his arms, weeping. The music throughout has been soft.

SATAN raises his head. His face is stained with tears. He looks at the cords and at the knot in his hand.

He flings the knot from him, tearing at the skein. He plunges his head into his arms again and weeps aloud. His crown slips off his head.

CURTAIN.



PINEY PROSPECT

## Men of Affairs

By E. H. HARTSELL

We have long been of the opinion that Carolina students are willing to tackle any proposition, to undertake any task. Reinforced by Mr. Hartsell, we are convinced that the real trouble with the cosmic order lies in the fact that there is no Carolina student acting in the capacity of General Superintendent of the Universe.

THE office of General Superintendent of the Universe is, no doubt, one requiring considerable executive ability. Yet, I feel sure that I could easily put my hand on at least two score Carolina students who would cheerfully undertake to fill the position as an extra-curriculum activity and, what's more, promise to inaugurate immediately several beneficial reforms in the cosmic system.

It is simply absurd for nations of the earth to drift helplessly on on their wretched courses, tossed about by the winds of fate and the waves of destiny, while here men of vision and ability chafe at the restraints of college life, and, for lack of other employment for their multifarious talents, organize clubs, found societies, and inaugurate endless streams of reform measures on the campus. Is there a Carolina man so base as to doubt that the European situation could be settled in a week if it were turned over to a committee of "representative" students? The reparations question would be disposed of in a single session. International credit and banking relations seem rather complicated, but any Economics I student of moderate ability, if given a free hand, could have the world on a sound financial basis in six days, with all outstanding obligations payed off and a comfortable balance in the bank. No, I modify that statement. Any Economics I student could do it, provided he is at the same time a member of the Y. M. C. A. cabinet, the Di Society, the Campus Cabinet, the Student Council, the *Tar Heel* staff, the MAGAZINE Board, the Playmakers, two or three Greek letter organizations, the German club, the French club, the Spanish club, the Italian club, the North Carolina club, the Bunkburg County club, not to mention being a letter man in at least one major sport and a loyal Carolina-splitter in all the others. These qualifications are necessary, because without them the student is not, properly speaking, a "representative" student, in other words, not one of that select group whom I have chosen to call "Men of Affairs."

Your typical college man of affairs is an habitual "meeter." Before making an appointment he will invariably cast an introspective eye over the imaginary schedule which he keeps posted on the interior wall of his mental domicile. After much hesitation, if the slate is found to be clear for the hour suggested, he will make the appointment. Do not suppose, however, that the keeping of the aforesaid engagement is now

reduced to a mathematical certainty. It is still a matter for speculation, only to be proved by actual experiment. The man of affairs may have overlooked some meeting scheduled for the hour he has promised you. He may, at the appointed time, be engaged in the performance of any one of the multitudinous duties and responsibilities which incessantly weigh upon his mind. So many conflicting interests claim the attention of his marvelously diversified brain at the same identical moment that he may be sitting spell-bound, in a maze of indecision, trying to decide whether it is of more importance to keep his engagement with you or to "put out" on one of the four and a half courses for which he has registered.

That is another evidence of your true man of affairs. He never takes less than four courses, usually more. And he never loses an opportunity to impress upon you the tremendous percentage of the University curriculum to which he is being exposed. It is, in his mind, a mark of superiority, this juggling of extra courses, especially if he can get by with Phi Beta Kappa grades on a majority of them.

But to get back to the matter of the hypothetical engagement which the student man of affairs has honored you with making. We have detailed some of the possibilities that might cause him to disappoint you entirely. Now let us presume that he does show up. You must not, of course, expect him to be on time. Your typical man of affairs is never on time. If your appointment is for eight-thirty, don't begin to expect him until nine. Following this rule, the strain on your patience will be immeasurably lessened and, once in a lifetime, you may be agreeably surprised by having your man show up a quarter of an hour earlier than your adjusted expectation.

Men of affairs on the campus are confined to no class, clan, clique or fraternal organization. They are most numerous, perhaps, among members of the Freshman class, serious-minded self-help students being chief among them all. The limitless ambitions of these dashing young knight-errants is surpassed only by their naive and boundless self-confidence. The scope and magnitude of their accomplishments is circumscribed solely by the tragic fact that each day has only twenty-four hours, not less than a fourth of which must be given over to sleep. Perhaps this limiting factor of time is after all the chief defense which the gods have employed to protect themselves against



the competitive rivalry of "representative" students. Give a group of University men an eternity in which to get their work done, organize them into a club with a president, secretary, constitution, and by-laws, not forgetting the colors, pin and initiatory rites, release them from the distracting routine of class attendance and outside reading assignments—when you have done these things you may as well dismiss your gods and cashier your divinities. You will have no more use for them. An infinity of meetings, each lasting an infinite number of hours, affording opportunity for an infinite volume of verbosity, will quickly settle all the burning issues, questions and problems brought up for discussion, not only those of the campus, but those of the cosmos as well.

### PROFESSORS

W. DABNEY WHITE

Professors are a kind of animal. They are generally grown in hot houses and flourish best in civilized countries. In savage lands they are considered a great delicacy and are eaten by the ruling house only. Since the redskins have been pushed further west to reservations and no longer are allowed to hunt them for their hair, Professors have increased in great numbers.

Professors usually live in houses and most of the time they are busy finding out knowledge. During their spare moments some of them get married.

Professors are usually rectangular in shape and have an arm or a leg on each corner. The head is stuck on the topmost part of the rectangle and serves as an ornament being in many cases clean and polished like a billiard ball. Professors having this kind of head are very proud as they think it shows the presence of brains.

Professors are very earnest in the belief that they descended from the same ancestor as did monkeys. This is not at all hard to believe. The resemblance between the two is very great.

Sometimes Professors write "Dr." before their names. "Dr." stands for "dry." It is a great distinction to be able to write "Dr." before one's name.

Sometimes Professors write a long string of initials after their names such as A.M. or A.B. or B.S. or Ph.D. A.M. means morning and signifies that one gets up before dinner. A.B. stands for After Beauty and means one in growing a mustache. B.S. implies the fact that one has a Baby that Squalls. Ph.D. means that one is Partly Dead. It is a great honor to be Ph.D.

A Professor that can put all these letters after his name usually gets a lot of money with which he buys himself a walking cane, an automobile and a new suit of clothes every once in a while.

There are many kinds of Professors. Some are French Professors, some Chemistry Professors, some Philosophy Professors, and some Mathematics Professors. The first is a Frenchman, the second a Chemist, the third a Philosopher, and the fourth is a

Quadratic Equation. (You can't figure them out.)

The Frenchman thinks that Adam and Eve talked French. The Chemist thinks the world was made in a laboratory. The Philosopher thinks that if Satan had organized his army in a logical manner he wouldn't have been licked and thrown out of Heaven. The Quadratic Equation thinks life is figured out with x's and y's.

Professors are a very interesting species of beings and very worth while studying. It is thought possible, that through intense cultivation Professors may some day develop into intelligent farmers and relieve the present growing shortage.

### A CO-ED AND POPULARITY

By R. L. FELTON, JR.

Once there was a Co-ed at the University of North Carolina, who was very unpopular with the boys with the exception of a few backwoods Cedar Birds who thought she was the real stuff. She threw a grin at them every time she passed which knocked them for a Cuckoo one by one. She did her darndest to please the fellows but they didn't care for her worth a cent. She always had to carry her own books but was never seen by herself because there was another hefty one cast by the wayside also. She realized her condition but couldn't improve it. Her hair was stringy but she was afraid to bob it and didn't have the nerve to try to curl it, and she didn't know that Jontee Compact Powder is sold at all Rexall stores and that she might get the silk you love to touch in Durham. She kept up with the women in only one respect; she chattered all the time. She succeeded, however, in getting by a few courses at the University, for sometimes she had a chance at some poor, old, bachelor prof.

She was a staunch supporter of co-education but the Student Body was against such foolishness just on account of her. She wanted to speak in one of the literary society halls, but the members wouldn't let her because the lights had to be out by one o'clock. So it is seen that only a small percentage of the ignorant freshmen and the most popular men of the Booloo Club had anything to do with the ill-shapen mass.

But she had an idea. She left the University and went to St. Merry-myth's college at the State Capital. Here she learned fast. The girls taught her to clean her teeth and roll her eyes. She went to the hair-dresser the second day and had her hair bobbed and fluffed up quite a lot. Then she put on some artificial complexion and a few airs. After this, improvements were carried on still faster. She donned the pure silk, roll-your-own kind and shortened her dress about eight inches. She sprayed herself freely with some forty-eight cents an ounce perfume and started singing "All by myself every night" and the boys from A. & E. flocked around. Now ask the Carolina men what they think of her and they'll tell you she "ain't nuthin' but the stuff."

Moral: Whoopee Girruls, Elon College.

# Blackbeard's Page

## The Story of Blackbeard

In the early part of the nineteenth century one of the most notorious sea-robbers of all times was harassing the coast of North America. His real name was Edward Teach or Thatch. But on account of his enormous beard he acquired the name of Blackbeard. He had come from England as a privateer in the war of the Spanish succession, and was first heard of as a pirate in 1716, when he began cruising among the West Indies, along the Spanish Main, and up and down the coasts of Virginia and the Carolinas. Wherever he went, terror and death followed. In order to pursue his piracies unmolested in North Carolina, he made an ally of the weak-kneed Eden, then governor of the State, who shared with him many a golden prize. For a time the pirate led a rollicking life, forcing the planters to cater to his will and exacting toll from every vessel he hailed. At last the exasperated settlers appealed to Governor Spotswood, of Virginia, who sent Captain Maynard in November, 1718, with two sloops to take the marauders dead or alive. The scene of the battle was off Ocracoke Inlet, North Carolina, where Blackbeard's ship had run aground in the shallow water. In the fight the pirate was killed and his head taken back to the Virginia governor.

## Bloody Ed's Song

In a winding shroud of green sea weed  
 There many a dead man lies—  
 And the waves above them glitter at night  
 With the stare of the dead man's eyes.  
 No rest, no sleep, ten-fathom deep  
 They watch with their glittering eyes.  
 Forever washed by the deep sea tides  
 With the changing coral sands,  
 For their treasured gold in their own deep graves  
 They search with their bony hands.  
 No rest, no sleep, ten-fathom deep  
 They dig with their bony hands.  
 —Words and music by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Greene.  
 (From the play "Blackbeard, Pirate of the Carolina Coast.")

## Song of Blackbeard

When day-dawn breaks, at the top o' the day,  
 It's Yo, Ho, Ho! We're up and away.  
 To nab a jolly junker,  
 Or heavy laden freight,  
 We'll fill our hold with Spanish gold,  
 Pieces of eight; pieces of eight.  
 A Pirate's life is the life for me,  
 A life a-roaming the boundless sea,  
 From early morn 'til late at night,  
 It's blood and thunder and fight and night;  
 Pieces of eight; pieces of eight.  
 The guzzled rum; the leaded dice,  
 Spices from India, with beer and rice;  
 A Chinese cook, and an English mate;  
 Four deck-hands from a Balkan state;  
 Pieces of eight; pieces of eight.  
 The salty blood; the salty sea,  
 A Pirate's life is the life for me.  
 Salt in my eye, my hair, and the air;  
 Blood on a sword, on my hands and my hair!  
 Pieces of eight; pieces of eight.

When blood-flaked clouds splash a western day,  
 It's Ho! My lads! for Blackbeard's Bay.

We took a Spanish galleon,  
 Captain, cook, and mate;  
 The roguish knaves—a load of slaves!  
 Pieces of eight; pieces of eight.

—JOSLER.

## Blackbeard's Death

A pirate ship in a lonely sound,  
 A wreck on a lonely beach.  
 The sea runs blue, and the sea runs red  
 But it see no more of Edward Teach.

The wind blows east, and the wind blows west  
 But no black flag flies on high.  
 A gaunt mast cuts the western haze  
 Where the sun burns through the sky.

And ships may come and ships may go,  
 On the breast of the bright blue sea.  
 But never again will Blackbeard roam,  
 With his black flag floating free.

For Blackbeard has sailed a lonely way,  
 Out past the blood red sun.  
 His soul is far in the night of space,  
 And Blackbeard's life is done.

—WILLIAM DABNEY WHITE.

## To a Flower

Lonely, companionless, scarcely-noticeable little flower!  
 Why do you struggle so? Why not this fleeting hour  
 Close your earthly bower, and sleep  
 Where there is never occasion to weep  
 Your soul's strength away in Heaven's calm tower?  
 Or, if you would be a child of earth, why to this  
 friendless  
 Forest did you come, where the wild woodland ani-  
 mals less  
 Wild n'er in all the land trod  
 O'er earth's damp, cold sod;  
 Where the winds and storms awake thee from thy  
 nightly rest?  
 Yet you are here, little one, far from maiden's breast,  
 True to your innate nature, trying to do your best  
 In the struggle for existence,  
 Without the least assistance  
 From the rough world into which you are thrown  
 with the rest.

—ALLEN THURMAN CASTELLOE.



# Poems of Life

(The author of the following poem is a Fellow in the Department of English here. The poem, written while Mr. Millican was an undergraduate student at Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia, appears in a recent volume entitled "The Poets of the Future," an anthology of select college verse for the year 1921-1922, published by the Stratford Company of Boston. The author was also represented in the edition of 1919-1920 through the medium of a negro dialect poem, entitled "Ole Winter's on de Road.")

## I Love a Butterfly-Maiden

I love a butterfly-maiden  
 With a beauty gorgeous yet fantastic—  
 Her forehead lofty and Grecian;  
 Her tresses glossy as the plumage of a raven,  
 Hyacinthine, and cut short in the  
 Bohemian spirit of the eternal girl  
 Within her growing woman's bosom—  
 A wisp dashed carelessly across the forehead  
 As a curtain draped over the portrait  
 Of one of Leonardo's women;—  
 Her nose delicate in contour as those  
 On the Hebrew medallions;  
 Her mouth sweet, Eros-born—lips that command reverence  
 And the bended knee—a kissing-altar  
 Where sacrifices kindle my spirit  
 Like a quaff of new vintage;—  
 Teeth brilliantly white, and radiant in smiles;—  
 Her skin rivalling the purest Abyssinian ivory,  
 Yet softer than the velvet of rose-petals;  
 Her form grace's own;  
 And then there's melody in her syllables  
 That pours forth flute-like as the notes of morning  
       birds;  
 Her majestic presence doth stir me as if  
 Some unseen hand had lowered  
 A censer laden with perfumes of Araby!  
 And her eyes, in the name of Venus, her eyes,  
 Gray with an almost imperceptible touch of emerald,  
 Overhung with jetty lashes of shadowy length—yet  
 Eyes so peculiarly strange.  
 Ah, Maiden, one among legions, one in countless years,  
 Warp and woof for the saccharine stuff of dreams:  
 A fabulous Houri of the Turk!  
 A sylph in this Eden's bowers!  
 A naiad in its fountains!  
 Sufficient guerdon to besiege ten thousand Troys!  
 But . . . .  
 As a tame tiger doth growl at the smell of blood,  
 Sometimes I see within the depths of those strange  
       eyes  
 In the zenith of excitement  
 A flaming fire that seems to be fed by  
 The preponderous passion of centuries.  
 And my heart throbs madly as I think—that  
 A butterfly doth sometimes  
 Brush the dust from its wings,  
 Never to fly again.

—BOWIE MILLICAN.

## "The Meeting of the Waters"

(A secluded dell near the campus.)

I wandered blindly down the glen,  
 Till far beyond the haunts of men  
       I stood beside a stream.  
 The leaves, unheeded; sighing trees;  
 My tangled hair;—the self-same breeze  
       Had touched, as in a dream.

For we had quite a lovers' tilt,  
 The first since we our castle built,  
       (Beware the women, men!)  
 I strode as did the man of Gath;  
 A frightened rabbit fled my path,  
       And then I paused again.

For o'er the boughs and everywhere  
 The twilight and the woodland air  
       Conspired to soothe my brain.  
 Surprised, I saw the curling brook  
 And heard it murmur past each nook,  
       And I forgot my pain.

For lo! it seemed, some mountain vale,  
 As in some fay-enchanted tale,  
       Was planted in the wood.  
 The youthful hills on either side,  
 The rocks that stemmed the streamlet's tide,  
       Engaged me where I stood.

Then suddenly my pulses throbbed,  
 I heard the sound of one who sobbed,  
       My parted lips went dry.  
 For yon big boulder stolid lay,  
 To shield, no doubt, from curious day  
       The author of that cry.

I crept behind the massive stone—  
 For I can pity those who moan—  
       When carelessly I fell.  
 Though stunned, methinks I soon came through,  
 And staring into eyes of blue,  
       I suddenly was well.

Her bitter tears had fled ere now,  
 And soon we pledged again our vow;  
       Now, too, her tears were sweet.  
 Two streams below us flowed as one,  
 Two hearts above them beat as one—  
       That's where the waters meet.

—A. R. WHITEHURST.

*Smoke out the facts!!*



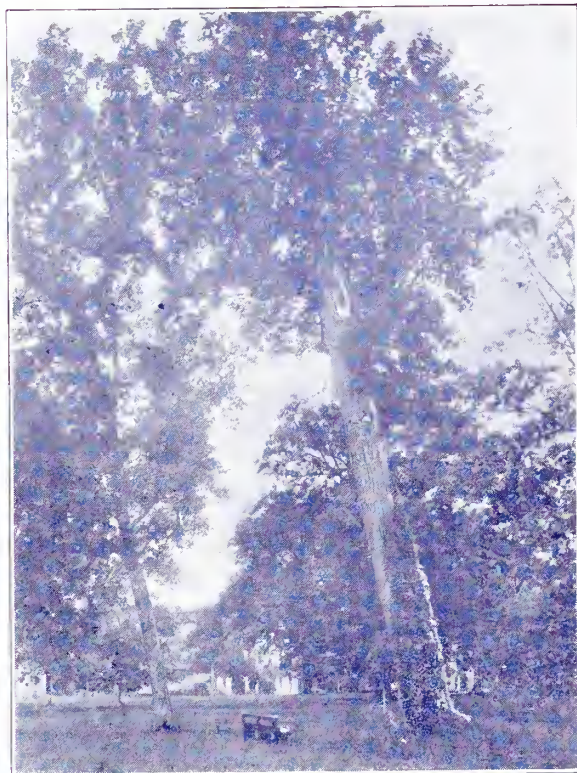
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# The Coming of the Real New South

**T**HE OLD SOUTH of legend and story, of history and tradition, passed with the firing of the last gun in the War Between the States. Many speeches have been made since that time extolling with all the force and rhetoric and eloquence the New South that has arisen like a Phoenix on the ashes of the old.

All this is true. There is a New South and there has been a New South since the War Between the States. Southern civilization underwent a radical change as a result of the War. The change in the Old to the New South was not the work of the evolving, transitional years, but of the great god of war.

As we go on living our lives here in the University and out in the State-at-large, we take little heed of another great change being worked in the civilization of our Southland. The changes worked by war are swift and spectacular, but the changes made by social forces are silent and the work of the slowly passing years.

Just as surely as there was a change from the Old to the New South, there is being brought about at present a change from the New South to the really New South, if the expression may be allowed. Slowly but surely the old New South is going and the real New South is coming together with renewed vitality and energy.

The transitional stage in this great change is the industrialization of an hitherto agricultural section. A few years will see a genuine awakening all along the line. Forces are now being marshalled, whether we are aware of the fact or not, and the energy of a revitalized race is being put to the wheel of progress and the people of this region are really going forward.

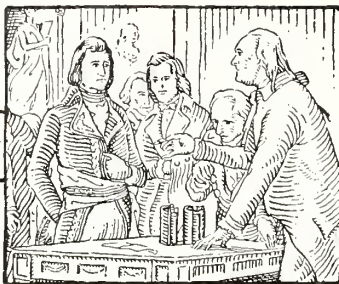
The weakness of the Old and New South has been a lack of material development. It is true that we developed our resources here and there but there has not been any genuine development worthy of the name until recent years, except along the lines of agriculture. Even in agriculture the South has been far behind the other sections of the country in the use of scientific methods. What few factories we have had in the past were scattered here and there. There was no general movement for the

establishment of factories, like the present one going on in the industrialization of the Piedmont Region. However, this new development, that has so long been needed to aid the South to gain its rightful position in relation to other sections of the country, is now coming and upon it as a foundation we may expect to build a culture and civilization greater than ever before attained. We may expect to build greater and to attain higher things for it is only upon a foundation of ample means that a people can find time to build a super-structure of the finer and more enduring things that go with great civilizations.

However, our joy over our future prospects is not unalloyed with some misgivings. With the coming industrialization of the South, new races of people will come to blend with our population. The South has been fortunate in escaping trouble with radical foreign elements in the past, for foreign laborers have shunned this section of the country for the most part because they do not care to compete with negroes in agricultural work. As a result we have not had to contend with discontented and radical foreign elements in our population.

The industrialization of the South means that we must assimilate some large foreign elements. Trouble will doubtless come in the blending process as it has come in the North and West in the form of labor trouble and riots. All this will mean that more than ever before our leaders will have to be men able to cope with the perplexing conditions of modern life.

We are all founders of the future. Such a future as is in prospect for us should fill us with hope and anticipation, but it should also bring with it a feeling of responsibility that all of us should share in. It should mean that all of us, especially college and university men, should prepare to meet and solve the vexing problems that are immediately ahead of us. Such problems cannot be escaped in an industrial fabric. To the Southern college man a great opportunity is opening up here in the South and also a great responsibility. Each of us must play a part in the establishment of a higher or lower type of civilization. Which shall it be?



# How Electrical Engineering began

**I**T IS not enough to experiment and to observe in scientific research. There must also be interpretation. Take the cases of Galvani and Volta.

Oneday in 1786 Galvani touched with his metal instruments the nerves of a frog's amputated hind legs. The legs twitched in a very life-like way. Even when the frog's legs were hung from an iron railing by copper hooks, the phenomenon persisted. Galvani knew that he was dealing with electricity but concluded that the frog's legs had in some way generated the current.

Then came Volta, a contemporary, who said in effect: "Your interpretation is wrong. Two different metals in contact with a moist nerve set up currents of electricity. I will prove it without the aid of frog's legs."

Volta piled disks of different metals one on top of another and

separated the disks with moist pieces of cloth. Thus he generated a steady current. This was the "Voltaic pile"—the first battery, the first generator of electricity.

Both Galvani and Volta were careful experimenters, but Volta's correct interpretation of effects gave us electrical engineering.

Napoleon was the outstanding figure in the days of Galvani and Volta. He too possessed an active interest in science but only as an aid to Napoleon. He little imagined on examining Volta's crude battery that its effect on later civilization would be fully as profound as that of his own dynamic personality.

The effects of the work of Galvani and Volta may be traced through a hundred years of electrical development even to the latest discoveries made in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

General  Electric  
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.





## Impressions of Egypt

By D. W. E. CALDWELL

Dr. Caldwell, associate professor of history in the University, is considered one of the foremost authorities in this country in the field of ancient history. Last year, as holder of the Belgian Relief Commission Fellowship, he had opportunity to visit Rome, Greece and Egypt and other places of great interest. With swift, powerful strokes Dr. Caldwell gives in the article below a graphic description of his impressions while touring in Egypt.

THE RIVIERA was very lovely and seductive, but duty and interest called me away lest Monte Carlo absorb my savings. I left my family in a little place near Nice and went on alone to Rome. Here I spent a short week and here I met a friend whose son Jack was to accompany me further East. A long train ride to Brindisi, a stormy crossing (the Adriatic in a Greek boat is not pleasant for a weak sailor like myself), a lovely morning in the Gulf of Corinth, a quick trip on the blue Aegean brought us to Athens in all its glory of memories and monuments. Then followed three busy weeks full of adventure, discomfort, and heart-satisfying enjoyment. Worn out by many hours of travel in slow trains and on donkey back we sailed at last in the *Antigone* for Alexandria. First we ran into a storm so bad that we took shelter in a little, almost abandoned harbor on the coast of Crete. We landed and wandered along a street whose sides were lined with placards announcing Sailor's Haven and English Bar, reminiscent of the war but alas, all deserted. After two days we passed on, rounded the eastern end and headed for the Delta. Then came heavenly days. The Mediterranean, of a blue that beggars description, was as smooth as a pond; the sun was warm; the skies pleasant. We forgot our plans for studying hieroglyphics and slept on the top deck in the day time, played what we called auction with a couple of Greeks in the evening and slept again all night for two precious days. Towards evening Wednesday we slipped into the harbor of Alexandria.

The harbor of Alexandria was a fitting introduction to Egypt. It was filled with the shipping of the world. Mingling with the great ships of Europe were little boats carrying curious colored sails shaped like the familiar leg-

of-mutton but rigged square as in ancient days. An up-to-date launch brought out an Egyptian doctor wearing the *tarbush*, a round black hat, crownless and with red tassels, worn by most residents of Egypt, and several Arab workmen, heads bound with turbans, and carrying pails of disinfectant. We were surely in the place where East and West meet and blend.

Thursday morning we landed. We paid customs duties on our Greek post cards and Athenian honey, quarreled with the porters who demanded fifty piasters or two and one-half dollars for carrying our bags and got seventy-five cents and went off in an old horse barouche, escorted by an official dragoman for the American consulate. We passed through native streets where we saw veiled women, men and boys whipping tops, water carriers selling water by the cup from pigskins, dried and sewn and patched with a nozzle fitted to one of the legs, many beggars, children filthy and diseased of body and of eyes, dirt everywhere, over to the European quarters as clean and well-kept as any European city. We saw a Mohammedan funeral. In front marched a band; behind it came men carrying the sacred carpet, a rug fully twenty feet square; then professional mourners, women with their hair let

down who waved their arms and shrieked, like in appearance to the mourners depicted in the ancient tombs; in their midst the bearers carrying the dead, doubtless wrapped in his turban; the family and friends and a curious crowd brought up the rear. Shortly thereafter we went for a brief space into a cinema where we saw Mary Pickford with captions in

English, French, Greek and Arabic. The crowd went wild over the *Little Princess*. Alexandria did not detain us long. Save for some Roman tombs like the



GATEWAY AT KAMALA

catacombs of Rome itself but decorated with Graeco-Egyptian paintings and statuary and a very fine small museum, there was little of interest. Saturday morning we took a train for Cairo.



W. E. CALDWELL AND "JACK"  
On top of the Great Pyramid,  
Valley of Nile in the background.

head in a whirl. Each one of these is worth an article in itself. The guides fix themselves on to the unwary and tourist and will not be shaken off. Hassan picked us up at the station and insisted on taking us everywhere. Finally wearied, with a flourish of my hand I told him for the fifteenth time to be off. This time with an exclamation of dismay he vanished and never came near us again. Later I was told that by my flourish of the hand I had cast a five-fold curse on him. We spent our first afternoon at the museum where we saw the famous statuary of ancient Egypt. Thence at closing time we went into the bazaars where men were squatting in their little booths doing all manner of brass work, making laces, jewelry, perfumes, and antiques. To our dismay we saw no whirling dervishes or snake-charmers.

Sunday morning the museum called us again. This time upstairs we examined ancient papyri, marvelled at the contents of many tombs, particularly the jewelry, and saw the mummies of Rameses II and the other famous Pharaohs of olden days. That afternoon to the pyramids. Our first glimpse of the pyramids we had had from the train en route to Cairo. Far off over the desert, against the hills stood out three dark shapes. So familiar was the picture that we received no thrill. Yet when we stood at last in their shadow we must needs ponder on the might of those great kings and on the mutability of human affairs. Escorted by guides, we entered the great pyramid and went down to the burial ground of the king, long since rifled. Thence outside and to top. The steps vary from three to four feet. The Arab guides go ahead; the tourist places one foot on the upper ledge, the guides pull and up he goes. At the half-way

mark we rested while our guides in prayer recited the hundred names of Allah. Recently an American went back to Cairo with a number of fake antiquities. When chided for buying them he replied: "At the half-way stage of the pyramid, the guide remarked that this was the place where one bought antiquities. I looked up and then down at the distance to the ground and decided he was right." Our guides were too busy telling us about the time they escorted Mark Twain up the pyramid to think of that expedient. On top, we rested and drank tea. What a view! To the West the cliffs and the

desert with caravans in the distance; near by, the other pyramids; at our feet the smaller mastaba tombs of the nobles. To the East, the sphinx on the edge of the desert surrounded by pigmy people. Suddenly the desert comes to an end and the valley begins with its black earth and green fields, intersected by the irrigation canals; beyond the Nile and in the distance the desert and cliffs again, and shining over all the splendour of the Egyptian sun. We descended by a reverse process. The guides went first and reached back to grasp us by our armpits as we crouched; then we jumped and so at last we reached the ground again. The Sphinx was a disappointment but after some bargaining we hired a camel and made the circuit of the pyramids back to the tramway.

Monday morning we left for Saqqarah, ancient Memphis and its tombs. For the day we joined company with a young Englishman, his sister and the young daughter of a missionary. We hired donkeys, crossed the land and entered the desert. Here we saw the ruins of Memphis and two great statues of Rameses II. In the desert we passed the step pyramid of Zoser, first of the pyramids, and came to the necropolis of the old kingdom. Here were tombs of the nobles,

the walls adorned with pictures of daily life in all its phases, plowing, sowing, reaping and thrashing, the care of cattle and shop, carpenters and goldsmiths at work, boys playing at games, musicians eternally furnishing melodies on their instruments while others sang, the noble fishing and hunting and feasting. For a brief period the Old World was alive again in our

imaginations. The huge sarcophagi wherein were buried the bulls sacred to Osiris claimed our attention. Then back by another route from which we saw a long line



COLOST OF MEMNON,  
THEBES, EGYPT

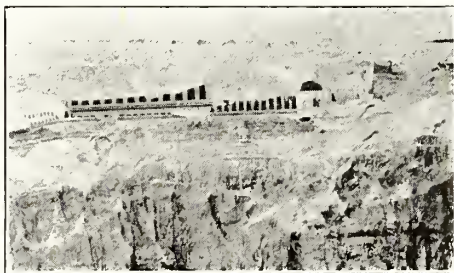


Photo from Collier Cobb  
TEMPLE OF THEBES



of smaller and later pyramids, by Memphis to the station. Then the clamor for bak-shish; tips. The guide is never satisfied. It continued while we waited for the train and our guides ran along by the train still begging for more. After supper in Cairo, we again took a train for Luxor far up the Nile.

Railroad travel in Egypt is full of interest. The cars are European and well kept and both first and second-class are quite comfortable. From the window the countryside continually calls one back to ancient days. Here is a little village of mud huts, bricks made without straw, huddled on a high point of ground which will be above the inundation. Dogs, pigs and children lie around in its streets. There is a man at work in the fields; his plow pulled by bullocks, is apparently home-made out of two or three pieces of wood; it barely scratches the ground; his hoe is equally antique in character. A boy gallops by on the back of a donkey with no saddle and a rope for a bridle. By the river bank men are lifting water into the irrigation canals by buckets on long poles. Or perhaps there is a water wheel pulled endlessly round and round by a bullock blind-folded, or a camel, while the driver sleeps in the shade of a sheltering palm. Beyond is the desert full of mystery where the traveler glimpses occasionally a pyramid or the ruins of an ancient temple. At the station are boys selling oranges or sandwiches or pieces of meat, fastened round long sticks and then grilled and flavored with flies, beggars and guides, a shouting throng. At night if one is rich one rides in a sleeper, otherwise, get what rest one can, half-reclining in the crowded compartment.

The train reached Luxor about nine and we breakfasted at the Hotel Thebes. The morning we passed in the temple of Luxor built and adorned by a succession of Pharaohs of whom Tut-ankh-amen was one. Here we saw first the great gateways called pylos, adorned with reliefs of the battles of Rameses II, and preceded by obelisks, and the majestic columns of the interior. I found myself much used up and after lunch enjoyed a pleasant siesta. About three we started for Karnak down a pleasant road lined with palms and trod by the feet of countless natives and tourists since the days of the Egyptian Empire. We entered by a graceful gateway built by one of the Ptolemies, passed quietly through the temple of Khonsu and on to the great temple of Ammon. Through the avenue of ram-shinxes we entered the first pylon which we climbed for a view of the whole. Its size and magnificence even in ruin are impressive. The glory of the temple is the great hypostyle hall. The outer rows of columns are huge and lofty but above them tower the two inner rows, forming thus a clerestory for the entrance of light, the ancestor of our modern church architecture. All the surface of the columns is carved with pictures and hieroglyphs and the walls are lined with reliefs of kings and gods. Here man is but a pigmy before those mighty forces which men call divine. Here is to be found and to be felt the sum of the national worship of Egypt. The outer walls tell in picture the story of the battles of Seti I against

the Hittites. After this the rest of the temple fades. My memory of it is vague and fleeting save as I remember parts built by the queen Hat-shek-sut and the great conquerer Thothmes III. Then in a little dark chamber near by we came on a statue of the fearful lion-headed goddess Sekhmet and trembled. As we returned to our hotel we met the native people of the country-side returning from market with their donkeys and camels loaded down with provisions and found ourselves accompanied by others who were driving their sheep or cattle in from the pastures to the shelter of the folds or barns on the edge of town.

Wednesday morning up early. We borrowed a pith helmet, provided ourselves with fly-swatters, a lunch, many oranges, and a quantity of small change and crossed the Nile in a small boat. On the other side we hired donkeys and set out for the Valley of the Kings and the mortuary temples. We rode North along the dykes to the uninteresting temple at Kurna and thence by a winding road through the desert, up through ancient water courses long since dried, to the burial place of the kings. Long a familiar trip to tourists, this winter it has been crowded since the discovery of the unrifled tomb of Tut-ankh-amen. Here in its stone sarcophagus still rests the mummy of Amenhotep II, great-grandfather of Tut-ankh-amen's queen. The guide turns out all lights (the tombs are electrically lighted today) save the one that shines directly on the mummy itself and one pauses a moment to remember perhaps that all men must die.

From this shrine we passed down again into the desert. It was well past noon. Breakfast was a dim memory and we had traveled many miles. It was hot and dry and our oranges were gone. The flies were a terrible pest. Out of the heat we stepped suddenly into the little tomb of Nakht. There on the wall before our eyes was a grape arbor with large bunches of grapes depending. Servants were picking them and putting them in huge vats. Here others were treading them and from below them poured into jars a stream of rich red wine. Along the bottom of the wall were stored many full jars. So vivid were the colors that it seemed as if we might pick or drink. But alas, only the ka of Nakht was so privileged. On the other side was a banquet scene while three pretty girls played on their instruments and sang sweet songs. Nakht himself was off hunting or fishing. It was not for our entertainment, and with a sigh we passed on to the Ramesseum where we ate such of our lunch as the flies would let us have and washed it down with warm lemonade bought from a local Arab. This temple was erected by Rameses II for his own worship and was filled with the glory of his wars.

We returned to Luxor and took train for Cairo. Here we spent a busy day visiting mosques and buying brass in the bazaars. The last was great sport. The object of the game is to bargain for what you do not want, then in apparent disgust buy at a low price what you really want. That night we left for Jerusalem. But that is another story.

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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

A Magazine of Opinion, Literary Expression and Journalistic Endeavor.

Published Monthly by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

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## QUALIFICATIONS OF A COLLEGE EDITOR

Have you the naïve belief that a college editor has an easy job? If so you have never worked on a college publication. When we started out with the MAGAZINE we had some sort of hazy idea that we would have an easy time of it, and that some Egyptian god would come along and do all our work for us!

Disillusionment of youth! Oh, cruel college world! Instead of an open vista looking down into the Elysian Fields we found barbed wire fences confronting us on all sides!

Sitting back in our sanctum sanctorum looking over exchanges the other day, we ran across a description of the troubles of another college editor away out in Idaho. Truly, misery is universal, and not a local matter! We found the editor of the *Idaho Argonaut* had this to say:

"A college editor should be a superman endowed with the patience of Job, the editorial ability of Horace Greeley, the managing and directing ability of Charles Schwab, the diplomacy of Woodrow Wilson, and the judicial qualities of former Chief Justice Marshall; he needs the keen humor of Lincoln, of John Wesley, and the agnostic tendencies of Ingersoll; he should have the literary ability of Shakespeare, and the conscience to perpetrate the atrocities of Amy Lowell.

"In addition to these few qualifications, he needs the physique of Jack Dempsey, the nerve of a hold-up man, and Edison's ability to go without sleep. His brain should be so constituted that he could absorb the essentials of a 20-credit course by means of the barest perusal of the subjects therein contained, and to pass the final exams with honors so that the faculty will respect him and allow him to remain in school.

"He should be absolutely foreign to the needs of rest, sleep, eating, recreation, the love of society, the inclination for glory in athletics, school activities and

in love. Having these few requirements, he should be able to qualify as a fairly competent editor, and there is a possibility that he would not be hauled on the faculty carpet more than once a week and kicked by the student body in general more than once a day."

Every outgoing editor has the privilege of handing down advice to future editors. Our modicum of advice is that if any of the editors that are to be in the near and distant future feel that they lack any of the qualifications given above we suggest that a perusal of the catalog of Sears and Roebuck, the well known mail order house, might be of some benefit. We would like to suggest that the editor include in his order a pair of brass knucks and a half dozen army tanks to clear the way for him through the barbed wire that will beset him on all sides. We would also suggest that he find some sort of chemical compound that will make his hide tough enough to stand the very kind remarks made about his administration of the MAGAZINE.

"Never again!" is the slogan of each outgoing editor, and perhaps the remark is expressive of the feelings of each at the time of retiring, but deep down in the heart of each editor is a love for the work that fascinates and that will make one look back upon the time spent as a college editor as a work of joy and a work of love.



### SPRING LEAVES

As the raw and dull leaden grey clouds of March pass us by and April, with all its varying degrees of feverishness makes its appearance the campus should waken to the possibilities in store. Latent ambitions should speak now or be forever silent. There should be no such condition on the campus as Spring lethargy. We eagerly look forward to the time when the



budding political aspirants burst into the full blossom and the "Djer Kiss" of their petals be sensed by the "time out of mind" political gangsters and their ilk.

Personally we would not wish to keep the campus in suspense as to the future involved; nor, are we inclined to be over assumptive and set the whole "blooming" works agog. As to whether the future editor of the *Tar Heel* will be what is known as "lantern jawed" or "pug nosed" we dare not hazard, for the "Jolly Roge" has not yet been flaunted from the mast head. The joy of gypsying was taken from our sails when the Phi Assembly ruthlessly and unceremoniously unshrouded its possibilities and presented George Ragsdale as '24's Editor-in-Chief of the MAGAZINE. But as yet the Di has not chosen its business manager; and unless another "Steve" Brody appears on the scene the chances are that the MAGAZINE will go unchaperoned.

Sounds from the ancient and venerable village cemetery, just beyond the "Quadrangle" have already begun to issue. The belated traveler along the old Raleigh Road might be expected to suddenly crumple with heart failure at the unexpected shuddering, cowering, moaning noises that greet his ears. Reader, these disturbances are not unwonted but in the Spring of the year they assume renewed vigor, for it is then that the Greeks and others rejoice and pulse to the new blood instilled into their hibernating bodies.

We would fain see further progress along building lines on the campus. The Spring months will usher into the campus building community, Manning Hall, constructed to house the ever growing law school. The new building will be thoroughly legal in appearance. A stately co-ed building should also make an early appearance on the campus. Then too, the Greeks are raising handsome structures along the campus border. Altogether, the new Spring comes in looking joyfully at the things that are and will be.

—REED KITCHIN.



### ARE WE MAKING ANY PROGRESS?

We of North Carolina and the South have a tendency to hold on to those things which are good, but the trouble is we seem to hold on to those things which are bad as well. In other words, we are not progressive enough in the more vital things. Here at the University and out in the State we claim to be making great progress. But just in what way are we progressing? Every one admits that we are advancing in a material way—the University is growing in buildings and students, the State is progressing and expanding commercially, industrially and agriculturally, and the school system is being greatly improved. But is there any real, lasting progress in all these activities? A few years ago Germany had all these things and more, but now they have practically disappeared, and everything must be done over again. Germany was then at the extreme height of material progress; today she is at the bottom.

It is obvious, then, that we must build upon something more substantial. Material progress is very necessary, but along with it must go moral and social progress as well. Every individual must become a sovereign master of himself and master of his own destiny. There must be a new birth of individual freedom—freedom for the individual to live his own life in the way which brings greatest happiness and development to him. He must be permitted to think his own thoughts and believe in and arrive at the truth of things as seems best to him. It is altogether behind this period of enlightenment for any church to even think of trying a man for his religious beliefs, and a government which does not permit perfect freedom of discussion whether in war or peace is just as far behind. Life and truth are necessary for happiness and real progress, and if it takes smashing of traditions, prejudices and superstitions in order to bring this about, then they will have to go.

In so far as these things interfere with development, they must be swept aside, if we are to make that enduring progress for which we hope. The attitude is changing somewhat and it must continue to change if we are to build for permanence.

—ARTUS M. MOSER.



### REWARDS AT CAROLINA

Wherever there is merit, there must of necessity be a reward for that merit. Usually this reward assumes a visible outward form, pleasing alike to the donor and the recipient. Uncle Sam has his Legion of Honor, France her Croix de Guerre, the Kaiser had his Iron Cross, all outward manifestations of inward worth and ability.

So, at Carolina, various student activities are rewarded with equally varied student honors, the outward forms of which are, as a rule, election into some particular organization. The zealous student in any of these various activities is certain of a reciprocal reward. His election to a certain club or fraternity signifies to all, this fact.

If a man excels as a scholar at Carolina, Phi Beta Kappa, ancient scholarship fraternity, awaits him. Nothing can keep him out but his own inability along this line. But scholarship does not confine itself exclusively to this organization. Senior Order, Golden Fleece, also recognizes the scholar.

If a Carolina man has a sprinkling of silver upon his tongue or cares to exercise his linguistic talents to advantage in intercollegiate forum endeavor, Tau Kappa Alpha, national debating fraternity, recognizes this and enrolls him as one of its members. Amphoterethen is on the watch for men of pronounced calibre in this form of activity, and Golden Fleece also watches here. Here again we see merit receive its outward recognition by Carolina men.

Or, if the student be so inclined as to wield the almighty pen with a wicked hand, Sigma Upsilon, national literary fraternity, will not hesitate to look upon

him with favor. Sigma Delta Chi, journalistic fraternity, also is ever ready to reward a decided leaning toward the world of journalistic endeavor. Golden Fleece and Amphoterethen are watchful in this field also.

If our Carolina man be aesthetically inclined, we are told Omega Delta will cast her toga of membership upon him and aid him along the way.

In the professions, the two law fraternities, three medical fraternities and the pharmaceutical fraternity are all ever ready to reward merit.

In the ancient and venerable literary societies, the

Dialectic and Philanthropic, marked ability has ever been given its just deserts. Men who have shown capability along either literary or public speaking lines are chosen to represent the societies in debate and oration and on the MAGAZINE staff.

At Carolina, called by some "the world in miniature," ability and true worth have many channels through which to obtain outward and certain recognition. The world does it, the University does it. There must, then, be something in all this to encourage the highest cultivation of that thing within us known as talent or ability. It is not vanity, such recognition, but rather an encouragement to excel.—REED KITCHIN.

# Blue Ridge

By HENRY D. DULS

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Blue Ridge in the land of the Sky! 'Tis a name that carries with it a meaning for everyone that has had the good fortune to spend a vacation trip in the beautiful mountain country near Mount Mitchell. Last June Carolina sent a delegation of some two score men to attend the conference of Southern college students at the Y. M. C. A. assembly grounds at Blue Ridge. Every man in the delegation returned from the trip declaring he had spent a wonderful time up there in the hill country of Carolina. Carolina is going to send another delegation in June. If you want to get great fun and much benefit go to Blue Ridge in June!

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EVERY CAROLINA delegate to the Southern Students Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association at Blue Ridge, N. C., last June was requested to write his impression of that Utopian spot and its wonderful activities, whether for private memorandum, for publication or for a competitive contest being conducted. And in this effort to do our part, we know of no better way of giving our impression than by relating consecutively what we saw and what we did. With this in view, we will tell about the situation and equipment of the Blue Ridge grounds, the personnel and spirit of the conference, the conference schedule, recreation and athletics, and conclude with a word about the "brightest star of all"—the Carolina Delegation.

Nestling in a wooded cove (though the first impression is that it is on top of a mountain) about two miles from the Southern Railway Station at Black Mountain, is the main building of the conference grounds, Robert E. Lee Hall. This is a well-equipped, modern structure with the massive columns of Southern architecture and a wide front porch. Inside is a spacious lobby upon the walls of which hang the portraits of General Robert E. Lee and Abraham Lincoln, indicating the Southern location and yet national character of the Blue Ridge Association. Of interest to the delegates during rest hours, are the college annuals from every institution in the South and some from other places.

Upon the first floor also is a library, and offices of Conference officials. Downstairs is the Blue Ridge Post Office, a bookstore, a drug store, pressing club

and other conveniences. Upstairs are the rooming apartments with showers.

On one side of Lee Hall is a swimming pool filled with the coldest water the mountain springs can provide. On the other side is the Conference building, College Hall, with a large auditorium downstairs and class rooms upstairs. To the rear of Lee Hall is the dining hall, which during the Conference was one mass of college pennants and banners, indicating what delegations dined at certain tables, for the meals at Blue Ridge are one of the features of the conference as will be shown later.

In the woods surrounding the main buildings are numerous cottages where various delegations make their headquarters throughout the conference. Each cottage is named for sister colleges of men and women. For instance, the N. C. C. W.-U. N. C. cottage was the one in which the Carolina delegation stayed. Some of the other cottages are: Agnes Scott-Georgia Tech; Randolph Macon-Washington and Lee; Coker-N. C. State and many others.

Down the road in front of Lee Hall are the tennis courts, volley ball courts and the baseball diamond, which are in constant use throughout the conference, especially during the inter-delegation athletic and championship series, to be spoken of later.

The 1922 conference included absolutely every large or important college and university in the South and about 98 per cent of the smaller ones—a total of 77. Some colleges had as many as 30 or 40 student representatives, while others had any smaller number and some had just one. The largest delegations with their



approximate numbers at the 1922 conference follow: University of North Carolina, 40; Georgia Tech, 35; Vanderbilt, 30; Washington and Lee, 25; V. P. I., 20; N. C. State, 20; Davidson, 20; University of Georgia, 15; Wofford, 15; University of South Carolina, 10; University of Florida, 10; University of Alabama, 10; Auburn, 10; Louisiana State University, 10; Mississippi A. and M., 10; and others which had smaller delegations were: Centre, University of Virginia, University of Kentucky; University of Tennessee, Sewanee, Trinity, Wake Forest, Georgetown, University of Mississippi, Berea and many others.

The men, and not the number, who represented these colleges were the main consideration, however. They include the most prominent students in every phase of college activity; student body officers, class officers, athletes, debaters, "Y" workers, and others. The spirit of these men and the feeling of friendliness and fellowship which prevailed throughout the conference was wonderful. It was the kind we like to believe always prevails on the Carolina campus, and by which we are proud for our Southland to be represented. It was as though we were all members of one college and that college was the college of Jesus Christ. With that combination of Christian spirit and Southern chivalry, we can conceive of no higher ideal of fellowship. The deeply religious atmosphere surrounding the conference is inspired, no doubt, by the environment; and as an explanation we might quote the biblical verse: "The mountains declared the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork." And then, too, the conference is conducted by learned and renowned Christian workers from all parts of the world.

When we arrived at Lee Hall, we found a program for each day's work mapped out, with rising hours, class hours, meal hours, and recreation hours. All that was necessary was to decide which studies you desired to follow and then register for them just as in college. The chief bright spot of these classes from the point of view of the student just entering the conference was that there were to be no quizzes or examinations thereon. You could study or not study as you chose, and really enjoy the discussions and lectures. A bugle call marked the beginning and end of each period.

The schedule for the day follows: reveille, 6:45; morning watch, 7:00 to 7:30; calisthenics, 7:30 to 7:45; breakfast, 7:45; classes, 8:30 to 12:20; dinner, 12:45; rest hour and mail, 1:15 to 2:30; recreation, 2:30 to 5:30; supper, 6:00; mass meeting, 7:00 to 7:50; classes, 8:00 to 9:00; delegation meetings, 9:00 to 9:30; lights out, 10:00.

An explanation of this schedule is necessary. Often before "morning watch," which was entirely optional with the individual, many men made good use of the swimming pool. Ice cold at noon-tide, the early morning plunge certainly served to wake up him who dared to brave it.

The calisthenic exercises were also voluntary. Then

came breakfast. Each delegation gathered around its table while the whole hall sang one verse of a chosen hymn after which the blessing was asked, and then it was a race to see which delegation could get in the first yell. Yells for themselves, yells for athletic opponents for the day, yells for other colleges and returns, yells for individuals were continued throughout the meals, but never to the extent that it interfered with anybody's meals or appetite. Georgia Tech made the best "hit," probably with its "Tr-wreck, tr-wreck, tr-wreck, Tech, Tech." Mississippi always caused a laugh with its "Whoop, whoop-wee." "Split Carolina" was imitated by several delegations, but never successfully. Clemson's prompt and apt remarks on every occasion always brought roars. Often a delegation would sing its college song, and in this respect "I'm a Tar Heel born" was a favorite. It was called for by other delegations again and again. Tech's "Rambling Wreck" and the Washington and Lee "Swing" were also popular.

The waitresses are all college girls who are at Blue Ridge for the summer. Needless to say, they came in for their full share of yells, and the name of their cottage, "Martha Washington," repeatedly resounded through the hall.

This description is typical of all meals throughout the conference, some more spirited than others, of course.

Now the classes. They were divided into fifty minute periods just as at college. The first, from 8:30 to 9:20, was the Bible study hour. In this, the men were divided into classes in alphabetical order. The purpose of this was to bring men from different colleges together to study the Bible from the point of view of the college man. The pamphlet "Facing Student Problems" was used. Prominent Y. M. C. A. men from various colleges conducted these classes, and group discussions showed many common defects of the life in various Southern colleges. Their remedies were discussed.

The second period, from 9:30 to 10:20, was called the "College Conference Hour," in which different phases of Y. M. C. A. and college work was discussed with a view to mapping out a schedule for the year. Some of the different subjects offered along this line were: social work, executive work, work in the college community, and work among the freshmen. The student could take his choice, depending upon the line of work in which he was interested.

The third period, from 10:30 to 11:20, was called "Institute Hour." During this period, men gathered according to the course they were pursuing in college. All engineering students together, medical students, liberal arts students, commercial students, and so on. Distinguished men in the different professions conducted these classes. For instance, Dr. M. J. Exner of New York, famous sex specialist and head of the American Social Hygiene Association, was the leader of the medical group.

The fourth and last hour before dinner was a mass

meeting of all delegates, called "Platform Hour." At these meetings, men of all professions and of national and international reputation spoke on various phases of Christian life and on American problems and



CAROLINA DELEGATION AT BLUE RIDGE

duties. The "Hillside Meetings" which were held on the lawn in front of Lee hall immediately after supper were similar to these meetings.

The names of many of the men who spoke at these mass meetings will be familiar to the reader. They are: Dr. Sherwood Eddy, whose wonderful meetings conducted on this campus in Memorial Hall last spring will never be forgotten; his subject was "America: Its Problems and Perils;" Dr. W. D. Weatherford, president of the Blue Ridge Association, who spoke on "Pagan Standards and Christian Standards;" Dr. M. J. Exner, who devoted his time to "Sex Education;" Dr. Fisher (negro), of Tuskegee, who discussed "Racial Problems;" Dr. Fletcher Brockman, Y. M. C. A. missionary to China, who told of "Christian China;" Dr. Ward of New York, on "Labor Problems;" Dr. Ashby Jones of Atlanta, on "The Kingdom of God;" Mr. J. J. McConnell, leader of the Southern Students Conference, who spoke on "Doubt." Many other prominent men also addressed the students, and their subjects, as partly seen from above, covered every human problem from religion, to science, politics, labor, racial and financial problems.

The entire afternoon was devoted to recreation, athletics, hikes, and so on, as will be recounted later. The "Human Problems Hour," from 8 to 9 p. m., was a group discussion course designed to follow out any special phase of human problems which the speakers had mentioned and in which the student was especially interested.

The day was concluded by delegation meetings at the various cottages. At these meetings, delegation activities were discussed and plans were made for "what we were going to do when we get back to the Hill next fall."

The entire afternoon from dinner to supper was given to sports of all sorts. The near-by high mountains afforded many an endurance-test climb. But "High Top," the peak immediately to the rear of Lee Hall, was a place worth climbing for. It was a high

rock jutting out over—over nothing. At least, that is the impression gained on looking down, and one thing was certain—that if you drop, you drop to eternity, wherever that might be. The view was magnificent. Mt. Mitchell, Pisgah, Pinnacle, and other imposing peaks were visible. The Southern Railway trains looked like worms crawling through the valleys.

Farther along the trail, following the crest of the ridge is "Webb's Tower," an iron structure reared about sixty feet above a flat place on the ridge some years ago by the boys of Webb's School at Belbuckle, Tennessee. The enormous amount of labor that it must have taken to drag all the material up the mountain is the wonder of it all. The view from this tower is broader than that from High Top since all sides are visible from the tower, but the wind is so strong that one does not feel inclined to remain there long.

There are many other hikes which space will not permit us to describe. Among them are the trip to the top of Eastern North America—Mount Mitchell, a distance of about 25 miles from Lee Hall. This trip is usually taken by a large group on the last day of the conference.

Another, and probably more exciting form of recreation is athletics. The conference conducts a series to determine the "athletic champions" delegation by giving points to the delegation winning first, second and third place in the following events: baseball, volley ball, tennis (singles and doubles), swimming races and diving events, track and field events, and wrestling. The winner of first place in any of the above events is given 5 points, second place, 3 points, third place, 1 point. The delegation which wins the greatest number of points is declared athletic champion and is awarded on the last day of the conference a huge banner with the words "Athletic Champions 1922" upon it.

In addition to this, the winner of first place in each event is given a pennant such as "Baseball Champions 1922." The race for "Athletic Champions" throughout the conference was between the University of North Carolina and the Southern College of the Y. M. C. A., which holds its summer sessions at Blue Ridge. In the end, Southern College won the greatest number of points and was declared "Athletic Champions." Carolina won second place and Vanderbilt, third. However, the race was very close and exciting and grew more so as the conference drew to an end. Carolina won first place in baseball and tennis singles and was awarded those pennants, which are in the office of the General Secretary at the Y. M. C. A. now. Carolina also won third place in volley ball and third place in the swimming meet, and divided honors for a few other places. Southern College, her closest rival, won first place in volley ball and the swimming meet; second place in baseball and tennis singles, besides other divided honors. "Vandy" won the tennis doubles and Tech, the track meet.

The largest delegation at the conference, it might be supposed, would experience some difficulty in the control of its men that smaller delegations might not feel



that they were being trespassed against. That, however, was not the case. The old "Carolina Spirit" so famous on the Hill was never exerted to a higher extent nor to better advantage than at Blue Ridge. The delegation received compliments on every side. When some student from another college asked Sherwood Eddy for advice about college life, Dr. Eddy told him to mingle with the Carolina men for an example of student democracy and self-government.

"Carolina has probably the most liberal-minded student body in North Carolina," said Dr. Eddy, "and the life they lead on their campus is wonderful."

Through the efforts of Mr. Comer, this news was received mildly when announced at a delegation meeting. "We know a great deal to conflict with that," he said, "and should guard ourselves carefully."

A list of the Carolina men present at the conference will show that representative men of every branch of University activity were present. The student reader should see to it that he is included in the Blue Ridge delegation in June. The list includes 4 Seniors (of last year), 10 Juniors, 12 Sophomores, 7 Freshmen and 1 Law Student, which makes 34 students; and 6 others present makes the total delegation number 40. They are as follows: Delegation Leader, C. C. Poindexter, '23, Franklin; Delegation Secretary, W. A. Lillycrop, '23, Charlotte; J. R. Allsbrook, '24, Roanoke Rapids; J. G. Barden, '22, Goldsboro; B. H. Bardin,

'22, Wilson; E. O. Baum, '24, Poplar Branch; C. B. Bishop, '25, Durham; J. A. Bradley, '24, Florence, S. C.; G. S. Bruton, '23, Newport; M. E. Burleson, '23, Erwin, Tennessee; G. B. Cramer, '25, Charlotte; W. A. Davis, Law, Warrenton; H. D. Duls, '24, Charlotte; P. H. Edwards, '23, Darlington, S. C.; J. M. Foushee, '24, Greensboro; W. W. Gwynn, '24, Leaksville; J. O. Harmon, '23, Pittsboro; C. A. Holshouser, '24, Salisbury; E. C. Jernigan, '24, Benson; Edwin Lanier, '25, Metter, Georgia; G. H. Leonard, '23, Lexington; J. V. McCall, '24, Charlotte; A. M. McGee, '23, Goldsboro; C. K. Massey, '25, Durham; A. D. Milstead, '24, Charlotte; C. A. Peeler, '24, Salisbury; L. J. Phipps, '22, Chapel Hill; L. T. Rogers, '25, Durham; J. M. Saunders, '25, Durham; C. E. Spencer, '24, Rosemary; O. G. Thomas, '25, New Bern; W. D. White, '24, Beaufort; L. G. Wilson, '22, Dunn; V. V. Young, '23, Durham; Secretary H. F. Comer, Chapel Hill; Mrs. H. F. Comer, Chapel Hill; Dean F. F. Bradshaw, '16, Chapel Hill; Mrs. F. F. Bradshaw; Miss Jane Moxley, Nutley, N. J.; Reverend Frederick Drane, '12, Alaska

Secretary Comer in charge of getting up the Carolina delegation recently challenged N. C. State that if that institution would equal the Carolina delegation of 40 of last June, we would increase our delegation to 60 to fill out the hundred. We mustn't fall down on this! It doesn't cost much to go! Go and get fun and recreation in that wonderful Land of the Sky. The cry is: On! On to Blue Ridge! Sixty or more strong!



LEE HALL AND SWIMMING POOL



# Chief Justice Walter Clark

By REED KITCHIN

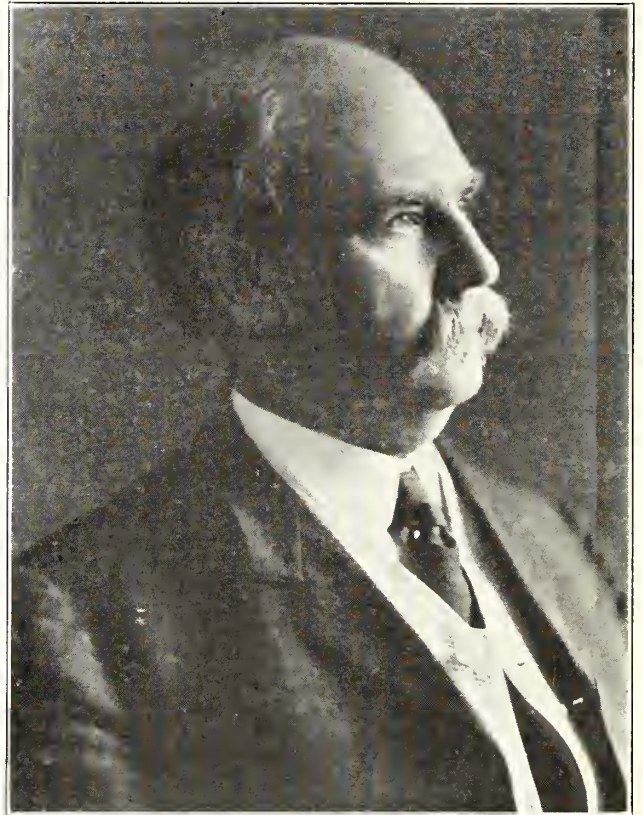
*The most interesting personality on the Supreme Court Bench of this State is Walter Clark. He is one of the most talked of men in the State and has created much interest and wide comment by many of his decisions. He is the man that Chief Justice Taft is quoted as saying he would not trust overnight with the Constitution.*

SEVENTY-SIX YEARS old this year, Walter Clark was born in the year 1846 in the county of Halifax, North Carolina, of Scotch descent. The Clark family were Carolina Planters.

Young Clark first entered school in Granville county taught by Professor Ralph Graves, but very soon after, at the age of fourteen he entered a military institute at Hillsboro. This was the year of 1860, and Civil War days were on hand. So it was not long before young Clark was enlisted as a drill master of a regiment under the command of Colonel James J. Pettigrew. Soon he resigned this office to again enter school, only to again enter the army at the age of sixteen. This time he saw service, going through several campaigns in Virginia. In the Spring of '63 his regiment returned to North Carolina for recruiting work and Clark resigned to enter the University. He joined the class of '64 in its senior year, being able to do this because in the camp he had carried with him his school books and studied them at spare times. He is registered as Walter McKenzie Clark, rooming at the home of Mrs. Snipes. The total number of students in the University at this time was seventy-nine, and of this number the senior class numbered ten. While at Carolina Clark joined the Philanthropic Literary Society and later became its president. His picture in oil now hangs from the walls of the Society. He graduated on June 2, 1864, with Judge Augustus Van Wyck, later prominent in New York politics and opponent of "Teddy" Roosevelt for governor. The day following his graduation, "cum laude," young Clark then seven-seventeen years of age, again joined the Confederate army as Major of the 5th Battalion, Junior Reserve and one month later, on the fourth of July was elected lieutenant-Colonel of the 70th N. C. regiment, the youngest officer of this rank of either army. This regiment was a unit of Johnson's army which surrendered at High Point, N. C., May 2, 1865.

Clark had studied some law under Judge Battle while at the University, and after the war continued this study, first in a New York City law office, then at the old Baptist college, Columbian College at Washington, D. C. He was admitted to the Bar in the year of '68, and first began practice alone at Scotland Neck, later in partnership, at Halifax, N. C. Lawyer Clark soon entered politics, and as Halifax county at this time was overwhelmingly Republican, and Clark was a Democrat, he was twice defeated for the state legislature, but not without letting the Republicans know that Democracy was still on the map.

After six years practice in Halifax county, Clark married and in 1874 moved to Raleigh, where he continued in an active and lucrative practice until the year



CHIEF JUSTICE WALTER CLARK OF NORTH CAROLINA

of 1885 when he was appointed to the Supreme Court Bench. While in practice in Raleigh Lawyer Clark often wrote editorials for the Raleigh Times, and at the same time prepared an historical summary of Methodism in North Carolina.

From April, 1885 until he was appointed to the Supreme Court Bench to fill the vacancy left by Justice Merrimon's elevation, Clark was a Superior court judge. This appointment came in the year 1889, and so approved was his service that in the coming election he maintained his seat with the support of the combined Democratic-Populist-Republican vote. And so for twelve years Judge Clark served as associate Justice of the North Carolina Supreme Court.

In the year 1902, at 56 years of age, Judge Clark was elevated to the Chief-Justiceship of the Supreme Court, the highest Judicial honor a man can receive from the state of North Carolina. And as such Judge Clark has remained until the present writing, his op-



ponents politically or otherwise, being unable to unseat such a popular judge.

As a Supreme Court Justice he has shown himself a tireless worker, an able, learned, diligent and popular judge. His opinions, covering 85 volumes of Supreme court reports, date from 104 N. C., and are instructive and interesting in their variedness. Many of them broach new and popular ways of interpreting the law. Biblical and profane quotations abound in his decisions, both assenting and dissenting. It is noticeable that in a great number of cases, the dissenting opinion of Judge Clark, at that time not law, has since become law. This would show a progressive judge. The judge wades into established traditions and outworn vestments in the law like the German entered Belgium. Judge Taft said that he wouldn't trust Judge Clark overnight with the Constitution, for there soon would be no constitution left if Judge Clark ruled many times on it.

In *State v. Mincher* 90 S.E. 431, he expressed his view on flogging convicts; "Such punishment was never necessary. We have advanced from that barbarism. Nothing is more fatal to discipline in prisons than infliction of punishment which deprives the convict of self-respect, and makes him an outlaw in spirit by its injustice and brutality." In 90 S.E. 900, *Moody v. State*, Judge Clark flays the requirement that "the unsupported testimony of a woman in seduction cases shall not be sufficient to convict." In *Satterwhite v. Gallagher*, 92 S.E. 369, he held in dissent, "that privy examination is useless and an insult to every husband and wife." And like advanced ideas the Judge brings out in all his opinions.

Justice Clark has always been a champion of the rights of the "fair sex," even before suffrage was granted them and now he is in the lists as their foremost champion on the Bench for marital rights. In an address in New Bern in 1913, the Judge made a strong plea for woman's rights, tracing the growing attainment of them, from the time when woman under the Common Law was a man's slave and could be chastised with impunity so long as no permanent injury was inflicted, until the present day of progress, in a very entertaining manner. Also in his legal opinions he has stood for the woman, and her rights. In *Bank v. Redwine*, 171 N. C., the capability of a woman to acknowledge a mortgage was contested, and in his decision the Judge pointed out that of the 40 executive heads of the English government since the time of William the Conqueror, seven were women; two of these, Elizabeth and Victoria, outstanding rulers. Also that a woman, Eleanor of Provence was at one time Lord Chancellor of England. Also he mentioned that Catharine the Great of Russia, Isabella of Spain, Maria Theresa of Austria, Wilhelmina of Holland, Tsi An of India and Deborah of Israel were incidentally women, and that therefore sex had nothing to do with public service or office holding. In *Becket v. Knight*, Judge Clark uses Shakespeare's "Judge Portia" in the "Merchant of Venice" to show the com-

petency of woman to hold public trusts and positions. In *Crowell v. Crowell*, 1920, he says in showing that woman is fast assuming her marital rights; "Whether a man has laid open his wife's head with a bludgeon, put out her eye, broken her arm or poisoned her body, he is no longer exempt from liability to her on the ground that he vowed at the altar to 'love, cherish and protect her.' We have progressed that far in civilization and justice. Wives are no longer chattels. They need not beg for protection for their persons, property or character. They can command it!"

The Judge always, in his writings and decisions, hits the old Common Law and its eulogists hard blows, when he clearly sees that it is unjust and unreasonable. He says "Blackstone has thrown a glamor around the Common Law and its origin which is only equaled by that which the facile pen of Sir Walter Scott has thrown around the rugged hills and former uncouth manners of the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" beyond the Tweed. His lectures betray not only a romantic view of the crude ideas of the Common Law, but an almost servile adulation of the nobility." He emphasizes the fact that a "young lawyer must needs know the law, and the practice of the law as it exists today in the student's own state." Also, "in a free country the legal profession should be the natural leaders because of their sympathy with popular ideas. But it is largely due to the influence of Coke and Blackstone, who were intense reactionaries, that the Bench and Bar in this country have not always been receptive of those progressive ideas which are necessary to the development of a popular government." And so the Judge shows that he has no patience with law without reason, and stands for improvement.

Justice Clark is a man of versatility. Not only is he learned in the Law, but he is a writer and speaker of marked ability. His writings are chiefly along historical and biographical lines, with a dash of travelogue.

He is responsible for the motto, "Esse quam Videri" on the state seal. He selected and drew the bill in 1893 which caused the state to adopt this motto. In writing of its selection the Judge says that a Latin motto was adopted in preference to an English one because more terse and condensed, and he traces its origin to Cicero and the Greek poet, Aeschylus, and notes its popularity as it is in use on the coat of arms of three noble British Houses and many literary societies, including one at Wake Forest. He says, "it is singular that until the act of 1893, the sovereign state of North Carolina had no motto since its declaration of independence. The only one of the original thirteen states without a motto." Judge Clark suggests that as a state tree we adopt the White Oak, "emblematic of the sturdy vigor of the manhood of North Carolina," and as a state flower, the violet, as "typical of the beauty, and sweetness of its women."

With regard to the use of the Bible in Public Schools, the Judge says, "Nothing can be more unjust

than to allow either the State Board or a teacher to require our Protestant Bible to be read in schools attended by children of Catholic parents or by the children of Jews and others who either disbelieve in our version or do not believe in the New Testament at all, when those children are forced by law to attend those schools."

The Justice believes in peremptory justice, he says "the purpose of hanging a man is not to reform him, but to deter others. To have that effect the punishment must be prompt and certain, whenever guilt is clear beyond all reasonable doubt."

As a speaker, Chief Justice Clark is pleasing and easy. He has spoken on many occasions, both in and out of the state; before university audiences, masonic gatherings, historical occasions and woman's rights have featured in his speeches. In an address at Burnsville, N. C., on an historical occasion, the Judge impressively pictures Mt. Mitchell looming in the distance, "In front of us your eyes behold Mt. Mitchell, the highest point on this continent, east of the Rockies. A dove from the ark would fly 2000 miles to the west before it would find the same elevation rising up through the blue ether on which to rest her feet, and 2000 miles to the South before lighting upon a peak of equal height among the Andes. To the East the nearest point of equal height is in the Pyrenees, 5000 miles away, while to the North in the 2,500 miles that stretch between us and the unattainable pole and its eternal solitudes, there is no competitor." Through both his writings and speeches, Justice Clark has done much to preserve the memorials and glorious deeds of the state.

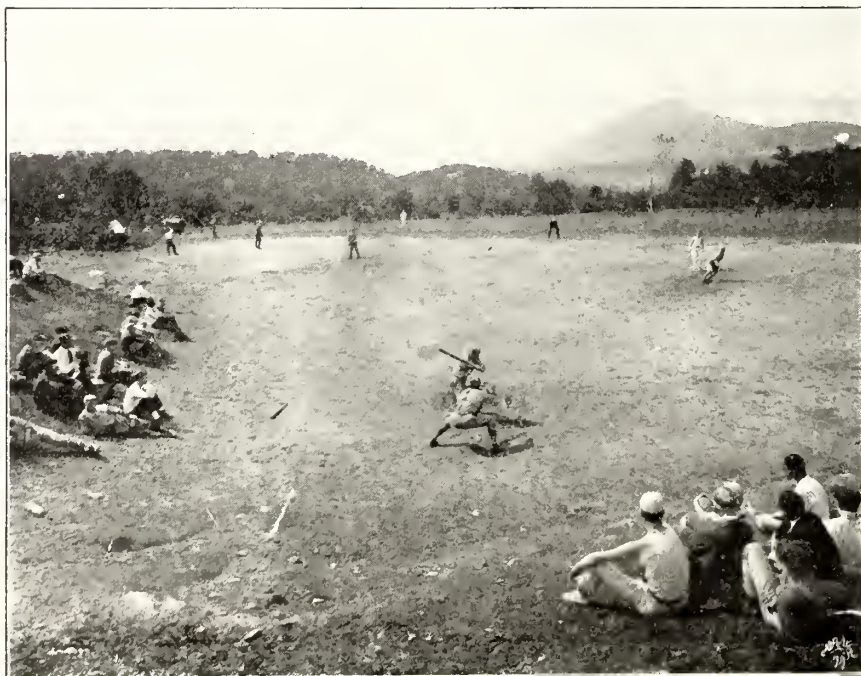
He has always been a loyal and interested alumnus of Carolina. He received his M.A. from Carolina in 1867, and the Honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the University in 1888, at the same

time Zeb. Vance received the same degree from his alma mater and Bishop Cheshire received the degree D.D. He was chosen at the Commencement of '88 by the Phi Society to deliver the annual address to the two societies in Joint Session. He spoke on the problems of citizenship facing the men of that day and exhorted the young men to follow the example of great men produced by the University. At the commencement of '89 Judge Clark represented the Class of '64 and in all the war class reunions he has always been present. And again in 1903 he delivered the principal address to a joint Di-Phi banquet get-together, his subject being "The Greater University" in which he made a plea for greater appropriations.

Judge Clark is a Mason, having joined at the age of twenty-one, and is a strong member of the Methodist church. He has written a book on Methodism in N. C. and has attended the General Methodist Council in Europe, held in London in 1881 and in other ways has done much to consolidate North Carolina Methodists. Among other writings he is the author of the "Code of Civil Procedure," translated from the French, the North Carolina State Records, "Appeal and Error," Histories of North Carolina Regiments in Civil War, "Life of Thomas Ruffin," and a contributor to the North Carolina "Booklet," the "Arena," "Magazine of American History," "North American Review," "Harpers" and various Law Reviews.

Judge Clark's home is in Raleigh. He has five sons and two daughters, and for his age is wonderfully well preserved and active. He is of medium height, rather stout and of fair complexion.

To know this progressive learned North Carolina Judge and author is to admire and respect him.



BASEBALL DIAMOND—BLUE RIDGE



# Bare Fields

By PAUL GREEN

*Here is a story from the versatile pen of Paul Green. It is not a superficially expressed thing, but carries with it some sombre meanings. It is well worth reading. We are glad to be able to present to our readers "Bare Fields."*

AFTER WORKING in the fields all day, they would eat their supper by lamplight. And when Ed had finished his meal, he would take up his chair and go out on the porch. There in the dusk he'd sit with his shoes off, picking his teeth with a goose quill and looking towards the creek. Mag often would come out when she had cleared away the dishes and sit on the steps with her chin in her hand, staring down the lane. They rarely spoke now. Although on warm nights when the katydids made a shrill humming in the elms and the fireflies swarmed among the corn, he'd likely say that it was good growing weather. To which she would make no reply. Or when their work was pushing, he might mention something about wanting to side his bottom corn next day, or get the grass out of the chufa patch before Tuesday; for the almanac had said black gusts would be falling from the north-east on the changing of the moon. And when sometimes a drought was threatening and lightning flared far away to the north, he would invariably remark that according to the old saying, rain would be passing in forty-eight hours.

Thus they would sit on the porch awhile. Then, leaving her alone, he'd go in and read his Bible. It had been his greatest comfort in his grief. But she never read it nor would hear it read. He had not argued with her since the day she had blasphemed against God for taking Little Chick from her. And so there was nothing left for her to think of but her sorrow and the silent bare fields.

Often at night he would wake and hear her crying in her bed on the other side of the room. He would say:

"Mag, is they anything wrong?"

And presently she would answer that she felt a little puny or had a touch of headache, nothing more.

He thought she'd get over the child's death by and by. But spring went away, summer passed, and cotton-picking time came again. All the while she had become more silent and hollow-eyed. Winter fell and then a hint of spring. He worried about her a great deal, but with convincing vehemence she kept saying,

"I'll be plumb well and peart by whippoorwill time." But it seemed doubtful.

For the spells with her head had been coming upon her more often. Once Ed had heard her screaming in the house, and he had come running from the fields. But she had told him there was nothing wrong with her. After he had questioned her straightly, she said she had seen the pots moving behind the stove and the sight had frightened her into spasms.

March had come now, and for more than a week her head had hurt her terribly. She kept her face bathed in camphor, and for the last two days had worn a mustard plaster across her forehead. Without lessening the pain, it burned a great blister from her eyebrows up into her hair.

It was planting time, and Ed needed her to sow the guano for the housefield corn. She must get well soon. In his crude way he had tried to doctor her, offering to rub her head, but she would not let him touch her. The night before, she had screamed with such pain that he got up and made a big meal poultice to put to the back of her head. But when he came near the bed with it, she sprang up and tried to run out the door. She would only lie back down when he had promised not to bother her. Far into the morning he was in the next room praying that the fiend be cast out of her.

The last Saturday was association day at Little Bethel, and Ed was to make a talk on the saving power of grace. Since the death of Chick, his growing devotion to the cause had made him a leader in the church, and it was likely that some day Parson Baxter's mantle would fall upon him. Mag dragged herself from the bed and cooked his breakfast. He was so much wrapped up in preparing for his speech that he nearly forgot to tell her that he wanted a shirt and collar washed for the next day's meeting.

When he had gone, she locked the door and took the butcher knife to bed with her. She was afraid of every noise, and lately there had been a sort of protection in having the knife by. Her head felt as if it would burst. The pain nearly stifled her, and now and then she tore at her temples with her fingers. For an hour or more she lay doubled up in pain. Then suddenly a cold sweat broke out over her. She had forgot to look under the bed. With a great effort she looked and found nothing. But she was afraid just the same.

The wind roared around the house in great gusts, and through the window she could see the whirlwinds playing up the dust on the wide-plowed fields. The branches of the elm trees writhed and reached towards the window like great menacing hands. Would this weather never end? The moaning at the eaves would drive her crazy. The martins circled in the sky, and she watched them until her eyes were burning with pain. On the edge of the swamp the maples were turning red. Spring would soon be here with all its softness. There would be little noise everywhere.

Her face twisted with anguish, and she pulled the cover over her head.

Presently she heard a tiny tapping sound. Throwing the quilt from her, she sat bolt upright in bed. She listened for a long while, but heard it no more. Then she lay back down. It must have been hours later when she heard it again. She had lost all count of the flight of time. It was outside the house. Her heart almost stopped with fear, for something was coming up the steps. She closed her eyes and lay quite still, holding the knife tight in her hand. The tapping came nearer, across the porch and to the door. Then there burst from her a great cry, and she lay too weak to move. It was Chick walking, she knew now. His brass-toed brogans would make such a noise on the floor. A few weeks before, she had thought she heard him outside the door, but when she had opened it he was not there. Now she would wait until he fumbled at the knob, and then she'd let him in. But an instant later she heard the pattering in the room, and she wondered that he could come through the door. Afraid to open her eyes, she waited, with the warm tears sliding over her cheeks.

For a moment she heard nothing but the wind, and then there came a little cheeping sound and a quick laugh. She kept her eyes closed and whispered,

"Chick!"

Then he laughed out loud and clear. She lay still, for she knew well enough what he would do next; they had played this game many a time. The footsteps moved nearer. She was breathless with joy. And then there was a tugging at the cover near her head.

"Chick! Chick!" she cried, "here's Muh!" And throwing back her hair from her face, she leaned over to lift him to her. When she found he was not there, she screamed twice and fell back, striking her head against the bed-post. The wind roared on, and the window knocked in its socket.

In the afternoon, when the sun had fallen far to the west, she awoke and was afraid to stay in the house any longer. Putting the knife in her apron pocket, she got up and went to a tub back of the house and started washing a shirt for Ed.

The shadows had begun to creep up across the fields from the creek. A lull had come in the wind. A chill was in the air, and the sky looked cold. After washing awhile, she realized that it was time to cook supper. He would be hungry when he got back and wouldn't like it if he found nothing cooked. She ought to go in now and get the meal. In a little while she would. Wait until the dark came down all around to drive her in, and then she'd do it. The door to the kitchen looked like the black jaws of some monster. It made her afraid.

Her right hand began to hurt, and looking at the shirt, she found she had worn it through against the board. She stared questioningly at her chafed palm and then turned the shirt around and went on rubbing it.

She was conscious that it was growing darker. The fields down towards the hollows had begun to fill with shifting dusky shapes. In a moment the sun would set, and the road would look long and lonesome. It always did at dark. Chick used to stand looking down it towards the swamp watching for Old Raw-head-and-Bloody-bones. It was his ambition to see him, for he was afraid of nothing. But the dark lane had always frightened her. And since he had gone away, it seemed to her a fearful thing at night. Every spring a whippoorwill would sing at the end of it. Chick had asked many a question about the bird and finally had come to call it "Chick's whibwill." Almost any night now it would be singing again. And she could not endure it, for it would bring back his voice. Suddenly she leaned out to listen, thinking she heard something.

"No, it's too early now maybe," she said. "Come April and I'll hear it if I live." And she shivered and leaned heavily on the tub.

Beyond the woods the sun was setting in a great smear of redness. To her it took on the appearance of a monstrous fiery eye with lashes of light lifted to the east. It threatened and terrified her. Why should it watch her so? She started towards the house to flee from it. But the door was a mouth of darkness opened at her. She hurried back and grasped the tub for protection. Her hands were trembling and her body was numb with the cold. She put her hand to her temple and her head was like a piece of lead. The terrible eye still watched her, threatening destruction. The thought of God's wrath and Judgment Day made her feel that she must pray. And with the knife in her hand, she sank on her knees by the wash-bench.

Then in the air around her she heard Chick's laugh. Again he was calling to her. She could not tell whence the voice came. It was everywhere. He was calling her as she had heard him a thousand times when he was alive.

"Muh! Oh, Muh!"

Maybe he had stuck a briar in his foot, or had bruised his finger in the door crack and needed her. Once he had burned his hand on the stove and had called her in this same pathetic yet brave voice. And as she had bandaged his fingers, he stood gulping back the tears. He was naturally like that. "He was a reg'lar little Trojanman!" she sobbed.

"Where air you, Chick!" Her voice broke the stillness of the fields and made her heart beat wildly. He was calling her beyond the house. She ran around to the front porch. He was not there. Then she continued on by the bay rose bush where they had got three blooms to put on his grave, and so came back to the tub again. She rested against it, gasping for breath.

"Muh!" he called again.

He was under the house!

It was built on a gentle slope, the west end set flat on the ground. The hens made nests back up in the



far corners and when he was three, she had taught him to go under the sills and fetch the eggs. Sometimes he would crawl out with his little wool hat completely filled. She was caught with fear. He must have squeezed his way far under and got wedged fast beneath a sleeper. She ran to the side of the house and fell on her knees and hands, peering into the darkness.

"Here I am, Babe! Bring the eggs to Muh!" she kept calling. But there was no response. Half-sobbing she went crawling under the house.

"Here I am, Chick!" she cried over and over. Several times she struck her head sharply against a sill or girder, but paid no attention to it. "He must be smothered to death," she moaned. In the darkness she could only feel for his body. Every moment she expected to touch something warm. She searched in every corner, pushed her way to the back chimney, but could find nothing. When she was convinced that he was not there, she put her face upon the ground and sobbed bitterly.

The spell of weeping passed, she began to fear the

house was settling down upon her. She felt it pressing her against the earth. Screaming and dragging herself along, she made her way towards the streak of daylight in the yard. Outside, she stood up, unmindful of her bruised body and torn clothes. She must find him now. Long and tensely she listened.

In the silence terror slowly came over her. Shadows were lurking all around her, and darkness had risen nearly to the tops of the elms. She felt for the friendly knife and found she had lost it under the house. Then she became entirely afraid and fled into the fields.

A whippoorwill began singing at the end of the lane. She stopped to listen, and its voice changed into Chick's. He was crying for her down in the woods. And with lifted head she went running swiftly through the dusk towards the creek.

All night she went beating through the swamps answering his voice. When she could go no more, she laid herself down at the foot of a big tree. And after a two-day search they found her there with her arms stretched wide.

## Civilization in a Generation

By DR. COLLIER COBB

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Anything that comes from the pen of Dr. Cobb is interesting. Here is an account of how a people acquired "civilization in a generation." Dr. Cobb states that this article will probably be one of the chapters in his "HUMAN GEOGRAPHY." We are glad to have this opportunity of publishing this interesting description, and of extending the scope of the articles published in the MAGAZINE.

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**A**MONG the dunes on our sand-reefs, in the swamps of our coastal-plain, in our semi-arid sand-hills which are designated on the old maps as *Deserta Arenosa*, around the monadnocks of our piedmont, and in the coves of our mountains there lived a generation ago many small groups of our citizens, not unlike the rest of us in origin and in breeding, often described by magazine writers as bankers, swamp-whites, sand-fiddlers, or mountain whites, "a peculiar people."

They were "peculiar" in that they had never had the advantage of commercial intercourse with their fellows, which brings with the exchange of commodities a far more important exchange of ideas.

With the coming of economic opportunity, which the boat lines, the highways, and the railways carried to all these groups, they soon ceased to be "peculiar" in any way; except that the fresh eagerness with which they laid hold on opportunity enabled them, very soon, to distance their too superior critics.

We are justly proud of this quick reaction of the men of our breed to a rapidly changing environment. The character which enabled our stock to make this advance was acquired in southwest Europe through thirty-five centuries of laborious endeavor—a long

struggle upward through adversity, which is the mother of civilization.

While that slow progressive change, chemical, physical, and vital, which we know as *evolution*, is taking place everywhere, there have always been special modifications in its character and rate on different continents, in different countries, in different sections of the same country, and even in different contiguous localities.

These things have often been observed in a single human life time. Changed conditions and surroundings may stimulate to a rapid forward movement, or they may lead to a still more rapid decline. But nature compels no man; she offers him a choice. And while it is true that geography is often compelling, it is in the presentation of certain conditions from which man may choose; and the choice is determined by the character derived from the long line of on-going ancestors. Such sudden advances are possible when the stress that produces them has been ages in accumulating.

The most striking instance of this *evolution by leaps* that has ever come under my own observation is seen in the case of a group of natives of northeastern Asia who have passed from the stone age to twentieth cen-

ture civilization in the course of a single generation, or in just one per cent of the time taken by our own group for an essentially similar accomplishment.

The earliest satisfactory records of our own forebears afforded us by geological observation date back to the Quaternary period, when the climate of Europe closely resembled that of the north-polar regions of the present time. The reindeer was present as the contemporary of the hairy mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, the horse, the aurochs, the gigantic deer, together with the cave animals, bear, wolf, and hyena.

The true reindeer epoch, however, did not begin until after the second advance of the glacier into the valleys of Europe, the second glacial epoch, when this animal made its appearance in great numbers and covered a large area. A few hairy mammoths and other huge animals were still alive, but it is probable that the reindeer was by far the most largely represented genus of the mammalian fauna of that period. Geologists, and archæologists as well, have figured from the bones found in the kitchen-middens that the horse and the reindeer furnished the principle articles of food for the men of the reindeer epoch. A fragment of a reindeer's skull which still contained the stone arrow-head with which the animal was slain shows that the men of that day hunted and killed the reindeer in much the same manner as the Innuits and Chukchis have done, and in most cases are still doing, in our own day.

"There are many other points of resemblance between these people so widely separated by years, showing that they were in much the same state of advancement toward civilization, and equally dependent upon the reindeer for support. Their implements of stone, ivory, bone, and horn, their rude pottery and their slight advancement in the art of delineation as evidenced by the rude figures of men, reindeer, horses, and other animals engraved upon the tusks of the elephant and horns of the reindeer found in the south of France, England and Wales, their custom of depositing with the dead articles used by the deceased, such as hunting implements and articles which must have been used as charms or ornaments; in all these respects they are like the people inhabiting the reindeer regions of our day." (Capt. C. L. Hooper.)\*

The love of personal adornment and the means used for gratifying it were much the same then as now, as shown by the bracelets and necklaces composed of strings of shells and of the teeth and claws of carnivorous animals found with their remains. Even their disregard for cleanliness, as shown by the accumulation of filth in the caves inhabited by them, bears out the resemblance. These parallels could be extended to cover every phase of life on the diagonally opposite corners of the Eurasian continent, at a distance in time from each other that could hardly be postulated by the average intelligence.

This practical identity in the modes of life of two groups of people ten thousand miles and more than thirty thousand years apart on the same continent has

no ethnic significance, but is a striking illustration of man's dependence upon and reaction to geographic conditions.

We now know, in the case of human habitations, that the type of man's home does not belong to an age of humanity or to any definite group, but depends upon the need of protection or defense which has to be met in given geographic surroundings. Thus cave-men are not all represented by a single ethnic group, nor are the lake-dwellers, or those who live in hemispherical rush- or straw-thatched huts, ranging, in our own day, from central Africa to central Europe, or from the Sudan to the sand-dunes of Shackleford Bank, in North Carolina.

As pointed out in previous publications by the writer of this paper: *Men, however far removed from one another in time and space instinctively meet similar conditions in essentially the same way.*

It is not to be supposed, in fact it is wholly improbable if not impossible, that the dwellers in northeast Asia could ever have migrated from the home of our European forebears. This does not however preclude the probability of a northward migration in Europe. Under the advance of a milder climate the glaciers gradually receded to the north, closely followed by the reindeer, then, as now, in search of the nutritious food which flourishes only in a cold climate, until it was no longer found in middle Europe, and finally stopped in the northward movement only when met by the shores of the Arctic Ocean, and even then not until it had inhabited all the outlying islands.

There the reindeer remains to the present day, furnishing all the necessities of life to the human beings who inhabit its region, just as it did when the reindeer men represented the highest state of civilization, and by far the largest portion of the human race. The Laplander of today drives his reindeer to a broad-backed, graceful and comfortable-looking sled. The Siberian deer sled is a rough, clumsy affair, and, as it is tied together with thongs, it is constantly working loose and falling apart.

We have the best evidence that the Laplanders formerly reached much farther south than at present. Traces of their language are detected in the Swedish, and several southern geographical terms have been referred to them. Their quasi-Asiatic character suggests that they may be the remnants of a mongolian tribe that wandered westward from central Asia in the glacial epoch, later moving northward in the wake of the receding ice-sheet, following their herds; or their northward movement may have been caused by continual pressure from Norse immigrants; or another guess, they may even be descendants of mongolian tribes driven northwards and migrating westward along the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

These Lapps (or Samelats, as they call themselves) are not a pure race anymore than are their kind in northeast Asia; and, like the Chukchis, they are divided into reindeer men and fishing men. They also have in common many social and religious customs, isolation explaining the preservation among them of

\* Second Cruise of the Steamer Corwin in the Arctic Ocean, 1881.



such as have been dropped by the inhabitants of the rest of Europe.

It is also within the range of possibilities that the entire mongoloid population of the Arctic lands has migrated steadily westward from its early homes in northeastern Asia, the ancestors of our North American Eskimos having reached the present habitat of the race by a presumed land connection between Europe and Greenland by way of Iceland. They are very distinct from the American Indians whose migration to this country from Asia probably took place by way of Behring Strait, or along the Aleutian Islands, or by both routes.

These dwellers near to Arctic shores have always been "isolated almost as perfectly as an island population would be; hemmed in on one side by the polar ice, and on the other by hostile tribes of American Indians, with which they rarely, if ever intermingled, they have gradually developed characters most of which are strongly expressed modifications of those seen in their allies, who still remain on the western side of Behring Strait." (Sir William Flower). The greater portion of the aboriginal population of America was thus derived from northeastern Asia, the most northerly group completely circling the polar regions before reaching a fixed habitat.

Oblique eyes are quite noticeably absent from all these mongoloids, though their eyebrows are markedly oblique, as seen in the natives of northeastern Asia; e. g., in Rainbow and in Smith. But neither the eyes nor the eyebrows of the Laplanders show this obliquity; and, in fact, such obliquity is rarely observed even among true mongolians, except in southeastern Asia. The children of Professor Ko Kun-hua are fine examples of high-bred Chinese in whose faces there is no such obliquity of eye or of eyebrow. The generally accepted definition of a mongolian even needs some revision.

The men who have made the wonderful stride toward civilization indicated in the caption to this article are a mongoloid people inhabiting the northeastern-most portion of Siberia on the shores of the Arctic Ocean and Behring Sea. They are settled in small groups along the Arctic Coast between Behring Strait

and the Kolyma River, or wander as far inland as the Anadyr basin; and some of them are met with as far south as Cape Navarin, Siberia.

They were first carefully studied by members of the Nordenskjöld expedition (1878-79), who describe them as tall, lean, with somewhat irregular features—hence Quatrefages classes them as "Allophylian Whites," that is, whites of another breed than ours, not Indo-Aryan. Visitors to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 will recall an Eskimo infant born on the fair grounds there the previous year, and seen again as a comely young woman at Jamestown in 1907. She was far fairer than the hue that we are accustomed to associate with the people of her race. Indeed she was no darker than the pronounced brunettes in our own race. She had simply been kept clean from the grease and smoke and dirt with which her people are usually begrimed, and a red tinge frequently showed through her transparent skin. It is interesting to note that as we follow the breed westward from the extreme eastern point of Asia their round heads grow longer and narrower, and their skin, in many cases, fairer. Miss Columbia was fair and characteristically longheaded.

It is the Chukchis, however, whose sudden leap into civilization, concerns us now. Their racial characteristics make them an ethnological link between the Mongols of central Asia and the Indians of America. Nordenskjöld sums up the problem of their language (which was merely a trade jargon in his day) with the remark: "this race, settled on the primeval route between the Old and New World, bears an unmistakable stamp of the Mongols of Asia and the Eskimo and Indians of America." Those as far away as Cape Navarin had but few objects, few ideas, and few words when first visited by the writer of this paper, and it is in members of this group that the wonderful advance may be noted.

They were still in the stone age in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Some of them are clearly Eskimos, while others are just as clearly Chukchis and bear a decided likeness to the Dakota Indians. The obvious analogy of type between these groups, their common usages and implements like those of the stone



KODIAK ISLAND  
1920



CAPE NAVARIN, SIBERIA,  
1888



CAPE NAVARIN, SIBERIA,  
1888



KODIAK ISLAND,  
1920

age in Europe and America, have led some anthropologists to suppose that "these two sub-Arctic peoples are the survivors of a prehistoric race, gradually driven northwards by pressure from the south. Thus their ancestors would have to be sought not in their present domain, but in the southern regions where the vestiges are still found of arts and industries analogous to their own." (Reclus).

We need not enter here into what have been their social customs. Suffice it to say that they are at present the most peaceful people in the world, devotedly attached to one another, full of kindly feeling under all their trials, and extremely gentle in their family relations. They no longer kill off the old people, as formerly required by filial devotion, in order thus to spare them the inevitable struggle with cold and hunger.

Owing to their contact with American whalers and fishermen, they are better acquainted with the United States than with Russia; and it is only recently, since they have substituted English for their former jargon, that they have come to know themselves as Russian subjects. A Russian lieutenant of forest engineers

told me that he visited this region in 1914 with the governor of the province to whose territory they are attached. That they knew not one word of the Russian language; but, when asked in their trade jargon to what country they belonged, they replied at once, "We are Russians."

The spokesman was a vigorous old man, who a score of years before was on the point of making away with himself to relieve his children from the pain of having to give the fatal blow. His son, whom I saw in 1920, told me that the father was still "some man," that he no longer scratched outlines of animals on bones, but carved statuettes of Mutt and Jeff, that he cooked on an Ohio range, and that he had a Victrola with three records, all Suwanee River.

There is a striking similarity between all the people of this region and the aborigines of the east coast of Greenland, where there are more signs of a material civilization. This was carried to them by the Moravian missionaries who have been at work among the natives of Greenland since the early part of the eighteenth century, though Christianity was introduced into the country by Leif Eriksen in the year 1000.

## Fields For Service

By J. Y. KERR

**The MAGAZINE takes this opportunity to supplement the article entitled "Your Professional Future and North Carolina," that appeared in the Greater North Carolina Number for January. The present article deals with the opportunities offered young men in this State in the fields of government and politics, public welfare and social work. Such fields offer many inducements and the University in keeping with its motto of "Maximum service to the people of the State" offers many opportunities for training along such lines as given below.**

**L**EADERS of the MAGAZINE will recall a recent article which appeared herein, the purpose of which was to present to Young North Carolinians the attractions and general scope of a number of the professions and a general survey of the opportunities offered by the business life of the State. This article is of a supplementary nature, in which the writer shall attempt to consider a few of the remaining larger opportunities which to-day confront young men and young women in North Carolina. Necessarily such a discussion as this must be brief and to the point, but the attempt shall be made throughout to discuss adequately the more important aspects of two very vital general fields in which large numbers of the best trained and most capable persons will find worthy tasks awaiting them.

Let us discuss first the situation as it exists in the general field of governmental activities. The science of government has been called the "noblest of the sciences," and rightly so, as probably no other group of officials exert so strong an influence upon a society

than does that group which administers its governmental duties. The well-being of a Democratic State necessarily relies largely upon the type of officials who administer the general affairs of state. These officials should be trained in the science of government, and they should be numerous enough to enable a close contact between them and the body politic. The success of the principles of Jeffersonian Democracy is fundamentally based upon such a state of affairs. It follows then that the statesmen and political leaders of a people should be trained men, representing largely differing professions and interests, in order that the will of the great mass of people may be registered to the greatest possible extent in the activities of its governmental agencies.

The Legislature of North Carolina has often been criticized as a body of men who know little about the science of government, representing primarily their sections, secondarily, their State. Remarks upon their general state of inefficiency to accomplish well their task have always been current each time that these



men have assembled in Raleigh. This is true of the attitude towards Legislative bodies of most other states. As a matter of fact this attitude is largely unfair to these gentlemen, because, as a rule, when matters of great import to the welfare of the State are to decide, the representatives of the people of North Carolina adopt the wisest policy. However, be that as it may, no one can question the assertion that greater benefits would accrue to the State were these men actually *trained* to accomplish well their task of legislating. There are approximately 150 men in our Legislative body, representing directly the people of the State. Their task is the most important one which confronts a group of public officials. Possessed with adequate training in the methods and purposes of legislation, these representatives would attack this task with a greater zeal, feeling confident of their ability to transact wisely the Commonwealth's business.

There was a time when it was generally thought that the man who would make the best governor, judge, solicitor, or other such official, was that man who could grasp the hand of his constituent most warmly and from whose lips the most "high-falutin" peal of oratory could burst. This view has changed. The State of North Carolina to-day needs trained men for these positions, and the citizens are turning more and more to trained men in seeking such officials. This process of training involves an early and consistent application of one's thought and effort to a study of the social, economic and political problems which confront our society; an acute and accurate knowledge of the needs of society must be engendered, and a definiteness of purpose to aid in solving our problems must be developed. However great the honor of election to one of these positions may be, greater still is the honor which comes to one who is able to contribute something definite and worth-while to the welfare of society while occupying the confidence of one's fellow-citizens.

Again there are the positions as city officials in which numbers of well-trained men and women will find responsible, and often lucrative, posts awaiting them. The tendency to-day among the cities is to place the management of their affairs in the hands of officials who have been trained to perform the various duties. Their administrative departments are being reorganized, and a custom of transacting their affairs through fundamental business methods has become a part of the program of many cities, and is rapidly entering that of others.

Moreover, let us consider the conditions which exist in the government of the one hundred North Carolina counties. It has been said that "the counties spend more money than is represented in all State appropriations." To administer the affairs of these counties there are elected approximately four hundred commissioners, and numerous county departmental officers. These officials control a large part of the school, political and economic well-being of the inhabitants of the county. Their ranks should be filled by trained

men and women, certainly, but the duties incumbent upon such officials offer excellent training for larger work as well as broad opportunities for rendering service to the people of the county. Should not each North Carolinian interest himself in the well-being of his fellow-countrymen and does not this field offer great opportunities to our citizens?

Finally, there is to be mentioned under this topic another division second to none in importance. In this division are included the teachers and students of government in the various state institutions. The schools, colleges and universities are seeking mature students in government who will "become teachers and leaders." These officials come into close contact with and influence very deeply the youth of the State. In this profession will be found many of our most thorough students and powerful thinkers. The future leaders of our State must be trained. A thorough study of the history of governmental problems and a clear conception of the evolution of governmental tendencies constitute a fundamental element in this training.

Let us glance next at the second broad and vital field for service which confronts young North Carolinians—that of general public service. Emphasis is being laid to-day upon the word *service*, and the tendency is that this aspect of one's relation to society will become even more important as time passes.

There are a number of administrative state positions which offer opportunities for public service. Consider the status of the Secretary of the State Board of Health, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the Commissioner of Agriculture, the Commissioner of Public Welfare, the Highway Commissioner, and others. These officials are continually administering to the needs of the public in matters of education, health, road-building, agriculture or general public welfare. To-day the occupants of these positions are among the most successful of our State officials. Incidentally each official has been especially trained to perform the duties of his or her office; to this training can be attributed no small part of their success. When the present officials leave these posts, other trained men and women are going to be needed to take their places.

No group of officials are in a position to serve the citizens of North Carolina more directly and powerfully than are the heads of her various educational institutions. This applies as well to the administrative officers of the various denominational institutions of the State. The heads of the State institutions, however, administer affairs which involve approximately *one-fourth* of the entire amount of appropriations made by the people of North Carolina through their general assembly. Again there are the heads of the various State charitable and humanitarian institutions, who largely guide the destinies of great numbers of North Carolinians who are enrolled in such institutions. No longer does political "pull" play so important a part in the choosing of these officials. The trustees of the institutions, representing the people of

North Carolina by districts, consider first the personality and general capability of the persons who are suggested for these positions. As a result, those persons who are most capable of filling the positions are almost without an exception chosen. Thus we see that there is another group of positions awaiting young North Carolinians who will train themselves to perform in the best manner the duties pertaining to these tasks, men with courage, foresight and who know well how to shoulder the responsibilities incurred "in going about the State's business."

Again there are the opportunities which await young people in the various forms of public work within the counties of the State. Take for instance the work of those agriculturalists who are known as "Demonstrators." In some counties this work has not been favorably received by the farming classes. One can safely attribute this fact largely to a misunderstanding on the part of the people, and sometimes the Agents, of the real nature of the work. It is easy to see that a patriarch who has been farming for years and years is naturally prone to look with disfavor upon the attempt of some young "upstart" just from College to show him how he must farm. Why, he has forgotten "more about farming than this young jackanape will ever know." This is the problem which the Agent must face. Often the calibre of the Agent is not of sufficient strength for him really to advise this farmer, probably. However the work of these Agents will result, if carried on correctly, in almost inestimable benefit to the farmers of the sections in which they work. In order to perform these duties "correctly," the Agent must be trained and know well agriculture and the more improved methods of carrying on farming. Moreover, he must know how to win the confidence of the farmer. With these two things in the process of accomplishment, one can pretty soon, confidently begin the business of aiding the North Carolina farmer to be successful.

There are approximately four hundred and fifty towns in North Carolina. These centers are the seats of whatever social or dramatic activities which may exist in their sections. Someone has suggested the inestimable amount of pleasure and benefit which the people of these sections would receive were the dramatic side of this social life well developed. The Carolina Playmakers, probably more than any other such group that has existed in North Carolina, have brought home to the people of the State the great possibilities for dramatic development. A number of people have become so interested in this that they are at present go-

ing to various North Carolina towns and aiding in the development of the dramatic talent of these places. What a great amount of pleasure and interest could be engendered throughout the State if this development could be extended gradually to all of our communities.

Finally, there is the field of general social work. Social work in its more scientific phase is rather an innovation in to-day's life. Always it has existed and it always will exist. However, its activities in the past have been more the results of individual effort than concerted action on the part of a group of primarily social workers. To-day, this last feature of the work is predominating, and this fact will become more strictly true as time passes. Consider for instance the Public Welfare Officer of the State and of the county. These officials are concerned with the people who ordinarily become a burden upon the State or the people of the county or upon their relatives. The scientific methods of treating these unfortunates are restoring a great number of them to health and happiness, while those who cannot be cured, find their conditions largely alleviated by the efforts of those Public Welfare Officers who are conscientiously attempting to preform their duties. The General Assembly of North Carolina has recognized the immense potentialities which lie in this field of service in appropriating a substantial sum of money to support the expenses of an organized State Department of Welfare. Moreover, this feature does not represent the sole form of general social work that is being carried on. The field is being enlarged as the visions of the students of social affairs glimpse new opportunities which make possible renewed social efforts on the part of the works. These officials are largely responsible for the growing community organization which is taking place throughout the State, this organization in turns tends to emphasize the needs of the social life of the community—then efforts are made to meet these needs. In this field as in the others which we have discussed, the persons who achieve the greatest success are those who are trained to fill the positions, whether in theory or in actual contact with the needs, or better still, if familiar with both aspects.

Thus we see that there are a vast amount of opportunities confronting the North Carolinians who may enter any phase of the two general fields which have been presented here. This article does not attempt to present all of the opportunities. As has been mentioned before, this number will increase as time passes and through the efforts of public-minded citizens.



## Our Poetry Page

### A Buzzard Over the Sand Hills

On powerful wings a buzzard sails aloft,  
 Wheeling, tracing odd figures in the sky,  
 He cuts the high, free air—away; he swoops,  
 Then tilts and turns—again is shooting by.  
 At first the open blue, and then a bank  
 Of summer clouds is set behind his back,  
 As slipping swiftly down he comes to where  
 The dark green pines conceal his deeper black.  
 He leaves the thin, cold air, the racing winds,  
 For from below he gets a clean, strong scent  
 Of turpentine, see wire grass and stunted oaks,  
 By heat and drought to many queer shapes bent.  
 He floats through the still, warm air; the sand hills  
 Voice the soaring, wandering instinct stills.

—H. A. RANKIN.

### The Joys of Life

Oh, the memories that float,  
 Like bubbles elfs on an airy boat,  
 O'er the still and starlit night!

The smiles that shine from a faded rose,  
 Or a bit of verse that lightly flows,  
 On a still and starlit night!

All these and more are the joys of life;  
 To dream, to hope, away from the strife,  
 On a quiet and starlit night.

—JOSLER.

### A Rose Forlorn

You roamed the fields of life—was't yesterday?—  
 Where, in my virgin timidness, half-blown,  
 I longed for love's caress; you must have known  
 How long I'd hoped that you would come this way.  
 You pressed me to your cheek, called me your Rose;  
 And oft, when night-dews touch my dreaming  
 brow,  
 Me thinks it is your fingers, e'en as now.  
 You said my rose-bud lips were yours—who knows?  
 And sooth, I dare not ope them in the morn  
 Without your kiss to bid their slumbers fly;  
 They will not close at night till you are nigh.  
 You'll come no more? That rose, full-blown, forlorn,  
 Shall, like the hungry nestling, dumbly wait,  
 Until Despair, the night-worm, seals her fate.

—A. R. WHITEHURST.

### Two Lips and a Palette

My love had a rendezvous with Love,  
 One day where the zephyrs played;  
 For he was the artist and she was the art—  
 And I stood alone in the shade.

He dabbled his brush in a golden brown,  
 And lo! her glistening hair,  
 Her eyes he made from a bit of the sky,  
 Her breast from a cloud up there.

With the tip of bright sunbeam he burned  
 Her porcelain cheeks to flame:  
 But her lips were pallid, as marble her breast,  
 And the light in her eyes was tame.

The painter's vermilion was pigment—naught else;  
 That image was fancy—no more,  
 He added the flash of a cardinal's flight,  
 But the lips were as pale as before.

He captured the breath of the summery air—  
 That bosom was motionless still;  
 He stole from the dew drop a wonderful gleam—  
 Her eyes defied even his skill.

But how could the blind little artist perceive  
 That here was but beauty in paint?  
 For he was himself the mere image of love,  
 No more could I bear my restraint.

"Away with your palette and brushes," I cried,  
 And gave to the image a kiss,  
 And e'en as the lips my passion absorbed  
 The counterfeit changed to bliss.

The breast against mine was heaving aflame,  
 Her eyes held the sparkle of love,  
 For thus in the presence of rapture so real  
 Had vanished the *image* of Love.

—A. R. WHITEHURST.

### Meditation in a Garden

I think that this is the Versailles of the Gods,  
 The parklands where they come to laugh and play.  
 Poor man's Versailles is made of gilt and bronze,  
 Brittle bowls ivory white, and figures built of clay.  
 This "Garden of the Gods" is made of life and spring,  
 Of orange-chested robins, and hidden, twittering  
 sounds,  
 Of peach-tree pinks, and wondrous, blending greens,  
 Of reds, and whites, and azure blue-bird's crowns.

Man makes pretty bowls, and white and shiny things,  
 But he couldn't make a blade of grass, or a peach-  
 bloom in the Spring.

—JOSLER.

## Pharoah

In the night time of the Autumn,  
 When the leaves were sere and dry,  
 Came the demons out of death land,  
 'Bove the palace hovered high.

And the white-faced lord of Egypt,  
 In the shadows of the night,  
 Shuddered in his royal purples,  
 In the torches ghostly light.

"Come with us thou Pharoah ancient."  
 Called the demons floating nigh,  
 Whispered from the ghost-like shadows,  
 While the hours of night flew by.

But the ancient Pharoah lingered,  
 Ordered out his troop of spears,  
 Bade the spearmen fight the demons,  
 Quiet his spectral, haunting fears.

But the demons came more swiftly,  
 More insistent called the lord,  
 While attendants vainly fighting,  
 strove to drive away the horde.

'Till at last old Pharoah whispered,  
 "Bear me quickly, ere I die,  
 To yon pyramids of Egypt.  
 That I built me in the sky."

'Neath the pyramid of Egypt,  
 Where dark shadows ever lie,  
 Mighty fighters bore the monarch,  
 Bore old Pharoah there to die.

And red torches lit the chamber  
 Where at last they lay him down,  
 But the demons dared not enter  
 Where the darkened entrance frown'd.

There old Pharoah slept in peace,  
 And attendants closed the way,  
 Leading downward to the chamber,  
 Where the mighty builder lay.

There they say his spirit lingers,  
 Brooding, brooding on the past,  
 In the darkness—in the silence,  
 Of the mausoleum vast.

And on nights in early fall,  
 When the moon is full and low,  
 Some have heard the demon wingbeats,  
 'Round the tomb of Pharoah go.

But the demons cannot enter,  
 To the tomb of long ago,  
 Though they linger in its shadow,  
 When the moon is full and low.

—W. DABNEY WHITE.

## The Mountains

No classic mansions rear upon this sod;  
 Few human bones have ever here been sown,  
 But fresh and pure from the hand of God,  
 The glory of the mountains is their own.

To climb these heights I delved my way alone  
 Beneath the dogwood upon yonder bough:—  
 I gaze upon the annals that are gone,  
 Nor saw their fragrant beauty until now.

And there perhaps some poorer brother strives,  
 While sympathy revives our trials again—  
 Do lofty visions purify our lives,  
 Or sitting on a mountain make us better men?

What meditations does this mighty landscape give,  
 What thoughts of freedom, pure, warm, and bold!  
 What smouldering embers in these mounds must live,  
 And spirit of our nation's life enfold!

'Tis little wonder that those dauntless men,  
 The dwellers here, reflect its constant sway.  
 Was it not here their infancy began?  
 Will that which moulds the mind not mould the clay?

As here they labored for their daily bread,  
 The peasant's wealth, instilled in son and sire  
 From heaven, rained its blessings on their heads,  
 And they were forged in Freedom's flaming fire!

Such liberty has burst from servile bounds,  
 To rend the air with its volcanic force!  
 While every cavern of the earth resounds  
 And smites the tyrant's heart with vain remorse!

Kingly divinity, the pomp of fickle trust,  
 Beneath the sword of justice is no more!  
 To moulder ever in the silent dust.  
 The balanced thrones that tottered in the cannon's  
 roar!—

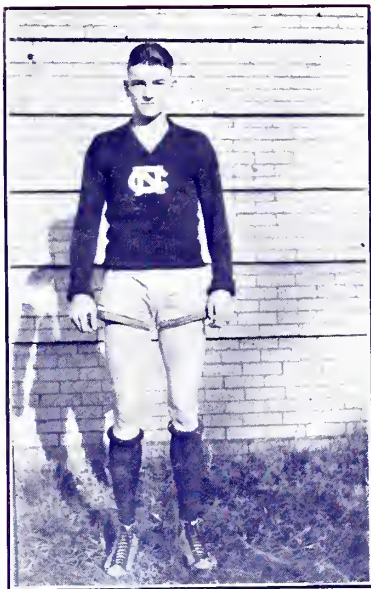
It was thy hand that worked the tyrant's woe;  
 Thy arm that wrought the monarch's just disaster.  
 O lofty hills, to thee the debt we owe!  
 Thou good and faithful servants of the Master!

But why do I thus sit and weave a fancied lay,  
 Or heave this precious air in bootless sigh?  
 The view itself can better thoughts convey;  
 And he who would see far must clamber high.

—MICHAEL MATADOR.



# *The* Carolina Magazine



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May-June

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# To Our Athletes

**T**HIS issue of the Magazine is dedicated to Carolina's athletes, both past and present. In a truer sense, however, this issue is dedicated to those men among us who have so gloriously represented Carolina on the athletic field during the past year. They have earned the highest praise for their invincible determination in every crisis and for their gentlemanly qualities, both on the field and on the campus.

Words on a printed page cannot reproduce the living record of actions that are indelibly recorded in the minds of those who have witnessed the thrilling moments in these events, when Carolina's athletic history was in the making. A writer sitting at his leisure in his study cannot portray the poise, the self-control, the unconquerable spirit and the sure coördination of brain and muscle that asserted itself in every event and game.

The recent record in victories and championships are known to all and speak for themselves. During the fall and winter quarters of this academic year we had 23 consecutive victories in football and basketball. During the 1922 baseball season the team captained by "Lefty" Wilson won 19 out of 21 games, establishing an almost unrivaled claim for Southern Championship honors, and shutting out Virginia three times with three different pitchers on the mound.

During the 1922 basketball season, the best team in the history of the institution, headed by "Cart" Carmichael, won Southern Championship laurels in the tournament at Atlanta, and the 1923 team, headed by "Monk" McDonald, with 15 straight victories won the South Atlantic Championship. In football, with eight victories following the Yale game and one beforehand, Carolina tied

for Southern Championship honors with three other schools, none having an absolute claim. No team, not even Yale, could stop the bewildering, driving, and versatile attacks always displayed by them.

Such is the mechanical record. Had it been produced by professional athletes gathered from a dozen states and drilled by an exotic coaching system, we might not take pride in repeating this familiar story. But the men that played on these teams were sons of the old Tar Heel State, our fellows in the student body, graduates of our own high schools, pupils of our own native coaches. They have traced their histories with their own cleats and spikes on the field of combat. We cannot share the credit and honors that exclusively belong to them except in an indirect way. Desperate athletic chances successively accepted confer no honors upon the spectators in the grandstands. But from such sights we can draw the inspiration of courage and resolve to go out and do likewise in the fields of scholastic and business endeavor.

And so, as we come to the close of this collegiate year and look back over it all, there comes to us a deep sense of pleasure and satisfaction. We have had our struggles, our defeats, and our victories, and out of it all has come memories that we wouldn't part with for the world. We again see real men in action, the crashing base hits, the swiftly tossed field goals, and the stubborn line plunges. It is also the memory of friendships formed, and of the pleasure of sharing victory and defeat with others. And we believe that these things will finally go into the sum total of making a greater and finer University, and a nobler and more prosperous State.

DAVY EXPERIMENTING WITH



GARNETT IN THE ROYAL SOCIETY

## The First Electrochemist

**N**ITROUS oxide, according to the science of a century ago, was "the principle of contagion when respired by animals in the minutest quantities." Mere say-so.

Imaginative yet skeptical Humphrey Davy, who believed in experiment rather than in opinion, "respired" it and lived.

It was this restless desire to test beliefs that made him one of the founders of modern science. Electricity was a new force a century ago. Davy used it to decompose potash, soda, and lime into potassium, sodium, and calcium, thus laying the foundations of electrochemistry. With a battery of two thousand plates he produced the first electric arc—harbinger of modern electric illumination and of the electric furnace.

Czar Alexander I and Napoleon met on a raft to sign the Treaty of Tilsit while Davy was revealing

the effects of electricity on matter. "What is Europe?" said Alexander. "*We* are Europe."

The treaty was at that time an important political event, framed by two selfish monarchs for the sole purpose of furthering their personal interests. Contrast with it the unselfish efforts of Sir Humphrey Davy. His brilliant work has resulted in scores of practical applications of electrolysis in industry and a wealth of chemical knowledge that benefit not himself but the entire world.

In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, for instance, much has been done to improve the electric furnace (a development of Davy's arc) and new compounds have been electrochemically produced, which make it easier to cast high-conductivity copper, to manufacture special tool steels; and to produce carbides for better arc lamps.

General  Electric  
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.





# History of Baseball at Carolina

## Thirty Years of Intercollegiate Baseball 1892 Through 1922

By HENRY D. DULS

### ALL-TIME TEAM

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| Stephens '92; Lawson '00 (Whitakers selection)*; Llewellyn '22..... | Pitchers     |
| Woodall '15; Roy Morris '23; Oldham '92.....                        | Catchers     |
| Winston '99; Holt '00; Shirley '23.....                             | First Base   |
| Gregory '93; Belden '95.....  | Second Base  |
| Stanley '97; McDonald '23.....                                      | Short Stop   |
| James '06; Fred Morris '22.....                                     | Third Base   |
| McKee '98; Thompson '07.....  | Left Field   |
| Robertson '94; Hackney '06.....                                     | Center Field |
| Graham '01.....   | Right Field  |

\* Dr. Lawson, of course, did not pick himself for this team. His name was inserted by the writer as the selection of Dr. Joseph Whitaker for Battle's History of the University. Dr. Lawson was opposed to having his name included in the list.

BASEBALL at Carolina, as in all other colleges in the country, was in vogue on an intra-mural basis long before it was ever put on an inter-collegiate basis. There were games between the classes, the fraternities, different schools, between pick-up teams, etc., for years before the first intercollegiate contest, but nobody took much interest in them except the players themselves.

The first intercollegiate game Carolina ever played took place probably in 1889. There is no official record of the date since the first copy of the *Tar Heel* was not published until February 1893, and the first copy of the *Hellenian*, the old University annual, now changed to the *Yackety Yack*, has nothing whatever to say about intercollegiate baseball, although published in 1890. Of course there was no regular schedule in 1889, but it is known that the first intercollegiate match was played with William Bingham School at Mebane, then our "nighest neighbor." The Bingham boys seemed to have throttled the infant University club. Every University publication has avoided giving the score, and we can't say that we blame them. But the *Hellenian* in 1898 reviewing this calamity found much good in it. "From the dismay of this sad defeat, however," says this annual fraternity publication, "our athletics have received an impetus by which at times we have been the proud possessors of the title of 'Champions of the South'."

The first recorded baseball schedule was in the season of 1892. In that year, Carolina played three intercollegiate contests and won two. They won from Bingham and Wake Forest, but lost to Virginia. In 1893 Carolina won from Wake Forest and Washington and Lee; won one and lost one to the University of Vermont, but lost the final game to Virginia at Lynchburg by a 5-2 score. W. A. Devin played first on that team and Busbee was captain.

The game seems to have been much rougher in those days than now. Dr. F. P. Venable tells of catching a game barehanded without a mask or any protection. He broke three fingers, tied them up and went on. The only thing that stopped him was that the ball hit him in the head and knocked him out.

"Sly" Robertson, whom Dr. Lawson has given first place on the all-time team in center field, was elected captain of the 1894 team and the club appears to have had much better luck that year, claiming to be tied with Virginia for "Champions of the South." They played two games with Virginia, won one and lost the other. Out of 14 games played, Robertson's club won ten. They played Yale in Greensboro that year and lost, 7 to 4.

Such were the beginnings of intercollegiate baseball at Carolina. Since that time, (1892) through the 1922 season, Carolina has played 222 intercollegiate games, exclusive of games with preparatory schools, junior

colleges and professional teams. Of that number, Carolina has won 136, lost 72 and tied 14. Or, in other words, Carolina has won 61 per cent of all intercollegiate contests in baseball, lost 32 per cent and tied 7 per cent. We have the statistics of no other college before us, but we do not believe any other team in the country can boast of a better record, especially when you take into consideration that these 222 games played with 55 different and representative colleges and universities in the North, East and South as shown in the complete table given at the end of this article.

With Virginia up through the 1922 season, Carolina had played 68 games, more than with any other college. Of these, Virginia has won the greater number by a margin of 10. Carolina has won 28 of the 68; Virginia has won 38 of them and two were tied. In other words, Carolina has won 41 per cent of the contests with Virginia, lost 56 per cent of them and tied 3 per cent, thus giving the Old Dominion the edge on us. But in recent years, the tide has turned in favor of Carolina. For the last two years, the seasons of 1921 and 1922, Carolina has won every game played with the Virginians, of which there were three each year. Also in the 1922 season, the Virginians failed to score on the Tar Heels at all in the three games played.

With Trinity, Carolina up through 1922 had played 11 games, won 10 and tied one. In short, the first game that Trinity ever won from Carolina was on April 18th of the 1923 season, by a score of 4 to 2.

With other colleges of the state, the University also appears to have had easy picking in the past, having won 17 out of 24 from Wake Forest; 13 out of 16 from Davidson; 9 out of 13 from State College; 11 out of 18 from Guilford, and 6 out of 8 from Elon.

The team with which Carolina has played the greatest number of games next to Virginia is Lafayette College. We have played 40 games with Lafayette, won 24 of them, lost 14 and tied 2. Playing with teams in the North and East on a large scale seems to have been much more popular in the past than it is now.

Of all the thirty seasons which Carolina has witnessed, it is generally conceded that the season of 1922 was the most successful. In that season, Carolina played 21 games and lost only 2 of them. They beat Virginia three straight games, and out of 27 innings the Old Dominion failed to score on the Tar Heels. It is also generally recognized that the captain of this 1922 "wonder team" was the most successful pitcher Carolina ever had. Manly Llewellyn during his college career pitched 27 games and won 24 of them. No other pitcher can touch his record for success. "Times latest offspring is the greatest."

The first official schedule of intercollegiate baseball played by a Carolina team took place in the season of 1892, just thirty years back from the last and most successful season of baseball Carolina has ever witnessed, that of 1922. (The MAGAZINE goes to press too early to take the 1923 season into consideration, so it

will be omitted entirely, and the first three decades of intercollegiate baseball will be considered alone.) Dr. Lawson, captain of both the 1899 and the 1900 clubs, and ever since that time, and even before, closely connected with baseball at the University has consented to pick this, what we choose to call an "all-time" team, meaning the best players in each position in the thirty years history, the 222 games played. Such a team has been picked once before, at the end of the second decade, 1912, by Dr. Joseph Whitaker of Raleigh for Battle's History of the University. Dr. Lawson assisted Dr. Whitaker in that selection. Now, he, Dr. Lawson, has brought the team to date including the last ten years.

In selecting this mythical all-time club, Dr. Lawson has taken into consideration three qualifications: hitting ability, fielding and base-running. The men are selected as best in the order in which they are named above. Below is given a sketch of each man selected with the reason for the choice.

## THE ALL-TIME TEAM

### PITCHERS

George Stephens, 1892, is recognized to be the best pitcher (though probably second to Llewellyn in success) that Carolina has ever turned out. He was heavy-set, steady and sure. He would never kick against a decision, but would prime up for the next throw. He would often talk to the umpire when he was standing behind the mound and say something like this: "Watch this one go over the corner of the plate right about his knees." His ever ready eye, together with the quickness of his catcher, Jesse Oldham, never allowed the man who was fortunate enough to get on base to steal. He was a psychologist as well as a pitcher. When his career as a pitcher was over, he received a telegram from the manager of the Baltimore Orioles: "Meet us in Washington." But Stephens refused to go into professional baseball.

Bob Lawson, captain of the 1899 and 1900 clubs, is ranked as second best pitcher by Dr. Whitaker, but as "the greatest curve thrower." Bill D. LeGrand, who caught Lawson before he came to the University, said he could throw a ball from the pitcher's mound into a tin can at home plate. This was probably an exaggeration, but serves to show Lawson's skill. But his ability did not end with pitching; he was a good hitter and base runner as well. He batted between .300 and .400. After graduating, Lawson played with the Boston Braves for a while, then with the New York Yankees. But after getting his doctor's degree, he decided to give up professional baseball.

Manly Llewellyn, captain of the 1922 Carolina club, was probably the most successful pitcher the University has ever had. During his college career, he pitched 27 games and won 24 of them. He could always be depended upon for good work when the team was in a tight place. The season he captained, that of 1922, is generally recognized to have been the most success-



ful in the history of baseball at the University. Of 21 games played, Carolina only lost two, and won three straight from the University of Virginia for the second time in succession. After leaving the University, Llewellyn went to the New York Yankees.

Veder Sitton, 1904, and "Lefty" Wilson, 1922, both deserve honorable mention among the Carolina pitchers in the opinion of Dr. Lawson.

#### CATCHERS

Larry Woodall, captain of the 1915 club, was an easy choice for first place among the catchers. His strong point was hitting. He led the team that year with a batting average of .400, while the average of the team was only .270. As a catcher, he is unsurpassed by a Carolina man, having both speed and "wing."

Roy Morris, captain of the 1923 team and captain-elect of the 1923 football team, is a close second to Woodall. As a batter, "Casey's" record will long be remembered. How he swatted a homer out of sight in the last part of the ninth inning with the bases full and the score 9 to 5 in favor of Trinity will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. He justly deserves the title of "home-run king" if any Carolina man ever did, for the Trinity incident was only one of many. As a catcher, Casey is dependable and steady.

Jesse Oldham, '92, was the first choice of Dr. Whitaker in 1912. He was the catcher of George Stephens. He had a good peg and was second batter on the list. He was a left hand batter but a right hand thrower and between him and Stephens, the runner usually died on base.

#### FIRST BASE

Robert Winston, '99, ranks first at first. He was probably better in his freshman year than at any other time. That year he batted .476. Winston was also used as a pitcher. Earl Holt, '00, came just after Winston. He could probably field his position better than Winston but was not as valuable all around.

"Mule" Shirley, '23, certainly cannot be omitted. His inconceivable amount of pep and energy just won't let the morale of the team fall. "Mule" plays all over the field, and never fails to assist a fellow player when help is needed, no matter whether it be the catcher, third baseman or left fielder. He also knows how to swat the ball when help is needed.

#### SECOND BASE

Edwin Gregory, '93, is the greatest second baseman. He played deep, was speedy and could meet grounders easily. He was nervy and particular good in receiving the ball when a runner was trying to steal second. Next to Gregory came Jack Belden, '95, who played about the same time. For hitting he surpassed Gregory.

Short Stop Ben Stanley, captain of the '96 and '97 teams, was probably the best college base runner the South has ever seen, and he had the remarkably high batting average of .630. If he ever got to first and

there was any chance at all, Carolina was sure of a run. At short, he was like a stone wall because every ball that came in his vicinity stopped there.

"Monk" McDonald, '23, is a close second to Stanley as far as fielding is concerned.

#### THIRD BASE

Burt James, 1905 and 1906, was quick and could handle a hard-hit ball and a bunt with equal ease. Fred Morris, 1921 and 1922, was Dr. Lawson's second choice for third sacker while Dr. Whitaker mentions Harvey Lambeth. Fred Morris could stop anything along the chalk line toward third whether in the air or on the ground. A runner on third was never safe while Fred was there, even though he were sitting on the bag.

#### LEFT FIELD

John McKee, 1897 and 1898, could come up or run back with equal ability from left field. He was good in getting balls which curved toward the foul line, was a good hitter and a fast base runner.

Bull Thompson, 1906 and 1907, rates second in the left outer garden. He was as good as the next in fielding, but all-around, he could not supplant any other.

#### CENTER FIELD

"Sly" Robertson, 1893 and 1894, went after a ball "by intuition," said Dr. Whitaker. He could handle a line drive or a fly with equal ease. He never missed nor dropped a ball. A drive toward center invariably spelled "o-u-t."

Jim Hackney, '06, was a good outfielder, but not good enough at the bat. Dr. Lawson gives him second place in center field.

#### RIGHT FIELD

Archie Graham, 1899, 1900 and 1901, is the only man who holds his position alone. He is in a class by himself. No other Carolina player has come near him in right field. He qualifies first rate in all three of Dr. Lawson's tests: fielding, hitting and base-running.

#### CAROLINA'S RECORD, 1892 THROUGH 1922, INCLUSIVE

| Carolina's Opponent        | Total No. of Games | Won   | Lost  | Tied  |
|----------------------------|--------------------|-------|-------|-------|
| Amherst .....              | 12                 | 6     | 5     | 1     |
| Brown University .....     | 2                  | 1     | 4     | ..... |
| Catholic University .....  | 4                  | 4     | ..... | ..... |
| Clemson .....              | 4                  | 4     | ..... | ..... |
| City College of N. Y. .... | 2                  | 2     | ..... | ..... |
| Colgate .....              | 2                  | 1     | 1     | ..... |
| Cornell .....              | 7                  | 4     | 3     | ..... |
| Dartmouth .....            | 2                  | 1     | 1     | ..... |
| Davidson .....             | 16                 | 13    | 3     | ..... |
| Delaware College .....     | 6                  | 6     | ..... | ..... |
| Elon .....                 | 8                  | 6     | 2     | ..... |
| Florida .....              | 1                  | 1     | ..... | ..... |
| Fordham University .....   | 1                  | ..... | 1     | ..... |
| Furman .....               | 1                  | 1     | ..... | ..... |
| Georgetown .....           | 11                 | 5     | 6     | ..... |
| Georgia .....              | 16                 | 12    | 2     | 2     |
| Guilford .....             | 18                 | 11    | 6     | 1     |
| Hampden-Sidney .....       | 2                  | 2     | ..... | ..... |
| Harvard .....              | 1                  | ..... | ..... | 1     |
| Percentage .....           | 100%               | 61%   | 32%   | 7%    |

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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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## WE WANT FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

A great deal of criticism is being heaped upon the modern college student these days, and incidentally upon the college as well, because of the present tendency to break away from the original orthodox beliefs and to think as we please. Our critics, we believe, take an extremely pessimistic view of the matter. They say that the average student enters college as a Christian and is graduated four years later as an atheist or agnostic; "that their sons and daughters come home with a sheepskin showing proficiency in the arts and sciences and little or none at all in religion." It is claimed that when the graduate comes home he has apparently lost interest in his church, and fails to take part and show interest in its activities as formerly.

What shall we say in answer to these accusations? In the first place, looking at it from their point of view, we will have to admit that it is practically true. But from our point of view it is not. We will have to admit that we do not see these things as we once did. We are trying to find the facts—the truth of things as they are. They surely cannot insist upon giving us an education and then expect us to remain unchanged. Life is a progressive thing, and if education is to keep up with it, it must also be progressive. The same thing applies to churches, ministers, and beliefs. The trouble is not with the college student, nor with the college. It is with the churches and orthodox ministers. Unless they bestir themselves and get out of their static condition they will be left behind as useless individuals and representatives of dead institutions. They are, in too many cases, entirely too "moss-backed" and conservative.

In reality there is no conflict between religion and science; in fact there is very close relation between them, but the churches—many of them in this State, we regret to say—insist on making a conflict. The

modern college student, if he deserves the name, is a thinker and a searcher for truth, and in order to be this it is often necessary to break through all formality, superstition, and tradition, and get at the real essence of things. And in pursuing this ideal we are not less religious than formerly, in fact in many instances we are more so, for we have found out what real religion means. We have found that it is not formality, not a sort of cloak to be worn, but is a living, vital thing, including every act of our lives.

We have come to believe that everyone should be free: that everyone should be a unit of action within himself, and that he should not submit to do as the Romans do unless the Romans are right, according to his best judgment. We have come to believe that every man has a right to his opinion, to live his own life, and above all to have the freedom to think and to speak that which he has found to be true, regardless of any religious dogma.



## THE FUNCTION OF ATHLETICS

The function of athletics in maintaining State pride, in keeping open energizing contacts with other states and in connecting all the high schools of the State with the University can never be overlooked. The athletic veins that bind all parts of the State together through the State championship meets and games are just as important in providing organic pipe lines for the flow of intellectual ideas from one end of the State to another as the financial arteries of trade and commerce. By means of athletics State consciousness reaches its crest at every Carolina-Virginia football game. It is not merely eleven blue-clad individuals who take the field before the packed stands assembled



from every corner of the State; it is the State of North Carolina itself in its corporate football capacity.

So those who harp on culture and who decry athletics must never forget that vital life anywhere is immeasurably superior to a decadent culture, and that from active physical-mental activities of the athletic and battlefield there have always sprung the mental-physical activities of creative culture. Our barbaric Anglo-Saxon ancestors found a Roman civilization far more ornate than their own but they also found a civilization that was lacking in that vital power that is alone capable of creating new life and great literature. So as the old culture of the Latin civilization was ploughed under, out of the soil thus prepared, there sprang a nobler culture based on the freedom of the individual and this culture produced its finest Elizabethan flowers at the very time when England was thrilled with the sense of her national unity, just keenly realized for the first time. So as Carolina athletic teams help to stir the pride of the Old North State by matching Tar Heel athletic products with the athletic output of other states, let our own cultural and scientific aspirants be similarly inspired to match Carolina expressions of Carolina life stimulated to their highest pitch of intensity and broadened by the culture of Greece and Rome, Christianity and the Renaissance with the scientific and cultural output of Virginia, Massachusetts, England and the Orient.



#### CO-EDS REWARDED

In spite of the mutterings and rumblings which shook the campus some time ago, in vain endeavor to block the legitimate growth of the University, the women students have succeeded in getting a building costing around \$100,000 to be erected in the near future.

These women several months ago, petitioned for decent housing facilities. The *Tar Heel* then started a "rookus" in opposition; thinking thereby to crush the petition, but instead they only served to advertise the real conditions in which University women were living, and to defeat their own ends.

We admire the co-eds for their pluck in the face of massed University masculine opposition; in going ahead and finally attaining that to which they are and were entitled, as University students from the beginning.

—REED KITCHIN.



#### NEXT YEAR'S EDITOR

It is with the greatest expectation that we look forward to the career of the MAGAZINE for next year. The incoming editor for 1923-24, George Y. Ragsdale, is an experienced hand in the collegiate publication world. He is assistant editor of the *Tar Heel* and for the past two years has served on the MAGAZINE board as Associate Editor. He is a capable man and has

executive ability, a very necessary requirement, for an editor of this publication. He is a man of literary tastes and accomplishments. Sigma Upsilon Literary fraternity has recognized his work in this respect in electing him a member.

We do not know exactly what his plans are for next year's MAGAZINE, but we understand that certain changes and improvements will be made which ought to make for a more popular and more interesting publication. As to whether he will carry out the special issue idea we are unable to say. It is probable though that this will be impractical. But whatever changes he may decide to make and whatever policy he may pursue, we believe that he will always have the best interests of the campus at heart and that the MAGAZINE will be ably edited, and become a more vital student publication.

There will be a number of vacancies on next year's editorial board for Associate Editors, and all students desiring to make these places should submit material to next year's editor, before this quarter ends. Editors will be selected on the basis of the quality rather than on the quantity of the work submitted. Feature articles and poetry are especially desired. Hand in material either at 25 Old West, or mail it to next year's editor at Chapel Hill.

—REED KITCHIN.



#### AN INDOOR PLAYHOUSE NEEDED

The chief obstacle to mass athletics at Carolina is the lack of physical facilities, both outdoors and indoors, but especially indoors. Tennis courts in sufficient numbers we lack. Additional playing fields for inter-class football, pushball and soccer might be necessary. But the greatest need is an indoor playhouse, large enough to supply every athletic demand from every student.

There is now a proposal to build a skeleton armory-like building at a tenth of the cost of a gymnasium of equal size that would serve as a shell to cover indoor track space and for about ten basketball courts. This playhouse, that could be converted into an indoor practice field for football and track teams in bad weather, after a permanent gymnasium had been constructed, would be a nucleus for stimulating the track athletics of the State and the inter-class indoor sports of the University. Such a building would seem to be one indispensable requisite of universal athletics at Carolina.



#### MAKE THE MAGAZINE BOARD

To those that have not submitted material to the MAGAZINE editor and wish to make the board here is your chance. Write up anything you can during the summer and send to Geo. Y. Ragsdale at Chapel Hill. This is a chance—use it.

# On the Gridiron

By R. C. MAULTSBY

*The complete story of Carolina's football career from its first crude beginning up until 1922 when the "Wonder Team" made its appearance. All-time team by Dr. Lawson, who is well qualified to make such selection.*

FOR more than three decades football, the monarch of collegiate sports, has constituted an important part of student life and activity at Carolina. From a poorly played, rough and tumble affair, it has developed into a match of skill, brain, and brawn that attracts thousands of spectators to every game. And while the popularity of football increased but gradually, Carolina's achievements on the gridiron for over thirty years are enveloped in both glory and romance.

Back in 1888, twelve years after the first Yale-Harvard game, football was formally introduced at the University. In the fall of that year, Rugby was played for the first time at Virginia, Trinity, and North Carolina. The latter was the first to play the game scientifically, for a squad was organized and coached by Hector Cowan, a former Princeton tackle. During his week's stay at Chapel Hill, all students who were willing to play football were excused from classes, and as a result about half of the men in school reported for practice. In 1889, the first game was played with Wake Forest; the result being a 33 to 0 victory for Captain Bragaw's Tar Heels.

These early games were more like free for all fights than anything else. In the first game with Trinity, Captain Steve Bragaw lost his cap while engaged in combat near the side lines. It was recovered by a feminine admirer and later presented to the University as a trophy of the old days. The faculty reached the conclusion that football was too brutal and savage for cultured men, and in 1890 declared that teams would not be allowed to leave Chapel Hill. However, chiefly through the influence of Professor Horace Williams, the decision was reconsidered and finally rescinded.

There were great difficulties to overcome from the start. The teams were financed entirely by students and those interested in the game, and it was several years before the University took an active hand in the management of affairs. Dr. Francis P. Venable and Charles S. Mangum materially aided the sport, and together with other promoters, were at one time due four thousand dollars by the athletic association. This amount was later settled up, much to the relief of all parties concerned. There were no high-salaried coaches nor special Pullman cars for the team in those early days of football, but the fellows participated in the "brutal and savage sport" for the sheer enjoyment of it.

After Trinity had won the Southern championship the previous year, the great eleven of 1892, captained by Michael Hoke, now an internationally known sur-

geon, began its famous career that ended with a 26 to 0 victory over the Old Dominion in Atlanta. Such men of prominence as Hon. Walter Murphy, Dr. E. M. Gibbs, Judge J. Crawford Biggs, the late Professor Charles Baskerville, and Judge William A. Devin, then sturdy youths with long, shaggy hair, went forth to battle Thanksgiving week and returned with the "scalps of three mighty enemies dangling at their belts." At that time the "Flying V," with the fullback carrying the ball, was the method of opening hostilities, but shortly afterwards the kick-off was devised for this purpose.

The student body of '94 refused to occupy the seats provided for spectators, but insisted on viewing varsity practice from the center of the field. This greatly hindered the work of the squad, and finally when it came to the point where the offensive team could not advance the ball on account of the crowd's close inspection, Captain Baskerville was forced to prohibit students from the athletic park after the first hour of practice. In 1895, Virginia supporters rushed on the field and prevented halfback George Stephens from scoring a touchdown, thereby enabling their team to defeat Carolina 6 to 0.

The Tar Heel eleven of '93 was the first Southern outfit to invade the North, and although defeated in a hard fought game by Lehigh University, it received widespread recognition by the press. Will Reynolds, of Princeton, coached the teams of 1898-99-00, and Carolina conquered Virginia for the second time during the first year of his tutelage, when Howell ran forty yards for a touchdown. Of nine games played, the boys of '98 lost none, and were scored against twice. The Thanksgiving Day game of 1899 was with the University of Georgia, and resulted in a Carolina victory by a score of 5 to 0, but the following season Virginia was again the winner by a large margin.

Two Yale men, Charles O. Jenkins and Olcott, coached the teams in 1901-02-03; the first named leaving after the 1901 season. With such players as Captain F. L. Foust, Louis Graves, Earl Holt, and Albert Cox on the field, Carolina fought the Orange and Blue to a 12-12 tie in 1902, while Walter ("Bull") Council, a former Tar Heel star, was the best performer for the Old Dominion. Led by G. L. ("Bully") Jones, and with Cox, Donnelly, Newton, and Foust, Heisman's selection for all-Southern tackle, in the line-up, the Blue and White humbled the Virginians in the annual classic of 1903.



Virginia won 12 to 11 in 1904, but Coach W. J. Warner's eleven overwhelmingly defeated the Old Dominion the next year in a hotly fought 17 to 0 engagement. Participating in this notable victory were Captain Foy Roberson, Roy Abernethy, and Romey Story, who was captain of the eleven in 1906. For the only time in history a Carolina player was picked for an all-American football team, when Staffer, of Pennsylvania, placed Abernethy at fullback on his selection.

Romey Story was reelected captain for 1907, but when school opened in the fall, news was received of his death from typhoid fever. The loss of the great tackle was a heavy blow to Kienholz's team and Virginia won 9 to 4. "Eddie" Green, of Pennsylvania, coached the Tar Heels in 1908, but was succeeded the next year by E. A. Brides, a former Yale star. Death again cast a shadow over the gridiron, when the Virginia-Carolina classic was cancelled in 1909 on account of the Orange and Blue halfback, Christian, losing his life in Richmond a few weeks before Thanksgiving.

Bocock was coach in 1911, and then came "Doggie" Trenchard, famous Princeton athlete, for a stay of three years beginning with the season of 1913. He was fortunate in having some wonderful players during this time, but failed to defeat Virginia, although Walter Fuller broke away for a seventy yard run and a touchdown in '13. The following year Carolina won from Georgia 41 to 6, South Carolina 48 to 0, and Vanderbilt 10 to 9, which gave Georgians cause to say that Trenchard's team was the best in the South. George Tandy tied the V. M. I. game in 1915 with a beautiful drop-kick from the forty-three yard line, and won a great reputation for his ability in this department of play.

Thomas J. Campbell introduced the Harvard coaching system at the University in 1916 and results were gratifying from the first. Bill Folger slipped through the Virginians' defense for fifty-two yards and the only touchdown of the Thanksgiving game. Captain Tandy, Grimes, and "Raby" Tennent played brilliantly in this game, as in a 38 to 13 victory over V. M. I. earlier in the season. When the clouds of war had passed away, Coach Campbell turned out another winning team in 1919. Quarterback "Runt" Lowe's splendid playing featured a 6 to 0 defeat of the Old Dominion on Tar Heel soil, and the first State College game since 1905 was a Carolina victory by a close score.

The Yale coaching system was adopted in 1920, with Myron E. Fuller as coach. The season was unsuccessful from every standpoint, but the following year the University was fortunate enough to secure the services of Coaches Bill and Bob Fetzner, former Davidson athletes. With practically the same material that failed so miserably under Fuller, the Fetzners built up a team that was destined to leave a glorious page in the annals of football at the Tar Heel institution.

After a sensational controversy over the eligibility of "Red" Johnston, the Virginia game of 1921 was played on Emerson Field before a record breaking crowd. Captain Lowe's run which so dramatically terminated his football career was the winning play of a 7 to 3 battle that North Carolina will remember for years to come. The most notable individual feat of the season was the ground gaining of Johnston against V. M. I., when he carried the ball three hundred and fifty-three yards.

The 1922 record eclipsed that of the previous year. Not a game was lost in the South, and only Yale could conquer the smooth working Tar Heel machine. State College, V. M. I., and Virginia, three worthy foes, were humbled in thrilling exhibitions, giving Carolina the South Atlantic championship and a place of honor in the "Big Three" of Southern football. Indeed the Fetzners brought to the University a "Golden Era" on the gridiron, as well as in athletics generally.

#### ALL UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL TEAM

An eleven composed of the best Carolina players in their respective positions for all time is a difficult one to select. Changes in style of play have made it a hard matter to compare the quarterback of 1895 with one of the present day, and about the same problems exist in every position. A team of this kind was chosen in 1910 by several old Carolina athletes, but the splendid teams developed by Trenchard, Campbell, and Fetzner since that time must be considered before final conclusions are drawn.

Roy Homewood ('14-'16) is a more finished player than Edwin Gregory ('94-'98), and must be given the preference at left end. He was a terror on the defense and very fast going down under punts. Koehler, who played on the team of 1898, was fast, strong, and one of the most brilliant ends to perform on a Southern eleven. Albert Cox was at his best in 1902 and with another year's experience would have rivalled either Gregory or Koehler.

Doctor Lawson believes that Graham Ramsay and Romey Story are the greatest of all Carolina tackles. The latter was an aggressive player, and although particularly fast, was exceptionally quick in starting. Frank Foust ('00-'02) and Bob Wright ('95-'96) were wonderful players that are strong contenders for a place.

In 1894, Carolina had two guards that stand out above all other candidates for their position, "Bear" Collier and Louis Guion. The former weighed two hundred and five pounds, but possessed unusual speed and used his extraordinary strength to great advantage. Guion was well over six feet tall and played furiously from start to finish of every game, never ceasing his savage like actions. Rankin ('99-'00) and Captain Grady Pritchard, of last year's team, are among the best that have played guard in a Tar Heel uniform.

George (Yank) Tandy, captain of Campbell's powerful team in 1916, is without question the logical man for center. Herbert Cunningham ('97-'98), "Bull" Council ('00), and "Pete" Murphy ('92-'93) are the leaders of the old school, while "Bill" Blount is perhaps the brainiest center of them all. He did not possess the physical strength or drop kicking ability of Tandy, however.

Jacocks ('03) is the most valuable quarterback, but Louis Graves ('99-'02), Barnard ('92-'93), and Tom Sadler ('05) rank right among the top-notchers. Jacocks was the fastest man in college, a good open field tackler, and skillful in both punting and drop kicking. Lowe and McDonald excel in throwing passes, a comparatively recent addition to football.

Hunter Carpenter, who came to Carolina from Virginia Polytechnic Institute in 1904, was an elusive runner, in spite of his one hundred and ninety-two pounds. He used the stiff arm effectively and in a broken field, frequently side-stepped his way through his opponents for long gains. George Stephens ('93-'95) has been selected over Michael Hoke ('90-'92) and Roy Abernathy ('05) for the other halfback. He was faster and stronger than Carpenter, and only inferior to Abernathy as a line-plunger.

There are several extraordinary fullbacks from which to make the final choice for the backfield. Baskerville ('92-'94), Belden ('96-'97), Ernest Graves ('98-'01), and Earl Holt ('02) are all good, but the best selection is Wilfred I. Johnston. In modern football, this brilliant back is the greatest offensive player in the history of the University. His speed, side-stepping ability, and adeptness in receiving passes, make it impossible to decide upon another for the place. Belden was a famous long distance punter, and much the superior of Johnston on the defense, but with Jacocks to do the kicking, there would be no weakness in that department of the game.

The selected players with their weights are listed below.

| POSITION          | NAME                  | WEIGHT |
|-------------------|-----------------------|--------|
| Left End.....     | Roy Homewood.....     | 166    |
| Left Tackle.....  | Graham Ramsay.....    | 178    |
| Left Guard.....   | Louis Guion.....      | 182    |
| Center.....       | George Tandy.....     | 185    |
| Right Guard.....  | "Bear" Collier.....   | 205    |
| Right Tackle..... | Romey Story.....      | 185    |
| Right End.....    | Koehler .....         | 160    |
| Quarterback.....  | Jacocks .....         | 142    |
| Left Half.....    | Hunter Carpenter..... | 192    |
| Right Half.....   | George Stephens.....  | 174    |
| Fullback.....     | Wilfred Johnston..... | 158    |

VIRGINIA-CAROLINA GAMES

| YEAR      | WINNER               | SCORE |
|-----------|----------------------|-------|
| 1892..... | Virginia .....       | 30-18 |
|           | Carolina .....       | 26-0  |
| 1893..... | Virginia .....       | 16-0  |
| 1894..... | Virginia .....       | 34-0  |
| 1895..... | Virginia .....       | 6-0   |
| 1896..... | Virginia .....       | 46-0  |
| 1897..... | Virginia .....       | 16-0  |
| 1898..... | Carolina .....       | 6-2   |
| 1899..... | No Game .....        |       |
| 1900..... | Virginia .....       | 17-0  |
| 1901..... | Virginia .....       | 23-6  |
| 1902..... | Tie Game.....        | 12-12 |
| 1903..... | Carolina .....       | 16-0  |
| 1904..... | Virginia .....       | 12-11 |
| 1905..... | Carolina .....       | 17-0  |
| 1906..... | No Game .....        |       |
| 1907..... | Virginia .....       | 9-4   |
| 1908..... | Virginia .....       | 31-0  |
| 1909..... | Game Cancelled ..... |       |
| 1910..... | Virginia .....       | 7-0   |
| 1911..... | Virginia .....       | 28-0  |
| 1912..... | Virginia .....       | 66-0  |
| 1913..... | Virginia .....       | 26-7  |
| 1914..... | Virginia .....       | 20-3  |
| 1915..... | Virginia .....       | 14-0  |
| 1916..... | Carolina .....       | 7-0   |
| 1917..... | No Game .....        |       |
| 1918..... | No Game .....        |       |
| 1919..... | Carolina .....       | 6-0   |
| 1920..... | Virginia .....       | 14-0  |
| 1921..... | Carolina .....       | 7-3   |
| 1922..... | Carolina .....       | 10-7  |



# The Up-Hill Climb to Basket Ball Glory

By J. M. ROBERTS

Below Mr. Roberts traces Carolina's basket ball history up through the ages to what has become the glorious Now. Read the article and learn with what difficulty the great indoor sport started here, the struggle through the first few years, finally terminating in two great championships in as many years.

WHEN thinking of our wonderful basketball teams of 1922 and 1923 it is well for us to go back a little and look up the beginning of our basketball career. Speaking in the vernacular, it is a "fur piece" from the few years ago when we won seven out of eleven games played to the time when we won sixteen out of nineteen and the Southern Championship. The former was in 1911, the year that basketball made it debut at the University; the latter memorable event happened in 1922. And the knowledge of fifteen won to one lost, and the Atlanta Tournament in 1923 is common to every student at the University. Of course these are Carolina's prize years in basketball, but when everything is combined she has a wonderful record to her credit. With a record of one hundred and seventy-five games played, she can point with pride to the fact that she has won one hundred and six of these, several of which were against some of the strongest teams in the South and East, and in her day she has made Old Eli tremble lest the honors be grasped from her. Truly it is a long step from that third day of February, 1911, when she lost to Virginia Christian College, the first game she ever played, to the Southern Championship in 1922.

Back in the early days of the sport at the University the men engaged in it put the most serious effort into the playing of the game. Four members of the 1911 team were Charlotte men, and before leaving the University for the 1911 vacation they decided that they would meet regularly during the summer for the purpose of keeping "brushed up" on the game. And that is the spirit which has worked us up to our present status in the basketball world.

The records for the season of 1912 show that seventeen games were played, out of which the records show Carolina to have won five out of nine, the records for the rest of the games of that year not being available. That year Carolina dropped Woodberry Forest, Wake Forest and Tennessee from its schedule and took on William and Mary, Elon, Catholic University, Georgetown, V. M. I., V. P. I., and Roanoke. Three men from the team of 1911 were back, and the record which we have for that season goes to prove that we must have won a good portion of the games of which we have no record.

The next year, 1913, proved to be not quite so much to our credit, although we won more than one half of the games played. Long, Tillet, Redmon, Chambers and Carrington all showed their worth in that season. They form a firm stepping stone in the path of Carolina's fame on the basketball floor. Already the Carolina spirit was making itself felt on the hardwood, just as it had already been making itself felt on the gridiron and diamond for a number of years. The team lost to Emory and Henry, but only after they had held the more experienced team to a tie for the whole of the last half, making it necessary for another period of play to be added. And they put the same fight into every game.

As always, in 1914 we have with us the complaint about the mid-term examinations breaking up the basketball team. That year the team had five men off at the most critical times, but they did not let that hinder them from making a record which was not to be "sneezed at" in those days. They won ten games out of the eighteen scheduled, and missed State honors by only a small margin, losing to Wake Forest by taking the short end of a 36-39 score in the semi-finals. That is certainly a good showing for a team which had only four years of that thing behind it which holds Carolina teams up to the notch—tradition. In that year the team scored 584 points to their opponents' 555, which is an exceedingly good showing for that day of large, yet close scores.

1915 was somewhat of an off year, it being the first time that the team failed to win more games than it lost, winning only seven out of fifteen. But this was due more to the arduous schedule imposed than upon any back-step in the playing of the Carolina teams. The hard Northern trip which was made that year was when most of the defeats were met, yet always the Carolina men gave their opponents so much to think about that at no point during any of the games did they have time to even think about being sure of winning. This was the season during which we made Old Eli "grab for her hat." That one game stands out as indicative of the fight which a Carolina team always has at its finger tips. One of the things which go to prove that Carolina was making her place in the sun in this line of athletics is the fact that the *Tar Heel*

devoted a good little bit of space to showing how the team had nearly paid its expenses for the season. It had only lost \$62.98 during the year, a thing which, going by the write-up it was given, was unprecedented.

The season of 1916 was probably the most successful which a basketball team from the University had ever gone through. It amounted to the winning of two-thirds of the eighteen games scheduled, with one of its members gaining notice all over the South from the fact that he scored more points during the season than had any other man in the S. I. A. A. This was Meb Long, the leader of that year's quint.

The next year only nine games were played, five of which turned to victories for Carolina after hard fought games. During this season the stars which the University had already begun to produce began to come forth. McDuffie, in the nine games, scored 100 points. The other forward came close to that mark with 99, and Tennent, at right guard, allowed only 18 goals to be made off him the whole season. In this year Virginia had to bow to the superiority of the Tar Heel quint twice, which bolstered up the spirit of the team to an unbelievable degree.

The 1918 season was not one of very much note, coming as it did during the period of the S. A. T. C. occupation of Chapel Hill. However, a winning team was put out, taking all but three games out of twelve, and one of those was lost to the Lynchburg Athletic Club, which was a very strong team then.

The 1919 season started off very auspiciously, the team winning from Davidson, Elon and the Durham Y. M. C. A. in quick succession. On the whole the season was a success, the team having won nine out of sixteen games played. This was also an open season for stars. Lynch scored 188 points in the sixteen games, and Carmichael scored 163, shooting 38 field goals in four straight games.

The next year, 1920, Billy Carmichael was captain, leading the team to eleven victories out of the eighteen games played that year. In 1921 he also played on the team which "brought back the bacon" from eleven of its nineteen contests.

With the opening of the season of 1922 we come to that part of Carolina's basketball history which is sure to live for a long time. At the beginning of the season the University looked forward to nothing more than the State championship. We find such headlines as these in the *Tar Heel*: "Carolina swamps N. C. State and moves one game nearer the State championship this year." And at another place we have: "Tar Heels run up large score in one-sided contest against Wofford winning easily 54-26." For many games the Carolina men held her lead, never allowing anyone to threaten her right to State honors. For fourteen straight games she held her own, losing only two of the lot. Then came the Atlanta Tournament, that

never-to-be-forgotten series of contests in which every speck of the Carolina grit that belonged to the players was called forth. And every contest showed that "Monk" McDonald, "Sis" Perry, "Cart" and "Billy" Carmichael and "Wint" Green had the "stuff" that wins. Through five grilling games they fought their way to the top, never for a moment losing that old time determination to win fairly, a heritage handed down to Carolina students for all time. And through that time the students on the Hill waited for the news from Atlanta with bated breath, waiting for the word that would send them into the depths of despair or into a frenzied rejoicing—the rejoicing came. In spite of the drizzle that was falling when the news came, the students broke out into a celebration that was unprecedented except by the celebrations after a victory over Virginia in football. It rained, but the fires burned cheerfully anyway. Clothes were wet, but the shade of Sherlock Holmes himself would not have been able to find a single man with dampened spirits. Those five men had cut for themselves a niche in the Carolina Hall of Fame; marching through Georgia, bearing the Southern title, and with the acclamations of the sporting editors of the South ringing in their ears, surely they were happy. But not so much so as the hundreds of students waiting for them. To be sure they could cherish the memory of what they had done. Few teams have ever received such acclamations from the Southland or such undying praise from their fellow students. From 1911 on Carolina had been preparing for her big day in basketball, and at last it had come. And if the most was not made of it, it was because the voices of seventeen hundred men gave out.

#### ALL-TIME TEAM

The selecting of an all-time team is perhaps the most difficult thing in the getting up of an article of this nature, and for the accomplishment of this task many thanks are due to Dr. Lawson.

One of the main difficulties which arose was the necessity of choosing between Green and Shepard for guard. Another was in deciding whether Perry or Tandy should have the center position in the second line-up. After threshing it all out, this is what we have:

| FIRST TEAM                |          | SECOND TEAM             |
|---------------------------|----------|-------------------------|
| Player                    | Position | Player                  |
| Meb Long (1914).....      | Forward  | Perry (1922)            |
| "Wint" Green (1923).....  | Forward  | Billy Carmichael (1922) |
| C. Carmichael (1923)..... | Center   | Tandy (1914)            |
| Handby (1920).....        | Guard    | Shepard (1920)          |
| McDonald (1923).....      | Guard    | "Bus" Tennent (1916)    |



# On the Cinderpath

By R. M. FULLER

*Progress in the development of track has had a marvelous growth at the University and to be able to compare the past with the present is to be able to appreciate our present standing in this form of sport.*

MARBLES and track were two of the first forms of athletics practiced at the University. This we learn from Battle's sober "History of the University of North Carolina."

Marbles, it may be presumed, were played in the warm days of the 'forties about as now, but track was far different, and was not known by its present name. The first track meets were staged in the small hours of the morning and were signaled by the wild ringing of the bell in Old South. Irate professors contested against hilarious students. Sometimes a cow, hoisted into the belfry and tied to the bell rope, gave the signal for the start. The ingenuity of the students discovered many other novel ways in which to commence these contests.

"College athletics in those days," says Dr. Battle in his History, "was one ceaseless, tremendous, vigorous kick by the entire student body against every regulation of the Faculty." Under the heading "Athletics," in the chapter of the "History of the University," describing student life in the 'forties, there is first given a long description of the walks around Chapel Hill. These walks "hardened the muscles of the students," and might be called a third cousin of track. During the history of the first half-century of the University's life there is no mention of athletics in any form.

The first genuine track contest at the University, of which there is any record, occurred on Thanksgiving Day, 1886. Dr. Venable called out the contestants, and five students were appointed as judges. Only two ran the half mile race. Patrick, the winner, also won the running high jump with a record of four feet four inches. A one-tenth of a mile dash was run in 21 seconds. A contest not known to our modern track meet was the "fools' race," between a very short man, called the "giant," and a tall man called the "runt." In addition there were gymnastic feats on the bars.

The first formal field day exercises occurred four years later, April 15, 1890, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. The following list of events and records is of interest when contrasted with a similar list today.

1. 100 yard dash—Dalrymple, '91—10 3-5 sec.
2. Sack race—C. C. Worth, '91—14 sec.
3. Running high jump—Edwards, '92—4 ft. 10 1-2 in.
4. Three legged race—Worth and Johnson—10 4-5 sec.
5. Knapsack race—Edwards and Busbee, '92—15 3-5 sec.
6. Pole vaulting—C. S. Mangum, '91—8 ft. 1 3-4 in.
7. Mile run—Moye, '93—5 min. 51 1-4 sec.
8. Barrel race—Busbee, '92—7 sec.
9. Tug-of-war—1 yd.
10. Potato race—Willard, '93—47 3-5 sec.

Gymnasium medal won by C. S. Mangum.

In 1892 another University field day was held under the direction of C. S. Mangum, now professor of anatomy in the medical school of the University. In the spring of 1893 an item in the *Tar Heel* announced that the University would participate the next day in a field meet with Trinity and Wake Forest. The writer observed: "This is one of the most interesting and should be one of the most interesting features in our college athletics. Heretofore, our time and attention have been devoted too much to baseball and football to the almost entire exclusion of this branch of athletics."

After this first announcement—silence. No further mention was made of the first intercollegiate field meet in which we were scheduled to participate. The comment on track athletics, however, was prophetic. For twenty years it was the same thing over and over again. Every one agreed that we should be interested in track—but nobody was, at least to any great extent, or for any length of time.

Before 1897 track athletics continued to be confined exclusively to match races between different students or groups of students, arranged without previous preparation out of a friendly spirit of rivalry. In the spring of the year 1897, however, this condition was changed by the completion of the cinder track which had been donated by Mr. Harry Lake, '98. This event, more than anything else, marks the real beginning of track athletics here as a branch of college sport.

Not until 1900 was the first varsity track team organized. This first team captured a silver loving cup by winning the State Intercollegiate Meet at Horner School by a score of 129½ to 11½. In 1901, the University track team went to the S. I. A. A. meet in New Orleans. It competed with Vanderbilt, Tulane, and Texas, and came back with the proud title, Champions of the South.

In 1902, there was no team, but in 1903 Virginia was defeated 56 to 45. The *Yackety Yack* declared interest in track was at its high water mark, and gave utterance to the prophecy that soon track would take an "equal place" with the more popular sports, football and baseball. The prophecy, however, is still unfilled.

After this, track entered another period of neglect. In the spring, someone would issue a call for all students interested in track. A team would be worked up with volunteer coaching, a field day or track meet would probably be entered with Trinity, or Wake Forest, or some other school, and then nothing would be

done until the next spring. Occasionally there would be a flare of greater interest, and several meets would be arranged. Track was always hard to finance, however, and there were no permanent coaches until 1910.

In 1910 began the most successful period of Carolina's track history up to the coming of the Fetzers. In March of that year N. J. Cartmell, known affectionately as "Bloody Nat," became the first professional track coach at the University. He was said to be one of the best track trainers in the country. Without delay he began to build up a team which in the same month defeated Wake Forest 66-52, in April downed Washington and Lee 64-44, and in May was beaten by V. P. I. 65½-53½.

Next September, Cartmell began to train his men on the track at that time around the Mary Ann Smith building, and turned out a team which in the spring defeated V. P. I. and Washington and Lee, and won first place in the State meet. Although only eight men of this team went to the South Atlantic meet at Charlottesville, they won seven out of thirteen possible firsts, although not entering any of the jumps, and won second place in the meet, being thirty points ahead of the next highest competitor.

In 1912 Coach Cartmell's charges won from Wake Forest, 82-35, and from V. P. I., 66 to 51. She gained first place in the State meet, and was second only to Johns Hopkins in the South Atlantic meet.

Two events marked the spring of 1913, Cartmell's

last season at Carolina. First, the coach and others held the first of the high school track meets which have been held at Chapel Hill annually ever since in connection with the high school debates for the Aycock Cup. The other was the defeat by Carolina of the Carlisle Indians in a two mile relay race held at Georgetown University in Washington, D. C.

Coach Cartmell, who had won the name of "Father of Track" at the University, left in 1914. Dr. Kent J. Brown, a member of the faculty, who had been a track athlete at Pennsylvania, was asked to take charge as coach. V. P. I. was defeated in a close meet at Blacksburg, Va., 60 to 57. The only other meet was the S. I. A. A., in which Carolina came out fourth.

We seem to be getting into "modern times" when we find an earlier "Ratty" Ransom on the varsity track team. Coach Brown in 1915 turned out another good team, which defeated Wake Forest 92 to 16, and Elon 113 to 4, and won first place in the State meet.

The 1916 season was also successful. Carolina defeated Washington and Lee 73 to 52. She came out second in a triangular meet with V. M. I. and V. P. I., but won first place in the State meet by a margin of 40 points.

Interest now began to wane, and soon the war turned students' thoughts to more exciting things than the hundred yard dash or running high jump. Track entered another period of neglect, the neglect in which Coach Fetzer found it.

## *Among the Racqueteers*

By HENRY FULLER

*Tennis is an old sport at Carolina, and was in an organized state long before the other sports had even been attempted. Some redoubtable racqueteers who have graced University courts in the past.*

TENNIS was not taken under the care of the athletic association, and letters were not given to the members of the varsity tennis teams until 1909, but before that time tennis had existed here for more than twenty-five years, Carolina's teams sometimes winning brilliant victories in intercollegiate tournaments.

A few students got interested in tennis in the eighties. A tennis association was formed in 1884, and the fraternities began to build courts on the campus. Most of the courts were where the Smith building now is, two or three were back of the South building, and one just where one of the new courts was built by Memorial Hall. Another was built on exactly the site of the upper court in Battle's Grove, east of the Arboretum.

Tennis was introduced into this country from England, where it was played on grass courts. Turf courts are very expensive and difficult to make and keep up,

but some attempts at turf courts were made in Chapel Hill. There was a grass court on the Anderson place, now the King place opposite the graded school. One of the village belles lived there also, and students were often there playing.

Tennis was practically the same game then that it now is. The rules have changed only in minor details. The old racquets, however, are a curious sight to a modern student. They were pear shaped, something like snowshoes, and some were curved on one side.

For a long time there was no intercollegiate tennis, but there were contests between the classes and fraternities. The fraternity tournaments were for a long time the biggest tennis events.

For a long time the University Tennis Club was loosely organized, and of varying influence. In 1890 we find it with twenty-four members and headed by A. H. Patterson, '91, now Professor of Physics in the University. In addition, there is the Alpha Tennis



Club, established 1889, and the Pan-Hellenic Club organized one year earlier. In that and the following year were organized five fraternity tennis clubs, and two others. In a few years there were fourteen tennis clubs in Chapel Hill.

In the fall of 1891 was held the first University tournament. First place was won by E. P. Willard, now a manufacturer in Wilmington with a son at the University who specializes in intellectual athletics, in his sophomore year winning the Eben Alexander Greek prize.

The spring of 1894 is an important season in the history of the development of tennis in Carolina. George Graham, "Kid" Bryson, and Henry Bridgers, invaded our northern neighbor. They found that, as George says, "Virginia was easy," and won three straight sets in the doubles at Charlottesville. The singles Carolina also won from Virginia. Three straights in the doubles, and the only set played in the singles, were also won from Richmond College. This was our first intercollegiate tennis.

Bryson and Bridgers were partners and a famous pair. Bryson won the University Championship in the tournament previous to the Virginia trip. Graham, now of Durham, was the runner-up in the tournament, and an earlier champion.

The success of the Tar Heel tennis players was promptly recognized. In the fall the University was invited to take part in the Intercollegiate Tournament to be played at Yale in October. The University of North Carolina was the only Southern college invited. Bryson and Bridgers represented Carolina and made a creditable showing, although losing the singles to Columbia and Yale, 6-2, 7-9, 6-4, and 6-1, 6-2. In the doubles they won the first set from Princeton, but lost the second two.

For the next ten years tennis contests were almost entirely within the University. There were no intercollegiate tournaments, and there was a shortage of courts. The fraternity tournaments were the big tennis events. In 1894 was held the first fraternity tournament for the silver cup which was to go permanently to the first fraternity winning it for three years. It was won in this year and the following one by Zeta Psi.

A. W. Mangum, brother of Professor Mangum, and R. H. Graves, brother of Professor Louis Graves, were a champion team in the late nineties. Mangum usually beat Graves in singles, but they were close together. In doubles the two had no serious rivals. Ivey F. Lewis, '02, Louis Graves, '03, and J. Horner Winston, '04, were champions of their respective classes, and three of the best tennis players that the University has produced.

The tennis association, never very well organized, seems to have gone to pieces, leaving tennis to be kept alive by individual effort and the fascination of the game. In 1903 the tennis association was reorganized with forty enthusiastic members; and in what the

*Yackety Yack* called "our first genuine tennis tournament," a team was chosen which met Virginia at Charlottesville. The match was lost, but if there is anything in the saying, "You had as well beat a man as scare him to death," the defeat was not bad. Horner Winston and J. E. Hopgood were the varsity team. The next spring Virginia came to Chapel Hill and was defeated.

In 1907 began a movement which resulted in greatly increased interest in tennis. In the fall was put on a University tournament for which eleven prizes were given by business men of Chapel Hill and elsewhere. More and better courts were commenced. One tournament was won from Guilford and another lost to Virginia.

In 1908 the movement gathered headway. Eight courts were built behind the gymnasium, courts which were torn up only last year to make way for the Law building. Victories were won from Wake Forest and Guilford.

In the fall of 1908, three meets were held. Guilford and Davidson were defeated decisively. Wake Forest was victorious in a close struggle.

C. S. Venable and G. M. Fountain were the first two Carolina students to receive their letters in tennis. In 1909 they played and won six meets with Guilford, Randolph-Macon, Richmond College, Virginia, Washington and Lee, and Davidson. In these matches fifty-nine sets were played, and Carolina won fifty. Carolina made 570 points and her opponents made 30. Venable and Fountain worked together remarkably well. They were much more formidable as a team than as individual players.

After such a season, it is not strange that the tennis association next year had 122 members, more than it had ever had before.

In 1911-12, 1912-13, and 1913-14, the University was again represented by two men who played together better than alone, Lenoir Chambers and M. N. Oates. The three years in which these two men were the varsity team they were decidedly successful. Oates continued on the team until 1915.

The next three years of tennis history contain no startling successes or defeats. During the war tennis suffered as did other forms of athletics, and no varsity team was put out after the spring of 1918 until the spring of 1920, when one match was played with V. M. I., and lost. Early in the fall a match with Trinity was also lost.

In the spring of 1921, interest in tennis seemed to experience a general awakening which has continued to the present. Many matches have been held, and Tar Heels have been given opportunities to exult because of victories over our historic rival, the University of Virginia.

Probably no one is better qualified than P. H. Winston to pick an all-time University tennis team. Of

all those who have played tennis at the University, he ranks Louis Graves and Horner Winston first. Both of these, however, developed their greatest ability after leaving the University. Graves graduated in the class of 1903, and went to New York. This has been his home most of the time, until he returned to Chapel

Hill about two years ago as Professor of Journalism. Winston won a Rhodes Scholarship and developed his best tennis while at Oxford. He now practices law in Chicago.

After these two, Mr. Winston ranks the following, Ivey F. Lewis, George Fountain, and Charles Venable.

## The Co-Ed and Athletics

By CATHERINE BOYD

*Athletics among the women students has been a sadly neglected phase in the past. Miss Boyd tells of the feeble efforts of the co-ed to obtain that which was denied her.*

THE first co-ed entered the University in 1898, but it was not until the year 1921 that the athletic co-ed appeared in any numbers. That year witnessed the formation of a woman's basketball team, four matched games resulting, one with Chapel Hill High School, two with Lenoir College and one with the Charlotte "Y." Nina Cooper and Ellen Lay, two former stars from St. Mary's School, Addie Bradshaw from Lenoir, Mabel Bacon from Charlotte, and Alice Gattis and Nell Pickard, formerly with the Chapel Hill High School team, composed the team, while Katherine Batts and Louise Williams were substitutes. The scores were not particularly flattering, but to quote Miss Nell Battle Lewis' article in the *News and Observer*, "those most interested claim that to be on account of its youth (as a team) and the little practice possible before the games."

Women's athletics in the University are managed by an Athletic Committee, consisting of a chairman and two assistants. This committee functions under supervision of the U. N. C. Woman's Association. The Woman's Association was this year sub-divided into a Literary Club and an Athletic Club, and the Athletic Committee became the head of the Athletic Club. We began our season with a camp supper at Meadow's Hill, followed by a course in physical training under the direction of Miss Patricia Parmelee. We are now staging an inter-class tennis tournament, at the conclusion of which we plan to play other colleges.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Stacy, our Adviser of Women, we were unusually fortunate in securing Miss Parmelee's Health-Exercise Course. Two classes lasting an hour each met twice a week in the Co-ed Room in Peabody Building, and with chairs and tables pushed aside and our attractive rest room was transformed into a veritable gymnasium, where the real Miss Parmelee guided us through the Weave, the Grind and the various movements of the "Daily Dozen Set to Music." Perhaps the finest thing about Miss Parmelee's course, in addition to the exercise, were her lessons in relaxation and concentration, and her talks

on the healthful life, in which she pointed out to us the road to happiness and perpetual youth.

The women students of 1921 put us on the map as far as our athletics are concerned. Since then we have been constantly receiving challenges from other colleges and letters asking information about our "gymnasium" and other facilities. Just the other day Mrs. Stacy had a letter from the University of California, which, while serious in its intentions was quite amusing to those aware of conditions here. They wrote to ask us what swimming methods were taught the women students in our swimming pool!

When I came to Carolina last year, I realized that there was an element decidedly lacking in the life of a woman student—there was no athletic life. Of course, we could walk through the park or over to Durham, if we cared, but walking as a sole means of exercise soon grows monotonous. And then there were the tennis courts. We played occasionally, but each time felt as if we were unwelcome and intruding. Basketball was our next resort. We tried using the high school court but bad weather put a stop to that. Then we applied to Dr. Lawson for the gymnasium. We were able to secure it for the chapel period, and tried this for a while, but found to our disappointment that by the time we reached the gymnasium and got into costume, it was nearly time for 11:40 classes. So we gave up the struggle for 1922 and took a walk in the park.

When we returned to Chapel Hill this fall we found just behind Russell Inn a tennis court, and a huge sign, bearing the words "This Court Reserved for Co-eds," soon proved to all the world that the court was ours. We enjoyed it until cold weather came, then we turned it into a basketball court. We had several practices, but bad weather and a scarcity of players put an end to our efforts. So now the tennis court has reappeared and we are busy with our tournament.

We aren't over-proud of our athletic record, but we've worked under disadvantages, and we hope that the co-eds of the future coming in greater numbers will follow in the footsteps of our brother athletes and bring glory to Carolina.



# Coach Alexander

By MALCOLM M. YOUNG

*Here is the story of an interesting man who has some interesting ideas about athletics. Have you ever thought that mass-athletics would be good for the University? The proposition is treated in this article.*

THE destiny of future athletics and athletes at the University is being moulded to a large extent by a well known personage on the campus who prefers to "make history rather than talk about history."

This member of Carolina's wonderful athletic coaching staff has an enviable record as a college athlete and coach. He is extremely reluctant to discuss his athletic record, when one queries him, but when you mention freshmen athletics, he brightens up. Coach S. M. Alexander, in charge of the freshmen teams at the University, is intensely interested in his work of developing future "Red" Johnstons and "Monk" McDONALDs, and along with his great interest in his work, he has more than his just share of modesty. It is probably for this reason that a large majority of the student body is unaware of the fact that freshmen athletics at Carolina is being handled by one of the most competent coaches in the country. His knowledge, especially of football, is backed up by many years of prep school and collegiate experience.

In college he was trained by one of the greatest coaches of eastern football. It is this valuable experience which Coach Alexander is now passing on to future Carolina varsities in his tutoring of yearling athletics. His "never-say-die" spirit, his incessant energy, and his intense belief in the benefits athletics can confer upon the University student body, cause him to enter upon his work with such an intense enthusiasm that he devotes every spare minute to the coaching, promoting, and bettering of University athletics. Coach Alexander is one big cog in the Fetzer Brothers' coaching machine. He is developing material for the Fetzers in the years to come, and he is doing it well.

Kiskiminetas Springs School, located at Saltsburg, Pa., ("Kiski Prep" for short) has turned out many of the best athletes in eastern collegiate competition. Among them stands out Coach Alexander, selected by several newspaper critics for honorable mention on the All-American team, and coach of four All-American gridiron warriors during his years of experience as a football mentor.

In 1906 a freshman entered "Kiski" school. In 1909 a senior had graduated. In that interval of four years, Alexander blossomed forth as a prep school star in football and baseball.

When he went to college, he chose one of the best football training schools in the country. Lafayette was his destination, and here for two years Alexander

played halfback under Bob Folwell, present coach of the Navy. Alexander had four good years of training under Folwell. In 1911 his coach retired from his duties at Lafayette and became head coach of Washington and Jefferson's famous eleven. A great admirer of his coach, Alexander was seen the next season in a "W. and J." moleskin. Here he stayed two years, Folwell switching him to end. Alexander had starred at halfback, but at end he truly came into his own. He was at Washington and Jefferson when several newspaper critics mentioned him for All-American end.

The three years following his graduation from W. and J., he spent in business and returning in the fall to help coach both his prep school team and the eleven of his Alma Mater. Alexander gave both elevens all the spare time possible, and was instrumental in the development of such players at Kiski as Tom Davies, Schwab, Stanley Keck, Jimmy DeHart, Braden, and others. Davies, Keck, and DeHart, all, at a later date, developed into full-fledged college stars under the famous Glenn Warner, when his Pittsburgh University "Panthers" were in their prime. Schwab was selected as tackle on Walter Camp's All-American while representing Lafayette, where Alexander had received his preliminary college training. Braden was afterwards one of Yale's stars. One season Alexander coached Washington and Jefferson's ends. That year W. and J. produced one of the best football teams in the history of the eastern gridiron game, and a good nucleus was built up for even a better team the following year.

In 1916, during the trouble along the Mexican border, Coach Alexander transferred his football activities from Pennsylvania to Texas. In that year he coached an army team at El Paso. The next season—1917—war had been declared with Germany, and Alexander found himself at Augusta, Ga., as coach of an army cantonment team there. The following year he saw service in France with the American Expeditionary Forces.

After the close of the war, Coach Alexander was stationed at Oteen, the army hospital near Asheville, and from that time he has been ranked among the valued citizens of the Tar Heel State. At odd times he aided "Nemo" Coleman, a former Carolina football star, in drilling his Bingham Military School eleven. In the summer of 1922 he signed a contract for one year to coach Carolina's freshman athletics, and he has been a familiar figure on the campus all during the present year.

Since becoming one of Bill Fetzter's valued assistants, Alexander's freshman teams have made some mighty good records. Two hundred freshmen tried out for the Yearling eleven last fall, and the coach selected a squad of fifty men from that crowd. It was a hasty process, and many a good, but inexperienced football prospect was turned away in the shuffle, but Alexander did remarkably well, considering the limited facilities at hand. Football equipment was furnished for fifty men only; so the squad had to be kept down to that figure almost from the very start. The team put in a strong bid for South Atlantic honors, suffering but one defeat.

Soccer, a comparatively new sport in these parts, was given its initial impetus by the freshman coach. During the winter season many freshmen came out under Alexander's direction to learn the niceties of soccer football. Rapid progress was made in teaching the game, but no matches were played, due to the fact that there were no neighboring teams to meet. Soccer has received a start, however, and if it ever furnishes the medium for intercollege competition in this State in the future, S. M. Alexander can justly take a large share of the credit for putting this excellent winter sport in the place where it belongs in college athletics of the state.

The Yearling mentor has some very decided opinions about athletics at the University. He is of the belief that Carolina has the cleanest and most sportsmanlike athletic spirit of any University in the land. He says that he has enjoyed his regime at Carolina more than he has ever enjoyed any single year in his life.

Alexander is a great believer in mass athletics. In his opinion, the University is backward in this particular phase of athletic endeavor. "The possibilities of inter-mural athletics at the University are unlimited." In these words he sums up the potential, undeveloped, athletic material at Carolina.

"Every student should participate in some form of sport, under a system of compulsory mass athletics. Physical education should be as much a part of the University curriculum as History or French. People, as a rule, never do anything until you force them to. And you have to force them, if you want them to go in for mass athletics. Many boys are apparently ashamed to compete in athletics, not desiring to exhibit their lack of physical prowess. There are hundreds of boys at Carolina who really need the training mass athletics will give. Some students," he states, "are so undeveloped physically that you could hang a hat on their shoulders. Others, now in their youth, are already fat men. With the passing of years, their

condition will grow worse, and I will venture to say that the well-developed man, both physically and mentally, as a result of athletic training, will in the long run outstrip the physical weakling."

He gives numerous illustrations of the good mass athletics can do a college. At Ohio State University, he points out, 10,000 inter-mural athletic contests were held last year. He sees no reason why Carolina should not hold at least half as many.

One All-American football player at Washington and Jefferson was forced into football as a result of mass athletics, the coach illustrates. He hated the game. After playing it two years, he changed his view completely and became one of the greatest gridiron warriors of the country.

There are many handicaps to mass athletics at the University, but they can be overcome by persistency of the student body, especially the freshmen class, he believes. This year's freshman class has one of the best opportunities of any class that has ever entered Carolina, in that it can stimulate mass athletics by actively supporting and coming out for track. In this, he holds the same opinion as that advanced by Coach Bob Fetzter.

"Any college puts out a baseball, football, or basketball team. But not any college is represented by a track team. That is the real athletic test of a college, because there are better opportunities for mass athletics in track than any other sport. Track has not developed at Carolina. There is a great field undeveloped in this sport. The freshman class, especially, should support it."

Coach Alexander is doing everything in his power to interest the freshmen in athletics. He sticks at his coaching faithfully, day in and day out, coaching 75 freshmen trackmen and assisting the freshmen baseball team whenever possible. When no college men are out on the field practicing, he will actually turn his boundless energy loose in coaching high school or grammar school boys.

The coach is greatly interested in the student body as a whole. He is not entirely wrapped up in tutoring his freshmen teams. He is ready and willing to give advice to any freshman—or upper classmen for that matter—on any subject pertaining to athletics. He "knows his stuff," as the boys say, and many freshmen are losing a great opportunity in not going out for some form of athletics under the direction of this experienced man.

Do not be content with "talking about history. Make history." Alexander lives up to that advice.



# An Athletic Illiad

By HOMER HOYT

*The ancient Homer in his Illiad narrated the events of the dramatic siege of Troy, but here is a modern Homer whose surname is Hoyt, who has done the same for athletics, and the remarkable thing about it is that this narrative holds just as much romance and glamor as the former one.*

OF those heroes, whose feats on diamond, grid-iron, cinder path and basketball court have been worthy of the crown of oak leaves of the Romans or the prizes of the Greek games, sing American athletic muse! Let those who as players or as spectators have been within the compass of these mighty actions contribute to a symposium of athletic achievement that shall form an enduring record of those who have strained their heart muscles in the effort to wrest victory from the jaws of defeat!

For my own part, I delight in recounting the thrilling episodes I have seen or have heard about. Nothing has eclipsed in dramatic effect the tense moments of the great games, when young undergraduate hearts are foolish enough to believe that the fate of the universe hangs on the outcome. But here I like to be foolish and I enter into the spirit on the theory of "where ignorance is bliss," etc. After all who can say in the game of life what is really wise and what is really foolish? So many prizes of wealth and honor that are so bitterly striven for turn into ashes in the mouth.

My experience has been brief. There are those who have seen Pat O'Dea of Wisconsin kick a field goal that went 62 yards; others can recall the great drop-kicking of Brickley of Harvard or of Eckersall of Chicago. These gentlemen kicked from all angles anywhere from past midfield and made from 5 to 6 field goals in some of their big games. I have not seen some drop kicks desperately made in the last minute of play like that of Romney's of Chicago in 1921 who with Wisconsin players breaking in on him from every side coolly kicked the ball a short 15 yards for the winning score. I did not see a ball balance on the cross bar and finally drop over on the right side for Illinois and for the wrong side for Chicago. The longest drop-kick I have ever seen was made by Long of North Carolina State against the University of North Carolina in 1921. It was from the 48 yard line and from one side of the field. I did see Hackney of Missouri playing against Kansas in 1909 kick a drop-kick from the 43 yard line with his right foot and kick another drop-kick a minute later from the 37 yard line with his left foot for the winning 6 point margin in that game. I have heard of Paddy Driscoll of Northwestern who while playing on a professional football team was hit on the head and dazed so badly that on the next play he called a signal for a forward pass and then drop-kicked a goal from the 43 yard line. Coach Yost of Michigan also tells how Sparks of Michigan, getting a pass for a place kick too high,

suddenly dropped the ball to the ground and kicked a field goal. But these exceptional kicks can be matched many times by those with a longer experience at football games. Cumulative evidence from old fans on famous drop kicks would make a most interesting story.

But the field goal is but the sauce of the touchdown—which is the real "piece de resistance" of football. There is something hollow about a victory which leaves the opponents with goal line uncrossed and while in case of evenly matched teams a field goal victory is hailed with glee, it is never so sweet a victory as that scored by the catapultic plunge or the long run over the last chalk marks. Of all touchdowns the sweetest is that made in the last minute of play for the winning score. I shall never forget, nor will any other student of Kansas University in 1909 ever forget, Tommy Johnson's run against Nebraska when he caught a punt in the last minute of play and ran 70 yards for the only score of the game. Similarly the 95 yard run of McDonald of North Carolina against North Carolina State will always live in my memory. While the great interference that made these runs possible should be equally credited, the outstanding feature from the spectator's standpoint is the man with the ball. I have seen a great many final plunges for touchdowns, but the greatest line plunge I have ever seen was that of Ammons of Kansas against Missouri in 1910 when he tore 5 yards through the very massed center of the Missouri team for the tying touchdown. As this touchdown was made by main force without deception, so others are made with the craft of Ulysses. McDonald of Carolina thus slipped for the last two yards against V. M. I. in 1923 by grabbing the ball without calling a signal. Graham of Chicago acted his part to perfection when playing against Illinois in 1916. After a Chicago punt had been allowed to roll along the ground and had just touched an Illinois player and while both teams were standing around waiting for the referee to blow his whistle and declare the ball dead, Graham leisurely picked up the ball from among a group of Illinois players and then holding the ball out before him as if he were going to hand it to the referee, he moved away from the opponents without arousing the slightest suspicion and then broke into a furious sprint for a touchdown. After a masterful argument by the captain of the Chicago football team, during which time the Illinois coach tore his hair claiming that his players were entranced by the "whistle" of the referee and not by the actions of Mr. Graham, the touchdown was al-

lowed. Hiding on the side lines to receive a forward pass has now been branded as unethical, but wiles and strategy have always been a great feature of football. I have seen players like Gordon of Chicago suddenly emerge from nowhere with a clear field and run unopposed to the goal line on a masterpiece of coaching art that was so complicated that even opposing football scouts could not figure out what had happened. Evenly matched opponents are compelled to resort to deception to overcome an equal material force.

The forward pass is one of the most spectacular of plays. The great passes to "Red" Johnston in the V. M. I. and Virginia games of 1922 will always be remembered by those who saw them. These sharp, swift passes caught on the finger tips on a dead run were exceptionally fine. The greatest forward passing I have ever seen was that of the Flynn and Baston combination of Minnesota, when in 1916 Minnesota scored at will on passes thrown like a baseball by Flynn in mid-field to Baston on the goal line. Ohio State has won many big games on the forward pass and in 1921 after winning all of the big games in the middle West on forward passes in the last one or two minutes of play, lost to California on passes even longer and more sensational than those successfully used by her. Notre Dame educated the Army and the East to the use of forward passes and Oliphant and Vidal for the Army played havoc with the Army's opponents by the western contraption. The intercepted forward pass has also furnished its thrills. The pass intercepted by Rider of V. M. I. which made possible Carolina's great come-back later, was as sensational as I have seen although "Dolly" Gray of Chicago about matched it in 1913 when he caught a Wisconsin pass out of the arms of a player on the goal line and ran the length of the field for a Chicago score.

The mechanics of shift plays and of spread formations can be best described by coaches who have worked them out but as they have a vested right in keeping these plays secret and as their own fortune and that of their schools are wrapped up in these inventions, they will naturally not uncork these mysteries in a magazine article but will save them for the benefit of a delighted student body in some great game.

Leaving the epic of football to be elaborated by older men with better memories, let me now turn to baseball for a few cantos and curved stanzas. The greatest ninth inning finish I have ever seen was that of Carolina against Trinity last year and there was even Casey at the bat to fulfill all conventional requirements of an ideal baseball story. I cannot stop to elaborate upon all the many hours, weeks, months, and even years of baseball I have seen without learning as much about it in all that time as a regular professional player knows. But from a purely naive, spectator's standpoint, I like to think of the great teams I have seen like the old Boston Red Sox, Mack's Athletics, the old Cubs with Evers, Tinker and Chance in the infield, and even the blackened White Sox. None of the present teams measure up to the old standard

although Babe Ruth amazes by hits that break all records. But "Rube" Waddell, the idol of St. Louis, who when sober, was almost unhittable; the faithful "Ed" Walsh who pitched every other day for the White Sox and Christy Mathewson of the Giants were men of heroic mold. Tris Speaker still is the greatest in the outfield as "Ty" Cobb is on the bases and Eddie Collins is almost as speedy as ever, but the old stars are getting dim and no new ones of equal magnitude are appearing on the diamond.

Basketball is the only one of the great games I have played and this is by many considered a minor sport. But while I have been a mediocre player, I have always played basketball to the best of my ability and I have therefore rather revered it. This game is hard to describe because of the varied styles of playing. The famous short-passing game of Wisconsin, the five-man defense of Pennsylvania, the long-passing game of Delaware, the long-shooting game of Georgetown, and the dribbling and passing of Kansas were all unique and all successful. Elements of these styles of playing have been blended in varying combinations to suit the differences of individual teams. But after Wisconsin won 202 out of 217 games on the short pass and I have heard it praised as the one and only style of playing, I have nevertheless seen Delaware win with the long pass against the Navy, Swarthmore, V. P. I., etc., and score field goals almost at will by this method. After seeing the futility of wild, reckless long heaves at the basket, I have also seen Georgetown win repeatedly on long shots and in one game Flavin made 8 baskets from the center ring—and a ring than was farther from the basket than that in the middle of Trinity's floor. After hearing dribbling condemned, I have seen fine dribblers like Johnson of Kansas or Carmichael of Carolina break through the opposition by dribbling. So I am suspicious of generalities and think that each team must work out its own salvation by adapting the various methods to the capacities of its members. Basketball varies in roughness in different sections of the country from the section where fouls are called on men who are knocked down and unable to rise on the count of nine to the section where fouls are called for looking mean or even for doing anything more than waving arms at a yard's distance from an opponent. Personally, while I do not like to see indoor football, I equally dislike to see an afternoon tea-party that is a contest between the foul shooters of the opposing teams: The game as played at Carolina this year seems to be about right.

Track is another of my favorites, although here I am not even mediocre, being not even among the also rans but being among those who never start because they are too slow to keep up even with the tail end of the procession. But coming to Chicago when they had a very fast track team, my interest in track has been considerably developed from a spectator's standpoint. Field events never appealed to me especially, but dashes, sprints and hurdles are burdensome only because there



are such long delays between them. At the Pennsylvania relays when there are 36 miles of continuous relays, the interest is sustained. In dual meets there are long blanks punctuated by a few dashes. In track the work of individuals, rather than of teams naturally stands out, although team play is used here to win close meets. Landers of Oregon (Ill.) High School did the best individual work I have ever seen when in 1916 or thereabouts, in a meet attended by most of the large high schools of the West, he ran three heats each in the 100 yard dash, the 220 yard dash, the high and low hurdles and competed in the pole vault and the broad jump. He won three firsts, two seconds and a third for a total of 26 points, winning the meet for his school single-handed. The high character of his performances is shown by his vault of 12 feet in the pole vault and his leap of over 22 feet in the broad jump. The time in the dashes and hurdles was also fast. The best individual performance I have heard of in college circles was that of Simpson of Missouri against Kansas in a dual meet. Simpson did not have to run preliminary heats but his performance that day was exceptional. He placed first six times, winning the 100 yard dash in  $10 \frac{1}{5}$  flat, the 220 yard dash in 22 flat, the high hurdles in  $14 \frac{4}{5}$ , the low hurdles in  $25 \frac{3}{5}$ , and leaping 6 feet in the high jump and 22 feet 10 inches in the broad jump. While these are not the events of the decathlon in which Thorpe excelled all others, although his honors were stripped from him by the hypersensitiveness about professional baseball, it is hard to think of a man who could better all these records on one day. The quarter mile is my favorite race as it is probably the hardest for the racer and here a dark horse, a negro, is the fleetest I have seen. One Binga

Dismond, running for Chicago made the single circuit of the track in  $47 \frac{2}{5}$  seconds and not until he went to the Pacific coast did a white man by the name of Sloman head him in a race. Joie Ray running a 4:16 mile and Leroy Campbell of Chicago stepping off a 1:56 half which he later reduced to  $1;53 \frac{3}{5}$  but could not clip further below Meredith's world record are the fastest I have seen in the middle distances while Joe Stout after he came back from a summer in Yellowstone Park ran away from the field in the two mile in 9:29. These famous days for a time departed from Chicago but the Maroons look forward to the day when they shall again have three men on one track team who can run the 100 yard dash in  $9 \frac{4}{5}$  and when some one on the Midway, white, black or yellow, will again crawl around the cinder track once in less than 48 seconds.

In concluding this pot-pourri on athletics, I might mention the Nathan-like Redmon of Chicago who plunged under water across a 60 foot tank in 18 seconds flat nearly knocking all the water out of the tank when his hippopotamus-like form hit the water, the cannonading Tilden who has changed a love game into war, the magnetic Carpentier who uncoils a right fist with the swiftness of a rattlesnake, the rat-tatting Dempsey who drives blows home like a man putting rivets on a boiler plate to win a \$100,000 prize, and the daredevils of automobile, aeroplane and steeplejack fame, but I will not try to skim all the cream from this subject. I will leave to others, who really understand the inside points of these games and who have had a longer and more varied experience, the task of revising and expanding with true Homeric style this first book of the Athletic Iliad into the traditional number of books.



1922 FOOTBALL LINE

# Contemporary Athletic History

By G. WRIGHT LANKFORD

**In the ensuing article Mr. Lankford very clearly portrays the intensely successful athletic history of the University in every field of sport since the Fetzers took charge here in 1921. The author also feels the influence of thorough high school training in athletics and the weight it is bringing and will continue to bring to bear on college athletics.**

**T**HE contemporary athletic history at the University of North Carolina is one of brilliance and achievement and the results and victories and sportsman-like play of Carolina's athletic teams have brought renown to the institution and honor to the State. Many things have contributed to this advancement, the most important of which are the methods and personalities of the Fetzer Brothers and the improvement of high school athletics throughout the State.

When it was first announced to the public that Carolina had secured the services of William and Robert Fetzer, men whose teams had always been characterized by clean and fair play and many triumphs, students, alumni and friends of the University rejoiced and have been rejoicing ever since. Coach Bill came to Chapel Hill shortly after Christmas in 1921 and Coach Bob in the early fall of the same year. Since that time Carolina has produced, it is believed, more powerful and successful athletic machines, won more championships and more favorable comment for all that is fine in sportsmanship than during any other period of the same length in the history of the University.

Coach Bill took charge of general athletic direction during the basketball season when Major Frank Boye was training his second State championship quint. This team defeated every team in the State that had a chance at the honors, several of them twice, and developed some of the finest court stars in the South. Shepherd, Carmichael, McDonald, Erwin and others, some of whom were to assist in winning fame in southern tournaments.

## BASEBALL

That spring saw the first baseball team developed under the care and training methods of the elder Fetzer and its success was assured from the start. Carolina had won the State championship the previous year, but the two tilts with the University of Virginia, her oldest rival, had resulted in disaster so far as the scores of the games were concerned. But such was not to be the record of the 1921 baseball team. It won the highest college baseball honor obtainable in the State of North Carolina and made athletic history by defeating Virginia in all three scheduled games. That team won 16 games, tied 2 and lost 4. It was made up of some

of the best diamond performers developed in recent years, the Morris brothers, Spruill, McLean, McDonald, Shirley, Sweetman, Wilson, Llewelyn, Bryson—most of whom were to play the next year and who are still at their old positions on the nine.

But the zenith of Carolina's baseball achievement came in the season of 1922, Coach Bill's second team. This nine, again composed of the best of the above mentioned stars, fought its way through a schedule of 21 games with only 2 losses and 19 wins. The victories were over such teams as Virginia, Washington and Lee, V. M. I., N. C. State, Georgia, V. P. I., and Trinity, Davidson and Wake Forest in the South, and New York University and Swarthmore in the North. Carolina secured in these games a total of 195 hits compared with 146 by opponents, for a total of 299 bases and 150 runs compared with 176 bases and 61 runs made by opponents.

All these things were dear to the hearts of Carolina students and alumni, but to them, accustomed to such bitter and almost hopeless rivalry between the University of Virginia, the crowning record made by the famous 1922 team was its record against the Old Dominion. The first of these historic games, played at Charlottesville, resulted in a 6 to 0 victory. Llewelyn pitched and it was his work in that game which secured for him a contract with the New York Yankees. Bryson twirled the next one, the traditional classic at Greensboro, and again Carolina won, 4 to 0. Wilson worked on the mound in the final game and, for the first time in the history of the two institutions, the three games resulted in no scores for Virginia, Carolina winning this contest 7 to 0.

## FOOTBALL

The Fetzer Brothers took charge of football in the fall of 1921, and, although the team lost to N. C. State and only tied games with South Carolina and Davidson, contests it should have won, the eleven turned in brilliant victories over Maryland and V. M. I., and defeated Virginia in Chapel Hill on Thanksgiving Day. These successes were enough to win the confidence and trust of both students and alumni and the season was destined to prove a red letter year in Carolina football history.

The season opened in 1922 with Wake Forest at Goldsboro with a 62-3 victory and, except for a 18 to 0 defeat at the hands of Yale a week later, Carolina



rushed on through the schedule without a loss. The scores were large, the playing brilliant and the team composed of many excellent football players—Johnston, Pritchard, Poindexter, McDonald, Blount, the two Morris boys, McGee, McIvey, Merritt, Sparrow, Cochrane, Lineberger, Shepherd, Fordham and Matthews. The teams defeated included Trinity, Davidson, South Carolina, V. M. I., Maryland, Tulane and the old enemies, N. C. State and Virginia.

Carolina produced a wonderful football team in 1892 and its reputation has been unsurpassed since and will probably live as long as the University places athletic teams on the field, but so will the memory of the eleven put out by the Fetzer Brothers in 1922.

#### BASKETBALL

If the fall of 1922 was Carolina's banner year in football and the spring of 1922 the greatest in baseball, the winter season of 1922 was also the most brilliant in basketball. Coach Boye had worked for the two previous years with the Carolina quint and then had to leave it for army work in other parts of the world, but the training and methods he had instilled into his men lived after him and with Coach Bill in charge of the squad, but doing little actual coaching, the Carmichael Brothers, McDonald, Perry, Green and Mahler developed into a machine that did not meet its equal in the State nor Southern basketball tournament in Atlanta.

The team had cinched State honors and gone north on a long hard trip, too difficult for any five or six men, playing night after night, to stand. At West Point the squad turned homeward and kept on its way to Atlanta for the big basketball events of the year. With sport writers commenting on the ease and grace of the Tar Heels, but predicting an early defeat because of the hard trip, Carolina sprang into the tournament and was not stopped from beginning to end.

Led by the brilliant Cartwright Carmichael as captain, the team, composed of the above mentioned men literally took the breath out of a sport-loving public and defeated Howard, Newberry, Alabama, Georgia in the first four days of the tournament. Then, with only Mercer left for the final contest, sport pages screamed Carolina's achievements but still predicted defeat. The team had already endured more than anyone had believed possible, it could do no more, they said. But for four nights students had awaited results to ring the bell in South announcing victory and on the fifth night the bell rang again. Carolina had won again, and captured the tournament, southern championship honors and won fame far and near for brilliant and clean play. McDonald and Cartwright Carmichael won places on the All-Southern five and the other members of the team drew favorable comment.

The 1923 season was just as successful with regard to State and South Atlantic honors, the team defeating every team played in the State and in Virginia, and counting South Carolina, Mercer, and Florida among early-season victims. But in Atlanta the five seemed unable to strike a pace that meant victory and lost on

the second day to Mississippi University. The team offered no alibi, but students afterwards learned of Carmichael's secret illness with a cold or influenza and the star played with a temperature three degrees above normal and Sam McDonald, who had replaced Perry at forward, had developed a "charley horse" before going. Students were disappointed over the outcome, of course, but it maintained confidence in the team, its famous stars and the prospects for next year.

#### TRACK

Carolina had put out good track squads before Coach Bob Fetzer took charge of the University's cinder path, but they had rarely been able to compare with those the Tar Heel athletic director has produced. Last year the team won State honors again after losing them the previous year, and at the two State indoor meets, held in Durham, Carolina has been the brightest light among the North Carolina colleges.

This annual indoor meet was originated mostly through the direction of Bob Fetzer and now promises to be one of the most popular athletic events in the State.

The fact that Carolina is now producing more and better track men is not the greatest feature in Coach Bob's work. It is the revival of interest in track athletics he has helped to foster and it is being hailed throughout the South as one of the greatest advancements in college sport circles. There is a greater interest in high and prep school track, more competition and consequently better material coming from such schools into the North Carolina colleges.

This is not only true of track, but of football, basketball, baseball and tennis. The high school championships in these sports are now attracting almost as much attention as in some of the college sports, if not more in some quarters.

Bob Fetzer's track work is, it seems, destined to go on, and with the coach himself here to keep things in his own hands there is no reason why his wishes cannot be realized. Coach Alexander, of the freshman football, baseball, and track squads, has had from seventy-five to a hundred first year men under his care for track material all this spring. This, too, means a great deal to the future of track here, as do such men as the Ranson Brothers, Sinclair, Abernethy, Yarrow, Coxe, Purser, Moore—all the men who are sincerely trying to do something in the sport.

#### OTHER SPORTS

Football, basketball, baseball and track are not the only athletics in which Carolina is showing interest. Tennis, after a rest during the war, picked up again in 1920 with Williams, Jernigan, Gardner, Barden and Wilson making the team and playing some good matches. 1921 saw another good tennis team, but the best, at least since the war, was produced in the fall of 1921 and spring of 1922. Coxe, Johnston, Bruton and Barden played most of the matches, including some of the best in the South and won most of them.

Mythically, at least, although there was no tournament, Carolina won another Southern championship in this sport.

Carolina has a larger gym team now than ever before perhaps and some students are even taking to golf along with President Harding and "Chick" Evans.

Freshman athletics are being better cared for, and the only thing in which there seems to be a decline at the present time is in class athletics. This fact is probably due to the inactivity of the Campus Cabinet, the organization under whose direction the class contests are supposed to be conducted. The University has a wonderful aid in Dr. R. B. Lawson, an excellent trainer, a man who knows college sports to perfection and who is always ready to aid in establishing any new sport. He helped Dr. Shapiro get wrestling started last fall and it is believed that the mat game will now hold an important place in University sports. Volley ball is coming in for attention and new physical training games are being added every year.

Students and alumni, always interested in the athletic advancement of Carolina, are particularly optimistic now. Carolina has produced a Southern baseball champion, a basketball champion, a tennis champion, a football team with a good claim for Southern honors with not a game lost to a Southern eleven, and a State track champion under the care and direction of Coaches Bill and Bob Fetzer and the famous brothers have signed a contract for five more years service—there seems to be room for optimism.

With ever-increasing interest and improvement in high school athletics, with better freshman direction and equipment, with a renewed interest in track and tennis, with the addition of new and popular sports and an increasing importance for Carolina in eastern college athletics; with such men as Shepherd, Alexander, Lawson, and the Fetzers to direct and mould the systems and characters of her athletic teams—Carolina's contemporary athletic history is indeed brilliant and the future for fine and clean play seems assured.

## Wrestling

By W. J. COCKE

**T**HIS form of athletics is now the baby sport in age at Carolina. It is, however, one of the oldest sports. At the word "wrestling," the picture come to one's mind of Jacob wrestling with his tribal god Jehovah and the latter having to resort to trickery to throw his opponent. We see the swarthy Greek athletes under the deep blue sky of Hellas tussling for the laurels in the Olymiads amid the cheers of ten thousands of their countrymen. We can now see the physical perfectibility of these Grecian victors in the statuary of Phidias and the other Greek sculptors. In the middle ages the knights were trained to wrestle as they were trained to handle the lance. Later, in the Renaissance, our "brave courtier" knew the latest "jujitsu" as well as the latest love ditty. Thus wrestling has come down through the ages.

In this country, from the early stages of its development until now, wrestling has played a large part in the athletic program of the great universities. Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia all had wrestling as a major sport for considerable time. In these institutions it is a great honor to be on the wrestling team, for as much interest is shown in wrestling as in other sports.

Strange as it may seem, not until the last two years has any interest been shown in this classic form of athletics in the University. Last year several men were in training and represented us in the State

Olympics. Two of our representatives were winners of medals. This event was the occasion for interest in wrestling as a regular college sport to be crystallized.

During the first week of November of this season 30 men reported for training. Great credit should be given them, for they have overcome great obstacles in putting wrestling on its present basis. The greater part of the success of this year's wrestling team has been due to the untiring and efficient efforts of the coach, Mr. Shapiro, a former member of the wrestling team at Harvard, who has trained them exceptionally well and with this training they were able to win three out of four matches in which they participated. They scored 87 points against their opponents 37. These matches were with State, Guilford, Davidson and Trinity.

The team's greatest obstacle was in the matter of finances. Not having a share in the general athletic fund, they had to buy their own equipment and mats. For this reason, a small admission was charged for the matches.

In conclusion, we would make a plea for more interest to be shown in wrestling. It is a great sport for the development of grit, perserverance and sportsmanship. To give letters now to the men on this year's team would increase the interest, and consequently wrestling would soon rise to a major sport, its rightful place in this University.



# Durant's Achievements

**I**N the history of the automobile industry there are two outstanding figures who financed their enterprises without paying "premiums" to Wall Street. The two motor magnates who accomplished this are Henry Ford and W. C. Durant.

W. C. Durant is the second motor magnate who refused to pay extortionate finance charges to Wall Street. Durant, always popular with the public, has established the Durant Plan of Investment Savings and through this medium has taught about 250,000 to SAVE and put a small fraction of their savings into industry—thus making them his "partners." Through the Durant Plan, individuals subscribe to Durant Enterprises, not exceeding 50 shares. Under the Durant Plan, monthly payments of about \$3 a share are made until the stock is paid for in full.

W. C. Durant says he established the Durant Plan of Investment savings for thrifty people and those are the only kind of partners he desires.

While Durant ignored Wall Street, he did not "load" his sales agents with surplus cars and parts. Instead, he has financed all Durant Enterprises through the Durant Plan of Investment Savings, with the result that Durant today has about 250,000 partners while Henry Ford has only one—his son Edsel.

The numerous reorganizations of our national railroads serve as a monument to the "high finance" charges of the banking syndicates. Widows and orphans have been made penniless by having the holdings left them when the head of a family departed this earth, wiped out by one reorganization after another—but, with each reorganization, a banking syndicate has made huge profits.

Wall Street exacts a heavy toll from those whom it thus finances, in the form of staggering charges for its services.

Speaking of the baneful effects of Wall Street financing and the beneficent results for all concerned, obtained from the Durant Plan, for allowing the public to participate in the financing of the Durant Enterprises and to share in their profits, Mr. Durant himself recently said at Newark, N. J., in an address that has hitherto been very much misquoted:

"The backbone of this country is its industries and, in order that they may operate successfully and expand, as they must expand, these industries must have money.

"There has hitherto been no place where that money could be obtained in large amounts other than in New York city's financial district.

"There have been times when good concerns have paid the most exorbitant commissions and premiums in order to get that money. It is almost unbelievable that the powers controlling the wealth of this country have demanded 25, 30, 35, 40 and even 50 per cent returns but it is a fact that industry has been obliged to pay these premiums.

"The time is fast approaching when that sort of thing will not be permitted. Let an individual accept 12 or 15 per cent interest on money loaned and he becomes a criminal in the eyes of the law, but under our peculiar laws, created for the protection of the rich, the big banker can demand any amount that he likes and he cannot be approached under the law.

"Institutions well managed will some day, I hope, be able to get the assistance they need through our efforts at reasonable rates."

Durant has opened the way for the public to become Partners in Industry. Others are following his lead.

Durant organized the Durant Plan of Investment Savings primarily to enable employees of the enterprise which he headed to participate in the business and its returns—to become partners with him in this highly profitable business. He believes in the idea of conducting his enterprises on the coöperative basis to an extent never previously attempted.

From its very inception, Durant's financing of Durant Motors, Inc., and Star Motors, Inc., without recourse to the magnates of the money market, has proved eminently successful. His first step toward the creation of the great enterprise now known as Durant Motors, Inc., was the writing of sixty-seven letters to personal friends in which he informed them that he was planning to build "just a real good car" and invited them to invest in a company which would make this car and bear his name. The response to these letters was astonishing. Within forty-eight hours he received checks and subscriptions for over \$7,000,000, of which \$2,000,000 was returned, as only \$5,000,000 was required.

Through the Durant Plan and aside from his personal fortune, Durant is assured of a constantly increasing inflow of funds from satisfied investors close to \$90,000,000 a year—an amount far greater than the revenues of any financier in Wall Street. No wonder that he is in a position to declare his total independence of Wall Street and to defy its machinations and "double-crossing" tactics in future.

From the purchases of stock made through the Durant Corporation, which operates the Durant Plan, sufficient further capital has been derived to finance all the expansion and development of the Durant Enterprises. At present, the Durant Corporation has about 250,000 of these partial payment accounts, supplying many millions of dollars for investment in well managed industries.

Yet, there was a time when, in the dark days immediately following Durant's withdrawal from the presidency of the General Motors Corporation, the prospect of continuing the operations of The Durant Corporation appeared slim.

At that time, friends of his discouraged the continuance of this quasi-philanthropic enterprise, invariably characterizing it as a "fad" which could not be successful, as it was originally organized to conduct its business without profit and seemingly could prove only a liability, instead of an asset.

Amid these discouraging comments, however, Carroll Downes, now president of Star Motors, Inc., whom Durant himself in his address at Newark, N. J., described as "one of God's noblemen," came to him with words of encouragement for The Durant Corporation, in which he pledged his hearty and steadfast support.

"I am at your service for this or any other purpose," said Downes, "without thought of compensation. We are going to make this plan successful."

And they did. Now that the Durant Corporation is the flourishing institution which it is, Durant is unstinted in his tribute to Downes, of whom he says: "It was through his encouragement, his untiring efforts, his planning and organizing that we have succeeded in accomplishing what we planned for this organization."

In an address before his dealer organization at the great Elizabeth, N. J., plant, just prior to the recent automobile show, Durant said:

"Today we have close to 200,000 partners. I predict

that a year from today there will be 500,000 partners, participating in the Durant Plan through The Durant Corporation.

"If you will stop to consider what that will mean, you will realize how great is the work we are doing.

"With 500,000 partners, the possibilities for bringing relief to industry will be practically unlimited. If these 500,000 partners were to take only one share each of the security that we might offer with our recommendation, there would be 500,000 shares of stock absorbed quickly and easily and the benefits would be shared both by the investor and the industry.

"Not 60 per cent of the companies listed today on the New York Stock Exchange have a total of 500,000 shares in their entire capitalization, let alone needing that amount of money for any immediate purposes.

"It is easy to see, therefore, the kind of an institution which we are building."



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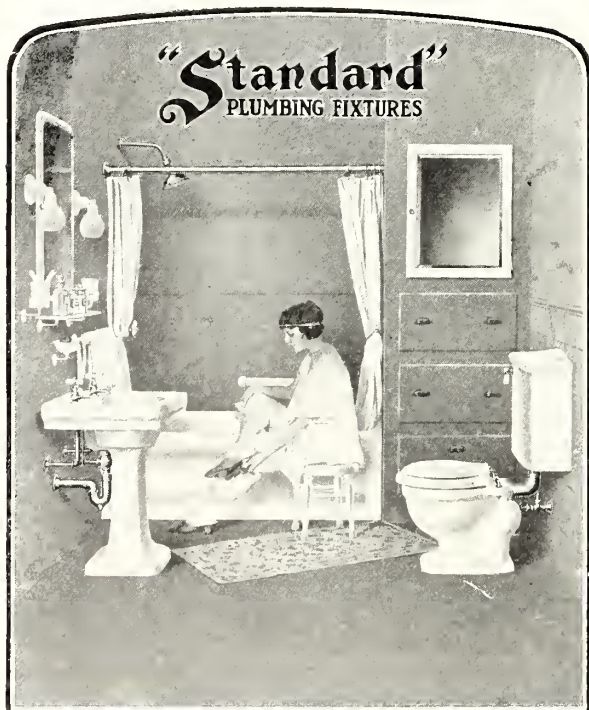
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